Masquerades and Male Attire

Canada, women and “masculine” clothing 1851 – 1966

Transcribed and curated by
Chris Willmore, 2022

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Cover image: Hat-swapping in early 20th century Canada (c. 1900-1920). Anonymous photograph in the curator's collection.

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A song for the times[1] (Canada West, 1851)

The glorious day is dawning, girls,
When woman shall be free–
When gowns and bonnets, capes and shawls,
No longer we shall see!
Miss Weber[2] – bless her heart, sweet girls!
Has put the scheme on foot;
She leads the trump of male attire,
And we must follow suit.

We'll dress in real "bifurcates," girls,
With glossy beaver hats;
And don the most bewitching coats,
And Brummel-tied cravats.
We'll wear superb gilt buttons, girls,
Upon our vests of buff–
Bright, extra rich, plain, treble gilt,
Flat surface – that's enough!

Oh! won't we look bewitching, girls,
When we're so trimly drest?
No mortal man can brave our charms,
Though he may strive his best.
Bewhisker'd folk may envy, girls,
Our manly garb and airs;
But let them fret until they tire–
Poor fellows! no one cares.

Perhaps a few may "cut" us, girls,
And lay us on the shelves;
But, what of that? we'll crook our arms,
And act as beaux ourselves!
And if they won't say *marry,* girls,
We'll call them sad gallants;
But, come what will – float, sink or swim–
We'll [never] yield our pants!

[1] From Sproat, E. L. (1851, June 24). A SONG FOR THE TIMES. *Western Planet* (Chatham), p. 1.
[2] Helene Marie Weber (b. 1824), a Belgian advocate of women's rights.

Fashion, Qualms and Practical Concerns

"Shall petticoats go?"[3] (Fredericton, 1884)

Shall petticoats go? This momentous question is agitating the minds of sundry widows, numerous maiden ladies of uncertain age, several married women, and an indefinite number of creatures of more or less loveliness and of a marriageable age. Down in this staid and sober community the people don't seem to take much interest in the question of dress reform, and whether the skirt shall be divided, or genuine trousers shall be worn by the female portion of the community. It was not always so, as most people who have lived here for a couple of score of years can remember to have seen at least one genuine Bloomer in the streets of Fredericton.

In other parts of the world the subject of dress reform excites a live interest, and Mrs. E. M. King of the Rational Dress Reform Association of England has come to this country on a crusade against petticoats. And this is the iconoclastic manner in which she assails the garment so long associated with female grace and loveliness:

"They are," says Mrs. King, "directly unfavorable to health. The wear and tear of nerve which the constant friction of petticoats causes is very great, they are a constant slight impediment to the action of the limbs. Even in the most favorable weather they are a tax and trial to both strength and temper; but when they have to encounter the wind, the rain, and the mud, they are an unmitigated nuisance. They overheat the middle of the body, setting closely in folds and pleats round the hips while opening wide at the feet, thus leaving the lower part of the legs practically unclothed, and at the mercy of every cutting draft or puff of wind, so that if a woman ventures to walk anywhere except on level ground, on a perfectly fine and calm day, she is liable at any moment to indecent or ridiculous exposure. Then the weight they force the women to carry, not being close to the figure and evenly distributed over the limbs, as in trousers, but swaying round and depending from the waist is very trying; but if carried from the shoulders and all thrown upon the slender column of the backbone, it is doubtful whether it is not still more injurious. Clearly the petticoat must go."

But the fair reader may asak: "How shall I dress if I discard my petticoat?" It is not a very easy matter to answer this question; but the different suggestions of the reformers may be given. The ultimate aim of the movement is to get the female form into nothing other than a genuine pair of trousers with some sort of a mongrel arrangement for the body; but not even the most enthusiastic among them expect to reach this point for some time yet. A model costume, as represented by the pattern books of the new reformation is as follows:- Short cropped hair curled tightly, a white frill around the neck and a wide white collar, a tunic coming to the hips, buttoned up in front, loose fitting and surrounded about where the waist may be supposed to be with a loose sash; the lower edge of the tunic is fluted. The sleeves are full but are drawn close at the wrists and some frilling peeps from beneath them. So much for the

[3] From PETTICOATS. (1884, September 24). *York Gleaner* (Fredericton), p. 1.

body and arms, now for the legs. Well, these are clad as far down as the knees with a pair of trousers, made like any other trousers. At the knees they are gathered in, and then extend a series of puffs to the ankle where they terminate in a neat frilling. A bit of the stocking shows above the neat slipper which completes the costume.

Now this looks very pretty in a picture and would look awfully natty on the right sort of a girl; but it is probably too much to expect substantial matrons or slim spinsters to be over-anxious about adopting it.

Another style of "rational dress" looks to the outward eye as follows:- A loose robe falls from the collar to within about ten inches from the ground and neat trousers are seen below. It is said to be very graceful.

Another is loose-waisted and short-skirted, coming only to the knees, and below are buttoned gaiters; beneath, it is said, are genuine trousers and no skirts, neither are visible in the picture.

It will be observed that the point in all these costumes is to avoid pressure on the waist. The bodice, as the whole of the upper business may be called, is to fit as loosely as a man's waistcoat. The trousers are to be borne upon the hips.

The *Gleaner* gives prominence to this subject because it is one of the most interesting movements of the day, for it really appears probable that Mrs. King's converts will have the courage of their convictions, and taking off their petticoats don trousers or something very much like them.

Speaking of this lady the Montreal correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* says:-

"I may also remark that she is a lady of large means, who devotes very considerable sums to the promotion of her reforming schemes. She told me a few days ago that many ladies of Montreal have seriously taken up the rational dress, and that her success as a missionary in Canada has been gratifying. By next year a good many Canadian women will probably be wearing no petticoats, corsets, and literal trousers. This is an exhilarating thought."

Of course this article would not be complete if it stopped here. There are lots of folks in Fredericton who would look just too sweet for anything in a neat pair of trousers and an apology for a skirt, and it may be that they will wish to illustrate to their friends and neighbors what the world will look like when dress reform has reached its climax, and capped with a soft felt hat, shod with broad low slippers, with an easy bodice above and snug trousers below, the woman of the period, *sans* corsets or petticoats, goes forth conquering and to conquer. If any do they may write to Mrs. E. W. King, at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, who by the way would probably like to come here and give a lecture.

Trousers for both sexes[4] (Ottawa, 1894)

A fashionable woman who followed *The Sun's* correspondent from Quebec during that city's carnival uttered an exclamation of surprise when she read that thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of Canadian women now wear trousers during the Canadian winters.

"Well," said she, "that tends to show that trousers may be going to become a general garment peculiar to neither sex. It destroys the point of a homely old saying that credits a masterful wife with 'wearing the trousers,' for in these days what wife does not wear them at some part of the day or the week or in at least some one season?"

With that prelude this woman went on to say that she was the proud possessor of two pairs of these garments, and that her daughter also wore a pair at times. One of her two pairs were those she uses for horseback riding; the others were part of her fencing costume. Her daughter's trousers were worn by the little girl in the gymnasium at the school she attends. Had she counted the trousers that form part of her bathing dress for use at the seaside, she would be able to say she owned three pairs of these things, which not long ago were only thought of as masculine, like suspenders and razors.

When she called to mind in how many ways and in what important parts of Christendom the women are wearing this newly adapted addition to their attire, the recountal grew interesting. In Switzerland, she said, with the past two or more years, full trousers, like the Turkish ones are worn for mountain exercise by English, French and German women. The same trousers are worn in the Scotch Highlands by the English, and of late a movement has begun for the adoption of trousers and long-tailed coats for equestrianism in London. This fashion has been introduced by women of standing who wish their sex to adopt the masculine manner of riding horses. It is true that we have no news that the new idea has proven popular, but, on the other hand, no news of its abandonment has been sent over. The leading English fashion papers have published pictures of the dress worn by these new votaries of the bifurcated garment of the master sex, and the costume has been seen to be pretty. As many as half a dozen women have appeared simultaneously in Hyde Park in this new dress.

The bathing dress shows marked signs of following this movement, which progresses so fast in so many wholly disconnected ways. In this country the fashionable bathing dress has seen its skirt cut less and less of a figure as each year rolls along. The skirts have grown shorter, and less and less material has been put in them. But in France, where fashions begin, the startling news of last summer was that several aristocratic women had taken the surf at Trouville without any skirts over the tight-fitting cloth trousers which, with a waist, slippers, stockings, and hat of the same color, composed their very pretty though startling outfits.

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[4] From TROUSERS FOR BOTH SEXES. (1894, March 30). *Ottawa Evening Journal,* p. 6.

With this recollection the story of the progress of the trousers among the gentler half of Christendom terminated. The woman who gave the recountal was of the opinion that trousers will be more and more worn by women for especial occasions and uses. Whether the sex will substitute them for skirts she would not go so far as to say. She argued that they will be adopted for bicycle riding and equestrianism, the latter being a sport which ten women would take up for everyone who does now, if it were not for the painful and ridiculous manner in which women have been forced, by the exigencies of their apparel to mount a horse. She prophesies also that trousers on women will grow more and more common in the suburban and country towns whenever rain is falling or the roads are bad, or walking or tennis or any athletic sports are underway.

"The divided skirt hung fire," she says, "because it came before the women were ready for it. It will come again and take a permanent place in our costuming within a very few years."

"Will women ever abandon, will you ever give up the beautiful draperies you now wear for the commonplace trousers of men?"

"Oh, for evening and full dress? I don't say that. That is indeed a far cry ahead. But the reason that the women of Canada have adopted trousers is the reason that so many women are taking to them so kindly. That reason is that they permit us to do without the weight and hindrance of skirts. They make it possible for us to join in sports of nearly all kinds with the men, and to fear no accident which with the old style of dress would humiliate us. The Canadians wear an outer skirt, and look as they used to look when they dressed like other women. Perhaps the outer skirt will stay, even after all women wear trousers. But perhaps it will give place to the divided skirt, and we shall only wear the outer skirt at home or on special occasions. That is what we must wait for time to settle."

Women unskirting themselves[5] (Toronto, 1894)

At one time we feared that women might unsex themselves in their mad pursuit and imitation of the dress of males. Already they've got our shirts (without the tails), our waistcoats, our collars and ties, our yachting caps, our tall hats (for riding), our box-coats, and now they are hot foot after our trousers. At first the appropriation of the latter garment began in the divided skirt; but now the bicycle girl has closed the divided skirt into bloomers and leggings, and already the skirt is being still more shortened, and after that will come the knee breeches – at least for bicycle riders. How fast this reform or change is coming few of us can grasp, but we should say that woman has done more in the past three years to get rid of her skirts than she did in centuries in getting them on. The main aim in life of the athletic girl, of the summer girl, of the bicycle girl, is to unskirt herself.

We believe that working women will divest themselves of the skirts shortly after the bicycle girl has emancipated herself – and certainly the latter is riding hard

[5] From WOMEN UNSKIRTING THEMSELVES. (1894, August 6). *Toronto World,* p. 2.

to that end. Someday the grand dame may appear in the drawing-room in velvet breeches and silken hose. Who shall hold the door against her should she choose so to come in?

We have reached the conclusion, notwithstanding some interesting reflections of Prof. Goldwin Smith, that neither women's modesty nor grace is dependent on petticoats; she may possess either and both, and still wear trousers. But there is one great physical bar in the way of many women wearing men's trousers, and it will be an effectual stopper to them, viz., that the "hippy" woman is anything but graceful in a man's outfit, and once she realizes this she will avoid making a guy of herself. Or if she insists on wearing trousers she will be compelled to train down to more becoming lines. In a word, woman's physique, not her views in regard to what is modest or immodest, will settle the question.

A rainy-day club[6] (Winnipeg, 1895)

Is the clerk of the weather in league with the enemies of woman's reform? Some ladies in the city secretly think he is, but not wishing to do that mythical functionary an injustice, modify their openly expressed opinion on to the conventional feminine declaration that he is real mean anyway. These ladies have, as a result of a series of lectures on dress reform, organized a "Rainy Day club," the object of which is to introduce by degrees the costumes to be worn by the "coming woman." A rainy day with wet and muddy streets would give them the desired opportunity of appearing in public without unduly attracting the rude notice of those horrid men, and thus the way would be paved to the adoption of the divided skirt and knickerbockers, which have overcome the barriers of public opinion and are quite the rage in trans-Atlantic countries.

The principal features of the costume selected by the Rainy Day club are a short skirt falling below the knees, common sense walking boots, and long leather or cloth leggings as fancy may dictate. The members have had their costumes ready for a month, hoping that the spring would bring its customary showers so that they could don them and sally forth with comparative equanimity to face the expected ridicule and satire of carping critics. Alas, for human hopes! The spring is here, there has been no rain, and the streets are so shamefully dry and clean that the timid ladies have not the desired excuse to inaugurate the inevitable new order of things, consequently they are much put out, for they are eager to rescue themselves from the long-suffered thralldom of long skirts. But the erratic weather clerk is sure to smile upon them soon and they should not be discouraged.

Apropos of this local innovation in woman's dress it is interesting to note that the knickerbockers now so much worn in Great Britain and on the European continent, have reached America, and will speedily find their way to the west, as fashions spread like a plague borne by the winds. The great New York stores are making a speciality of knickerbockers and show them in every cut and fashion from

[6] From A RAINY DAY CLUB. (1895, April 9). *Manitoba Morning Free Press* (Winnipeg), p. 7.

the timid compromise in the way of the new divided skirt, with its ruffled ruffles set upon a yoke, to the plain, old-time knee breeches, such as those which, in handsome satin, adorned masculine limbs in the days of our great-grandfathers. These are cut skin-tight and are unblushingly labeled "pants" in the catalogues of the ladies' furnishers.

Between these two extremes come all grades and varieties of women's trousers, and the demand is so large that more than one firm has been established for the sole purpose of supplying such innovations in women's wear. One calls itself the "Patent Shapely Skirt Association," and provides knickerbockers for cycling, for fishing, for driving, for walking and for indoor wear.

The various styles are subdivided, and the ladies are offered riding breeches, riding trousers, riding pantaloons, some to be worn with boots and some with leggings or spats. The pantaloons are a modification of the old riding trousers, and are buttoned up to the knee, making them tight-fitting around the calf. For walking, there are knickerbockers full around the hips but. Narrowing at the knees, like a man's riding breeches, where they are confined by a band with three buttons.

Then there are "knickers" made of serge or tweed for ordinary wear, which are made close-fitting by darts at the waistline, and grow gradually fuller until the full puffs, which droop over the gaiters around the knees, are like scant double skirts.

A great modification is the accordion-pleated divided skirt which shows a plain, smooth yoke, to which are attached trousers so full below the knees that they look like a Turkish harem tea gown and might cover a multitude of sinews – or not. These are most effective in some soft material like cashmere or silk and may be made to match any costume.

The trouserettes, which are the newest of the new, but which still resemble most intimately the garments of the old regime, are the pajamas for women. They are made of all grades of light, soft, dainty material, the favorite being silk, in some light or white ground, with a tiny flower pattern. They are very full, wide trousers, with deep frills of lace at the ankle, where they are gathered with an elastic band, though a tiny ribbon is run through the same casing and caught in a little hunch of loops on the outside.

Sometimes the trousers, like the short straight jacket which goes over them, are made of sprigged lawn or plain linen, and the ruffles finished with a modest hem mark of herringbone. In any case, they are likely to seem to the novice strikingly suggestive of the pantomime pantaloon, but when she thinks what a comfort they would be in case of fire she overcomes her conservative ideas.

Good patterned knickerbockers can easily be copied by any clever seamstress, and are not only possible to some expensive tailor. For bicycling costumes they look better when made full over the knee so that when the skirt blows up there is still a full quantity of the same material visible. All the new bicycle costumes are made in this fashion.

Another costume much admired for the jauntiness, ,gets a Scottish tone from its short skirt of Highland plaid and its cross plaid, tight leggings, with a smooth, buttoned leather band at the knee, where "Sandy" usually shows a strip of ruddy

Scotch epidermis. Shoes with broad buckles and a cap with a feather and cairngorm complete with its Scotch in the costume, but the up-to-date touch is given by the dark, short-skirted jacket with big sleeves, and the tight knickers under the shirt. The whole makes a pretty costume for cycling or shooting.

"What a glorious time the women would have"[7] (Winnipeg, 1896)

One of our pastors said last Sunday, "Man is a reasonable being," and the temptation was very strong to rise up in meeting and shout, "He ain't, he ain't, so there."

The weather came up for discussion with a male friend the other day, and I ventured an opinion favorable to the woman who had adopted short skirts and gaiters for our disgustingly muddy streets. Oh, if you could have heard the storm[8] I raised. They were immodest and indecent, and if women only heard the things men on street corners said of them, they would not do such things, etc., and as a parting thrust "men had better take to wearing skirts and let the women wear pants, if they are so anxious to show their legs." So far from being crushed by this sally I rejoined [that I] "only wish the men would wear skirts for a while; the whole question would be settled directly."

I do wish our legislature would pass an act compelling all the men in Winnipeg to wear women's attire for a week in muddy weather. What a glorious time the women would have. Picture to yourself a stout male citizen, in a seven-gored skirt and frilled petticoat with two or three parcels under his arm, clutching frantically for the back of his skirt as he crossed[9] Portage Avenue or boarded a Broadway car. Think of the gilded youths who now stride by you in thick-soled boots with pants well turned up from the bottom, or smart gaiters to the knee, sitting at home evenings, patiently sponging draggled skirts and soggy boot tops, in readiness for the morrow's campaign.

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[7] From A lady correspondent. (1896, April 16). SHORT SKIRTS AND GAITERS. *Winnipeg Free Press Home Journal,* p. 4.

[8] "While man sighs for the intellectual latitude in woman which would afford to him a fruitful source of joy and of enlightenment, there is a point in her development to which he strenuously objects. When woman attains to that intellectual eminence, the expressed symptom of which takes the [form of an] uncontrollable penchant for pants, man feels that he is confronted with an usurpation as superfluous to feminine enfranchisement as it is inimical to his prerogative as one of the 'lords of creation'. In this respect he has no mind to divide honors. Pants are his peculiar property. Indeed, he is unable to understand how it comes about that lovely woman should desire to ape the ways of 'horrid men.'" WOMEN AND PANTS. (1890, August 13). *Victoria Daily Times,* p. 4.

[9] A similar situation involving snow faced Victoria's women in 1916: "Women had great difficulty in getting downtown [due to snow], although the sidewalks in the centre of the city offered few difficulties to them. Many women donned trousers and abandoned skirts for the day. One of the first girls to make her appearance garbed in male attire passed down Yates Street at 1:15 o'clock wearing a dashing red jacket and blue trousers with natty cuffs turned up above her ankles. At Douglas Street she attracted a crowd, amongst which were two aldermen who gazed until she had turned into Broad Street. In other parts of the city she caused quite a disturbance, so much so that it is unlikely she will again make a public appearance in the same clothes." LOCAL DEALERS FACED BY DELIVERY PROBLEM. (1916, February 4). *Victoria Daily Colonist,* p. 7.

The mere thought is delightful. Such an act would have two drawbacks. It is doubtful if there are men and arms enough in the balance of Canada to enforce such a measure even for a week, and should they succeed in enforcing it the morals of the entire juvenile community would be imperiled by the increase of profanity.

To come back to the starting point, that men are unreasonable, ever since I can remember (and that is longer than I care to admit in public) men have been talking and writing about the absurdity of women's clothes, how they scavenge the street with their skirts, wear paper-soled shoes, break their backs and deform themselves externally and internally with the weight and length of their clothing and very much more to the same effect, whole masculine attire has been vaunted to the skies for its comfort and utility. The literature on this subject would fill a library. It would therefore be natural to assume that any attempt upon the part of women to adopt a more rational style of dress would be hailed with delight and encouraged in every manner possible. Such has not been the case, however.

When two or three years ago shirt waists and blazer coats came in style, the papers were full of allusions to the "girl who tried to be a man from the waist up."[10] Yet this was a most comfortable, convenient and healthy style of dress for women, especially those engaged in business. For months past the same papers have been directing their wit – Heaven save the mark – against the short skirts, bloomers and gaiters adopted by sensible women when they ride a bike or need to go out in the rain and mud.

It does not get over the question to say that the man who makes such remarks is a fool. The man I have in mind is not a fool; he is a practical, level-headed fellow enough on most subjects. The kind of man who thinks the world of his wife and quotes his mother's way of doing things in a manner that warms your heart. But his mother never wore short skirts, and therefore it must be wrong. Questioned as to why he thought them immodest he said, "Well they are," which of course commends itself as a good solid argument. Asked if he objected to what is known as "full dress" for women he said "No." But when begged to point out why bare shoulders were modest and gaitered legs the reverse, [he] could or would only say "that's a different thing." When I tried to point out to him that it was a crime for any woman to run the risk of ruining her health by sitting in damp skirts the only reply I got was, "Well you women, who are trying to do good, should not do things that make loafers in street corners make remarks about you." Now, did anyone ever hear anything funnier than that? If women are to spend their lives avoiding the remarks of street corner men, they had better go home, sit with hands folded and blinds drawn down and never stir again into the light of day, and I doubt if they would escape the remarks of the loafers even then. Will anybody dare to say that a man who can talk like this is "a reasonable being?"

It is to be hoped that the women who have taken this matter of dress reform up will stick to their guns, or more properly their gaiters, and not pay the slightest

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[10] From a newspaper's joke column, 1891: "'Well, she may be nice and all that but I don't think she is very ladylike.' 'What! Not ladylike! Miss Debonair not ladylike! Why, you astonish me!' 'It is true, nevertheless. When I saw her she was not at all ladylike, for from the waist up she was dressed like a gentleman.'" FALL FUN. (1891, October 27). *Regina Leader,* p. 3.

attention to such remarks. The increase of self-respect experienced from the absence of wet skirts flapping at heel will more than compensate for all adverse criticism. Just as soon as men get used to this style of dress they will like it, because it commends itself to their love of cleanliness and neatness, and in the meantime let me suggest that after all is said and done, how a woman is dressed is exclusively her own business.

The New Woman[11] (Ontario, 1896)

Another point to be considered is the dress reform movement of the new woman. It is the custom to decry all innovation with reference to dress and habits. While not endorsing all the fancies of the would-be reformer, any improvement of real merit should receive our hearty recognition.

We must remember too that habit becomes second nature, and custom in dress and habits has reigned supreme in every age. We can see the force of this amply demonstrated, if not by the frills and balloon sleeves of the present, to which we have become accustomed, by the dress of the savage, or the heavy and uncomfortable burdens of hair, shells, and feathers to which he clings tenaciously because it happened to be the fashion of his ancestors. Would it not be well for the human race, if we had the courage and independence to adopt the style of attire endorsed by reason and intellect as the most appropriate for any occasion?

And now it might be interesting to turn from the styles of the present and see whence their origin from the styles of the past; for many of our most popular costumes of modern times are simply a revival of those of the early ages. We are told by Strabo, the early Greek historian that "the peculiarly feminine fashion of wearing trousers was the invention of Queen Medea." He says also after the Medes were conquered by the Persians "The custom of the vanquished appeared to the conquerors to be so noble and appropriate to royal state that instead of nakedness or scanty clothing they endured the use of the feminine garment, trousers."

We have at the present day the custom of women wearing trousers prevailing in Turkey, China and in the northern part of Africa. What wonder then if our highly civilized and cultured American woman of the 20th century should return to the bifurcated garment or divided skirt which was originally the perfectly womanly invention of her oriental sister?

Again we find in the 3rd century Father Tertullian remonstrating with the men of Greece and Rome because they had adopted "that effeminate costume – trousers" laying aside their manly robes.

The foregoing seems to be sufficient to show that no sound reason can be urged against woman adopting whatever costume may be chosen by her as the most suitable for her purposes, on the score of being unwomanly or immodest. Now why should women be troubled with the cumbersome and ever-changing skirts wrapping

[11] From Robinson, R. Preston. (1896). THE NEW WOMAN. *The Lounger, 1*(1), pp. 35-39. Written by Robert Preston Robinson, M.D. (1866 – 1913) of Ontario.

themselves round their struggling legs or dragging wet around their ankles? Man's costume is less burdensome than woman's, and why should there be such a wide gulf between them?

It is not my purpose to dictate to the "New Woman" what shall be her costume, but first and above all the style should have due regard to nature's laws of health. Did you ever ask yourself the question why are women so noticeably less tolerant of heat and close atmospheres at our churches and public gatherings? They cannot remain long without taking off coats, cloaks and other wraps, while a man can sit quite comfortable in his overcoat. It is largely owing to the cumbrous style of her garments and especially to the tightness of their fit about the waist and chest. For the same reason they are unable to endure extreme cold. If the "New Woman" is to revolutionize the style of her dress, the long weighty skirts of the present would be greatly to her advantage by their absence; an artistic pair of mittens might well displace the muff, and let her throw to the winds the abominable mimicry for a hat. A few pockets about her person that could be readily located might do away with the necessity for the purse and satchel in hand.

Women need more outdoor life in sensible clothing than is common at present, and if the prevailing styles of garment were more suitable we should probably have a healthier and better race. I would also advise the women of the future to entirely discard the corset. I am aware that this advice is not popular at present. I do not entirely condemn the corset, however, if worn properly, but by misuse they have brought untold miseries to the woman of the present and the past which only the gynecologist fully appreciates. It is an anatomical fact, that woman's thorax is by nature larger below than above. The fact too that most women have become smaller in the lower part of the chest than the upper from continued use of the corsets, although perhaps not apparently unduly tight, is sufficient to show their dire effects with the corresponding results of lung trouble, palpitation, hysteria, headache and indigestion.

There is another practice that I need only mention to condemn, viz., the barbarous Chinese custom of wearing tight boots, but fortunately, this is practiced by few. Small feet or small waists are neither "a thing of beauty or a joy forever," nor can I conceive of any sensible reason in favor of either.

There is another costume worn by women of the present day that it would be a serious error to omit in this connection. I refer to ladies' "full dress" worn in our ballrooms and on state occasions which appears to many to be improperly named. I need not describe it, as nearly everyone in the present day has seen more or less of society, and many have more than admired the gay maiden as she whirls in the mazes of the dance in her pretty "full dress" costume.

I will not undertake to suggest what should take the place of those fairy robes, but I will say that the health of many a promising young woman has been seriously impaired by thus conforming to fashion. No doubt we all praise the beauty of the scene, but unappreciative were he who dare to say that Queen fashion in any age were less than perfection. I think, however, that a costume more healthful, more becoming and none the less bright and sparkling if need be, could be substituted by

our sensible "New Woman" for the pretty but cruel costumes prevailing in high-class circles today.

I will not go into further detail, but will simply say there is ample room for improvement along the lines I have indicated, to give full scope to the ability, ingenuity and wisdom of the "New Woman" in elevating and uplifting our race from the ironbound fetters of fashion. Let health, comfort, aesthetics, nature's demands, industry, economy and common sense be taken into consideration in forming the fashion plate for women, and let not our women run fashion-mad, which too much depletes the average husband's purse without any corresponding gain. Let our aesthetic new woman decide on the most suitable costumes for every walk of life and what is suited to the ever-varying condition of women and then we shall look for only such slight changes from time to time as real improvement may recommend.

Pajamas *a la mode*[12] (Winnipeg, 1902)

In the first blush of the tailor fad for women, and later, when mannish-looking pajamas became fashionable, while neckwear, as well as all manner of trim dress accessories, assumed a decided resemblance to articles worn by the sterner sex, lofty brothers and husbands demanded to know if women would next don trousers.

Of course, they merely meant to insinuate that fair femininity had begun to trespass with unwarranted boldness on their preserves, but they never dreamed that one day these lovely creatures would take it into their pretty heads to really wear trousers.

Whether or not men are to be blamed for suggesting the idea is a difficult point to settle, but the fact has suddenly come to light that bifurcated apparel is by no means unusual among up-to-date young women.

So far the fad is confined exclusively to garments intended for the hours devoted to gentle sleep, and there is no reason to believe that the fashion will extend beyond the walls of milady's dainty boudoir. But feminine pajamas have met with such great success already that it looks as though the wearing of these quaint garments borrowed from the East Indian would eventually become an established fashion.

True, pajamas cannot be called particularly attractive-looking apparel, especially when worn by stout women. The jaunty trousers and coats render such creatures far from being visions of beauty. A slender, svelte figure, on the contrary, lends rather a chic air to this somewhat ungraceful style.

It is recommended, therefore, that the woman of considerable avoirdupois cling to the regulation robes, for they half-conceal her real size.

For lounging and genuine comfort there is nothing more fitting than pajamas, if they are cool and thin, and, besides the comfort to be had, there are certain advantages connected with the laundrying [sic.] that are worthy of consideration.

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[12] From PAJAMAS A LA MODE AND BATHROBE FANCIES OF THE SEASON. (1902, August 2). *Winnipeg Daily Tribune,* p. 12.

Of course, there are some fair creatures who wouldn't for the world exchange their dainty lace and ribbon-trimmed garments for the prettiest pajamas made, and they are very sensible to stick to their feminine fripperies. They wouldn't be happy in anything so vastly different in cut.

It is one of the charms of this new apparel that there are no perishable trimmings to make it seem an extravagance.

By no means is it essential that pajamas should be homely garments. In their way they may be as quaintly pretty as the most elaborate night robe.

A firm in the city that makes a specialty of furnishings for men, and also includes feminine neckwear in its list of novelties, has conceived the idea of designing pajamas for women. So thoroughly convinced are the designers of the successful future of this new style of garment for the fair sex that they have gone to considerable trouble to originate attractive coats and trousers, that are as dainty as it is possible to have them and retain the semblance to the Oriental style.

The curious little Chinese loops and cards that have always been a characteristic of men's pajamas are, in the latest models, dispensed with entirely, and in their place are used large flat pearl buttons. Not even the soft neck finish in the form of an ordinary collar has been deemed desirable on the new apparel.

Another noticeable difference is seen in the sides of the coat. There are no slits, and the necessary spring is secured by curving the seam.

A fascinating little pajama costume, in that clear shade known as "young blue," was trimmed very simply with a shaped band of white. The material was a softly woven silk, the blue being plain, while the white showed raised figures.

At the throat the coat was prettily and comfortably rounded out and edged all about with the white. This extended in a slight point down the back, then curved proportionately, so as to outline the neck, and from there continued down to the bottom of the garment.

There were medium-sized pearl disks for fastenings, and the sleeves were brought in very small at the hand, at which point they were slashed and supplied with smaller buttons, holding together a pointed cuff of the white fabric. The sleeves were shaped differently from those on a man's suit of pajamas, and the simulated cuff gave them a very trim appearance.

Another deviation from the masculine article was observed in the pocket. This was placed low on one side, instead of over the chest, and here again was seen a bit of white extending over the top to represent a flap.

While the new feminine pajama trousers are apparently cut exactly like a man's they really are sloped in over the hips in order to do away with any unnecessary fulness. A fancy tape is supplied for drawing them up around the waist.

Quite the quaintest feature in the new pajamas was presented in the trim trouser legs. These were sufficiently loose and long to be comfortable, and around the extreme bottom was a fold of the white fabric that rolled up in a very piquant, mannish fashion.

The idea is really a very clever one, for it does away with that unfinished effect that is an attractive feature of the trousers worn by the fair sex. Besides, the jaunty little roll makes the feet seem all the smaller.

The chic bedroom slippers are much more fascinating when peeping from beneath this enveloping fold.

Silk garments are very popular for summer wear, and pale blue, dainty blue and soft yellow silken pajama suits are fetching enough to win over a prejudiced person.

Pajamas will never be universally worn, for the reason previously mentioned, that all women do not find the fashion possible. It promises, nevertheless, to become an immensely popular fad, and among those with whom it has already found favor may be mentioned college girls.

"A generation of young amazons"[13] (Halifax, 1907)

A gentleman remarked recently upon the ungainly walk which the present day young women are acquiring, and likened it to a Dutch roll: from side to side, arms swinging in pugilistic fashion. "It looks," said he, "as if we were raising a generation of young amazons."

It is the outward expression of the trend of the period – emancipation. The business woman of to-day feels her supreme importance, her every fibre tingles with it – hence her independent swagger, said I, laughing.

"I don't like it," said he, shaking his head in disapproving fashion. "I like a woman to be a woman, don't you know! Once she evolves into that phenomenon, known as a 'freak,' I have no use for her; for instance, that!"

One of them passed us, like a gale; she wore a long, loose coat which was unfastened, so that both fronts flapped before the wind like sails, as she walked – so much on the zig-zag that we were compelled to give her a wide margin on the pavement, or we should have collided with her. While she walked both her arms worked like pump handles.

"If a man walked along the public streets with that gait, we would say he had a 'jag on,'" said he, smiling grimly.

If you told her that, she would be pretty mad at you, said I, regarding him seriously. Most girls think the swagger and the manner that belongs to it "trappy" in the extreme. It gives the official "hall mark" to their calling.

"Hm," was all he said, but it conveyed a lot. "If this is the hall mark of your twentieth century girl, I shall stick to the old nineteenth, if you please."

Yes, I answered, this is the very latest and most up-to-date specimen of the period.

"You may guy [sic.] me as much as you like," he answered, "but I tell you once [and] for all, I don't admire this kind of woman. She lacks the touch of feminine that makes the whole world kin.

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[13] Joan. (1907, January 12). JOAN'S WEEKLY LETTER. *Evening Mail* (Halifax), p. 1.

"You needn't think that I am the only man on the pavement who objects to her," he continued. "Nearly all the men down town disapprove of her, and I prophesy she isn't going to be the success she thinks she is.

"Let me give you one instance of what I mean: I was in the office of a friend of mine, one day last week, when a girl from a firm, a couple of blocks distant, came in with a message. She had no hat on. My friend looked at her. 'Go back and put on your hat and I will take your message,' said he, bluntly. When she had gone he remarked, 'I want no girls of that stamp around my office,' and he isn't the only man in town who has no use for – suppose we call it – the latest freak in business girl styles!" With which parting shot he left me.

But I was not quite so much turned down as he perhaps thought, for though I hadn't let him see it, through loyalty to my own side of the house, yet I think I am more down on this hoydenish class of girl than he is, himself – especially if she is earning her living in a calling which brings her in contact with men.

She ought to have the good sense to know that the most obvious qualification for the business woman, as for the society woman, is care for her manner and deportment, and people are often disliked more for a bad manner than a bad heart. One is their private possession, the other they obtrude broadcast [of].

She ought to know that the ladylike girl of good address stands ten chances ahead of the masculine girl in an office, as well as in any other walk of life.

She ought to know that personal appearance and a good address are a big factor towards creating a good impression in society; she ought to remember that a woman should value her self-respect above and beyond every other consideration.

No woman should allow ambition to blunt her self-respect. When it does this, it is the most deadly foe she has – to character, I mean. Little by little it will draw her away from her true place in life, and will make her cold, unloved and unhelpful. Not that a woman needs to annihilate ambition, but let her keep it in bounds; so keep it under control that it holds a just proportion in her life.

In these days when utility is the test of a good education it is difficult to draw the line at proportion, when a girls' education in all walks of life has in view its practical use, and its utility is looked down upon by the majority of parents, not from choice, but from necessity.

Once a girl gets a business position she is established in the home circle as an independent member; this latter feeling she well knows carries weight; it also spurs her on and gives a spirit and zest to her work. Let us suppose it is what Burns calls, "the glorious privilege of being independent." All honor to the woman who seeks to be independent. Let her lay hold of her work and duties with heart and soul; but, at the same time, let her not forget the tenderness that belongs to them. Whether stenographer, teacher, artist, doctor – or just, a daughter, or a mother of her own household, if she is not dainty in dress, gentle in manner and beautiful in soul, as every true woman ought to be, the world will feel that the one thing needful is lacking – vivid, tender womanliness.

As has been well said – "it is better for a woman to fill a human part lovingly, better for her to be sympathetic in trouble, and to whisper a comforting message into

but one grieving ear, than that she should make a path to Egypt and lecture to thousands on ancient Thebes."

The woman who probably commands the largest income made by any of her sex in the city, is one who is loved and admired, as much for her charm of manner, as for her brain power, which has placed her on the highest intellectual pedestal in our midst. As Matthew Arnold said of George Eliot, "culture and taste pervade her like a perfume."

"The woman and her pocket"[14] (Vancouver, 1907)

Pocketless woman, by sad necessity, has for so many long years been compelled to outwit her cruel modistes as best she may that she has become a past mistress in the art of concealing her belongings.

Her hat, her shoes, her stockings, her belt, her cuffs, her gloves, even her pompadour, have all been forced into service to take the place, or try to, of that offending pocket that a malign clique of dressmakers has discountenanced.

As for her shirtwaist, such a successful rival to the old-time pocket did it prove that the vengeful beings who prescribe our wearing apparel, not to be outdone, promptly decreed blouses buttoned up the back.

And what did woman do?

Was she at last driven to fierce revolt and open defiance?[15]

Did she firmly, but politely, say: "This is too much! My pockets you may place under the ban; my shirt-waist front – a poor thing, but mine own – you shall not have."

Not she!

Though that shirtwaist front had beaten a regular May day "flitting" van as a carrier of parcels; though in it were borne everything from a powder puff to an orange and apple or two for a midday meal – not to speak of being a formidable rival to the department store's delivery wagon – she meekly consented to forego it even for everyday, workaday wear.

True, she may have known her revenge would come, for since man (or at least, French men) is the great arbiter of woman's fashions, on helpless brothers and husbands has fallen the delightful task of fastening, with clumsy fingers, those shirtwaists buttoned up the back.

No wonder she elects to use the tiniest buttons and smallest hooks to be found!

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[14] From The Woman and Her Pocket. (1907, November 9). *The World,* p. 28.

[15] "I wonder how much farther we can go in imitation of masculine dress, in which, by the way, I see nothing worthy of imitation, unless it is pockets. Yes, I certainly do envy men the number and convenience of their pockets. They certainly have an advantage over us there. But as for beauty, why I see nothing in it which could possibly induce a sane woman to copy it, and yet yesterday on board the train I saw a young lady, evidently in full possession of her senses, dressed in a trimmed black silk skirt, with a tight-fitting black broadcloth jacket of masculine cut, which she presently opened and disclosed a white *pique* vest in make and fashion exactly as we see on many a portly elderly gentleman. The effect was neither pretty nor graceful, and certainly could not have been comfortable." L. (1884, August 9). FEMININE FANCIES. *The Montreal Gazette,* p. 2.

But the shirtwaist gone, the pocketless sex must seek out another makeshift – [to call it a] substitute is paying it undue honor. Sidebags! The very thing!

Once more did woman breathe freely, and stop losing every thing she owned a dozen times a day.

Straightaway every woman wore attached to her belt a convenient hold-all in leather, or velvet, or beads, plain or jeweled, gold or silver topped – a costly but delightful luxury for the pocketless. What cared she that thereby the nap was worn off her best broadcloth skirts; her silk ones rubbed into holes; each step was marked by a pendulum-like swaying of a bag, and a premium was put on highway robbery; it was, at least, a receptacle for handkerchief, keys, purse, and other trifles too numerous for one pair of hands; therefore, to be enjoyed as long as fashion tolerated it.

Alas! All too soon did that contrary personage – who would never dare interfere with man's pocket privileges – become aware that woman was once more making herself comparatively comfortable – if pocketless. The sidebag's fate was sealed, and into the limbo of yesterday's styles it passed.

The handbag, we were told, was just as convenient. Perhaps so for that paragon of her sex, the woman who never loses anything; but, alas for that scatter-brain – and her name is legion – [that] being who is unable to keep in her possession anything that is not absolutely fastened to her! With her the handbag goes the way of all her other belongings, with a sad aftermath of paid notices in the lost and found column[16].

So, though she uses the handbag, she does it under protest, with many a sigh for the good old days when pockets were permissible, even if they did bulge seams, gap and present a general effect of human deformity.

Even those other deformities, the hoop skirt and bustle, loom in memory with a rosy light as of a halcyon period. Did they not make possible pockets? Good substantial ones, too; large enough for all ordinary needs, and extraordinary as well, as was discovered by the boarding school girl of a generation back, who safely carried to her hungry, feast-craving roommates a small cooked turkey concealed in the pocket of her long, swinging bustle.

But a new era is dawning, at last, for the pocketless. Woman is "spunking up" sufficiently to throw off her shackles; she is breathing open defiance to the modistes who sternly say, "thou must not," and proudly says, "I will – if I have to sneak them."

She is keeping her word, too – even to the last clause. Not yet has she courage enough to demand her rights – a pocket in every dress, even a filmy ball gown. But she has begun on the "sneaking" tactics.

The petticoat pocket has become quite a matter of course.

True, it necessitates some inconvenience and an occasional retirement to privacy – but petticoat pockets are much better than none at all, and a paradise to the woman who has known what it is to be stranded in a crowded street car in a

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[16] A contemporary Vancouver newspaper had two in a row: "LOST – Leather handbag, containing gold watch, glasses, money. Please leave Province office, get reward." "LOST – Lady's handbag containing two wallets, glasses, $9 and silver. Reward. Province office." Lost. (1907, December 20). *The Province* (Vancouver), p. 34.

strange city, with her purse empty and all her extra cash safely concealed in the front of a shirtwaist that was firmly buttoned up the back.

No woman should be without a pocket in her petticoat. Even the silk skirt can stand a small one directly above the flounce – just the thing to hold [a] bank book, keys, an extra handkerchief or two, a pair of gloves, and other small belongings that are unsafe, or unwieldy carried in the hands.

The more substantial satin skirt affords much greater opportunity. It can easily stand a substantial pocket a quarter of a yard or more long, and proportionately deep, into which a bundle-hating woman may slip many a small parcel – or even her sandals, or overshoes, should she fear to be overtaken by a storm.

A pocket such as this should be made of the skirt material, if it is heavy enough; otherwise, of some firm stuff of the same color as the skirt. The top should be held by a tight elastic – this prevents bulging, and must be fastened securely under a flap, which comes down like the top of an envelope, and is held by buttons and buttonholes.

The woman who knows how to make herself comfortable on her travels always wears in addition to her petticoat pocket a special traveling pocket, suspended from a belt around her waist.

This should be long, shallow and fastened with a flap, and should be made tight to the belt by three tapes long enough to drop the pocket below the line of the hips and thus avoid wrinkles. These tapes should be stitched several times on the machine, so that they are perfectly secure.

A small jewel pocket to be worn around the neck on a ribbon or else pinned inside the corset is another convenience by which daring woman outwits tyrant fashion. Such a bag should be made of chamois skin, and covered with an outer envelope of linen, which can be easily removed and laundered.

Though we are not yet sufficiently emancipated to insist on pockets in all our outer skirts, there are faint prospects of better days ahead.

Flounced skirts either triple or double may have a regular old-fashioned pocket in the foundation skirt, and occasionally, very occasionally, a smaller pocket may be inserted very neatly under a pleat in a pleated skirt.

The plain tailor skirt, however, is as yet pocket-proof, with reason, as it is practically impossible to insert one that does not pull the skirt out of shape.

Coats and waists are beginning to be supplied with pockets.

Most of the plain cutaway cloth coats have from one to four; and strictly morning waists, especially those for athletic wear, have a small pocket on the left side, into which a handkerchief, or even a golf ball, may be slipped.

The woman whose tailor has absolutely refused her the solace of a pocket in her tailor suit can often supply the omission by having a small flat pocket put under a deep turned-back cuff, provided the suit is so trimmed.

Around the house a pocketless condition may be remedied by wearing when at work a small apron which is well supplied with the soul-satisfying place to stow away one's personal goods and chattels.

After all, why despair, since there is this hope of better things? By and by in millennial dawn woman may have her rights once more. Till that day she should

make the most of the consolatory half loaf, and slip in a pocket at every point her ingenuity can suggest.

"The return of the pocket"[17] (Alberta, 1910)

According to a cynic, the real equality of woman with man will never be established until the wife seeks the same number of pockets as her husband, for the lack of a convenient place in her frock or coat for her handkerchief, her purse, her hundred and one odds and ends places her at once at an immense disadvantage with the man who possesses three or four pockets in his garments.

For so long a period has the pocket been out of fashion that many women declare that they can scarcely remember its existence as a joint entity with their gowns, and certainly many of the young girls of the present time may claim that they have never even known what it is to have a pocket in their dresses.

And although the absurdity of possessing no pocket appeals irresistibly as a somewhat trying piece of humor to every sensible woman, yet as most women are followers of fashion, and fashion seldom cares anything for the laws of common sense, the pocketless frock remains in vogue season after season, and the chatelaine or wrist bag, which has usurped its place, grows more and more gigantic in proportion.

But at last the moment has arrived for the reappearance of the pocket. In one of the latest models of the new fashions no fewer than two pockets are seen, placed low on the tunic, but at a convenient distance from the hem of the gown, so that the hand can easily dive into their recesses.

The new pockets are of a sensible width, so that they will accommodate more than the fashionable doll's handkerchief of fine lawn or linen, and though they are not intended to be filled with all the "vanity" accessories beloved to the modern women, they will at least allow their wearer to dispense with the wrist bag in her own house. The reappearance of the pocket marks a new era in fashions for women and brings them at once on real equality with their husbands and brothers.

"Useful, but the men don't like them"[18] (Ottawa, 1916)

The new skirts with the large pockets, one at each side, have not made the impression that the designer intended. They may be useful, but the men don't like them, and we fear they will have to go. Men have so long had the monopoly of these convenient accessories to apparent ease and indolence, it is a shame to deprive them now of the hitherto undisputed possession. Has the tendency for women to don male attire been the underlying influence?

Seriously, the pockets possess no charm. They are much too large for ordinary or necessary use. The small pocket of the past half century, inserted unnoticeably in the skirt, was common sense. These are nonsense.

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[17] From THE RETURN OF THE POCKET. (1910, September 10). *Saturday News,* p. 4.
[18] From IT'S WHAT SHE SAYS. (1916, May 20). *Ottawa Journal,* p. 5.

Breeches vs. Skirts for Golfing[19] (Edmonton, 1922)

For the first time in the history of the game women golfers are debating, breeches or skirts. The debate, however, does not appear to have become so intense in the west as in Eastern Canada. In fact the question has not been given any serious consideration in Edmonton, says a woman member of the Edmonton Golf and Country Club. There was some talk among the girl members of the skating club who favored breeches for skating, and she believes that they will be more generally adopted for that winter sport another year, but she does not think they will be adopted for golfing. Breeches would be less comfortable than skirts, and not so generally becoming, she said.

In the east, however, the matter is taken more seriously.

Breeches have long ousted skirts in winter sports, and are now threatening to invade the eastern golf links. Women of the United States, it is said, will adopt them enthusiastically, but the more conservative women of Montreal who are debating the question are less sanguine.

One claims that skirts are a handicap for golf, especially on a windy day, although they are prettier than breeches. Another prominent woman player is of the opinion that a skirt, not too full, is excellent. If someone had the courage to lead the way, she thought, breeches might be worn by many but she did not think they would be generally adopted because skirts are prettier and much more becoming to the majority of women.

A Montreal girl whose golf has been chiefly played in the United States expressed herself as wholeheartedly in favor of breeches in golfing. They are a decided aid to good play, she considers, allow more swing and freedom and look exceedingly smart and well-cut. She does not, however, approve of breeches for street wear.

"I don't think breeches will become nearly such a furore here as they are expected to be in New York," a male authority of some repute said in discussing this subject, "but neither do I think they will meet with any very serious opposition, because the battle has already been fought. All the opposition to women wearing breeches has expended itself in past years on the women who persisted in dressing sanely for skiing, and now skating, tobogganing and a host of winter sports are indulged in by women garbed in the national form of sports dress.

"Therefore there will be much less opposition to what after all is no longer a novelty, but for the same reason there will be much less of a rage for that type of dress among those whose pastimes do not justify its being worn because it is not a novelty. Therefore people won't wear it just because it is new.

"Women will just put on their golfing knickers when they go golfing and think nothing of it, and you will see nobody will turn round to look at a woman in golfing breeches any more than they would to see a woman dressed for skiing. It will just come naturally because it will appear natural to everybody."

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[19] From Women Golfers Debating Merits of Breeches vs. Skirts For Golfing. (1922, April 4). *Edmonton Journal,* p. 11.

The clothes they wear[20] (St. John, N.B., 1938)

Women wear the breeches nearly everywhere in the summer, and the increase in winter sports offers them opportunities of doing the same. We cannot think that they take to the breeches for the sake of attractiveness, because a woman never looks less alluring than when she is wearing a garment specifically designed for men. The principal fault of women in breeches is that they don't fill 'em out where they should be filled and they fill 'em too much where they shouldn't be.

Women really wearing pants[21] (Windsor, 1942)

Women will, more than ever, be "wearing the pants" this spring. The national emergency has brought the casual rightness of slacks to the fore without any urging from the dictators of fashion.

We'll want complete slacks wardrobes this spring and the stores are certainly well-equipped to handle our demands. Fabrics and colors run the gamut – corduroys in bright shades, flannels in always popular grays, and navy, as well as gabardines, spun rayons, and denims. Soldier and faded blue lead in favor for active civilian defence work!

The news in slacks styling for spring is – arrow slim with tapered legs. Loafer type jackets are very "big" and flattering to all figures.

"Downright annoyed"[22] (Montreal, 1942)

The Ferry Command Wives Auxiliary here is downright annoyed at John Hubert Powers, head of a New York model agency – so annoyed that they have sent a 400-word telegram telling him about it.

It all started when the auxiliary, made up of the wives of the men who fly bombing planes across the Atlantic to Britain, saw an item in a Montreal paper quoting Powers as saying in an interview with the New York Women's Wear daily that women shouldn't wear slacks.

"Femininity is woman's greatest asset and she should stress it by wearing softly-shaped garments, gay colors and dresses, always dresses, never pants," Powers was quoted as saying: "Slacks create awkwardness in women whereas skirts add to their grace."

Quoting the "always dresses, never pants" phrase, the auxiliary asks Powers: "How does that sound as Russian pant-wearing women guerillas are earning everlasting glory, as our British sisters toil in underground factories, as a Chinese

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[20] From THE CLOTHES THEY WEAR. (1938, December 30). *Evening Times Globe* (St. John, N.B.), p. 4. Attributed to the Stratford Beacon-Herald.

[21] From Women Really Wearing Pants. (1942, March 11). *Windsor Daily Star,* p. 32.

[22] From FERRY WIVES 'UP IN AIR'. (1942, April 10). *The Albertan,* p. 5.

woman in pants is an inspiration to her people, as Australian, Canadian and American women dig in, wearing slacks?"

The telegram makes it clear that the Ferry Command Wives do not usually wear slacks themselves, but "if women do because they are comfortable, they should not be exposed to thoughtless criticism."

The slack in slacks[23] (Hamilton, 1947)

Men don't take passes at girls with glasses. Nor, according to usually well-informed sources, do they whistle at ladies with slacks. The outbreak of the trousered female is on the contrary, now accepted as the final achievement of the North American matriarchy, a general hoot to what men think or say behind a woman's back – especially the backs in slacks.

There may be historical vindication of a sort of woman's defiance of male ridicule (the progressive convulsions of hat styles point to it), but this business of slacks is much more alarming. If there are exceptions to the rule, they are so rare as to make the exception a museum piece. For it is a blow to the eye to see anything as rhythmically unbalanced as a woman wearing men's pants; a complete distortion of the hourglass; a symmetric mockery; a bewildering reassortment of curves.

There is no plausible revenge men can take, because the most devious schemes would easily boomerang. If, for instance, the male citizen of Hamilton rose in revolt and started dressing like a skirted Greek Evzone or wearing a modernized kilt, the revelation of twisted, under-nourished and bow legs would create such a laugh as to prove that men, after all, have most of the common sense in keeping them well covered.

But why the panted woman hides her legs to reorientate her outline is a baffling mystery and almost against nature and economics.

In defence of slacks[24] (St. John, N.B., 1947)

It is the responsibility of newspaper editors to strive to be unbiased and impartial. But whenever the controversial topic of women's slacks come[s] into the spotlight of public attention, we suspect that some editors, presumably men, allow more than a hint of masculine prejudice to creep into the opinions they write.

Rarely is a good word heard on behalf of slacks – not slacks for women, at any rate. For instance, a Canadian contemporary scathingly refers to the ladies as "women wearing men's pants … a blow to the eye … rhythmically unbalanced … a symmetric mockery … a bewildering reassortment of curves."

For some reason slacks that cover up feminine limbs seem to be criticized far more often, and bitterly, than scanty swimsuits that do more exposing than most Royal commissions do. Yet bathing suits in some cases reveal symmetric mockeries

[23] From The Slack In Slacks. (1947, July 23). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 6.
[24] From In Defence Of Slacks. (1947, August 23). *Telegraph-Journal* (St. John, N.B.), p. 4.

over which slacks could draw a merciful curtain. It hardly seems, therefore, that the actual reason for the masculine antipathy toward women's slacks is the claim that they violate the aesthetic eye.

Some men explain away their aversion by contending that slacks are an invasion of the male clothing field and that woman should stick to silks and frills and shirring. But we don't recall reading much against man-tailored shirts and neckties and mannish hats which have been so popular with the ladies. It's always slacks.

We think that, in all fairness, men should cease their self-centred campaign and allow women to wear limb-cloaking slacks if they are more comfortable in the country, on the beach, or motoring. For that matter, trimly designed slacks are anything but an affront to anyone's eyes. It's when oversize ladies jam themselves hopefully into undersize slacks, and go bulging along the boardwalk with the buoyant rhythm of elephants on parade, that men's eyes reel. But the men should be more considerate, remembering that in other seasons the womenfolk try hard to be anything but offensive to the eyes, even dressing in midwinter silk hosiery while the men are warmly clad in heavy tweeds and double-weight socks.

What man is so far removed from the age of gallantry that he would begrudge a pair of slacks and a beret, for example, to the unprepared feminine tourist on the observation bridge of a liner crossing the breezy Bay of Fundy, who attempts to take snapshots with one hand, hold on to her flapping skirts with the other and wishes she had more hands to hang on to her disintegrating hairdo?

Modern fashions shock great-grandmother[25] (Brantford, 1958)

"I have 42 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren; that's quite a family tree, isn't it?" smiled Mrs. Charles Turvey proudly. Mrs. Turvey, mother of 10, is 95 years of. Age and has come from Montreal to visit her daughter, Mrs. William Patullo of 190 North Park Street. […]

Mrs. Turvey, mother of five generations, was shocked by the clothing worn here by so many of the young girls. She can remember the day when women were considered indecent if they wore dresses above the ankles. In Mrs. Turvey's opinion the new sack look and those sheath skirts with slits in the back are "wretched things." "As you travel about you see girls trying to pull down their dresses when they sit down, to hide their knees."

"I didn't think I would live to see the day when I would see women wearing men's pants," exclaimed the woman. "If I were their husbands I would make them take them off and put their dresses on."

Her family laughs when Mrs. Turvey relates what she thinks is a disgraceful experience. She met a young girl who was sitting in a car wearing a pair of short but fashionable shorts. "She only had something down to here," she explained with her hands. "She didn't get out of the car, and no wonder! If she had shorts on, you couldn't see them. I have never seen a sight like that in my life."

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[25] From Modern Fashions Shock Great-Grandmother, 95. (1958, June 16). *Brantford Expositor,* p. 13.

Mrs. Patullo was given a lovely shawl of cashmere in a colorful paisley pattern by her mother. The shawl is an heirloom which has been in the family for about 130 years and was worn by her grandmother on her wedding day. Shawls were fashionable then and usually worn over a very plain silk dress.

Shopping for Milady[26] (Montreal, 1964)

While men hesitate to choose a dress for the lady of their lives, they can and often do, select casual sportswear as gifts. If you plan to buy your wife or loved one something in the sportswear line for Christmas, here are a few fashion tips you should know before starting out on your shopping expedition. First of all, sportswear includes everything that is not a dress, suit or coat. Sam Larry, a leading Montreal sportswear manufacturer says that "sportswear" is a misnomer.

"After all, there is nothing very sporty about an elegant theatre suit," he claims. He suggests that as usual, the French have a more appropriate word – the "boutique" look.

The term sportswear embraces everything from the suit look, costume look, long and short party look, to coordinated jackets, skirts, blouses, pants and shorts for active and casual sportswear. The most popular gifts in sportswear this season are expected to be the at-home clothes. Two-piece outfits with interchangeable tops and skirts are favorites with velvet, both plain and printed, the most popular material. The trouser look will also be in evidence on the home front and almost everywhere. It will be interesting to see how many men will buy trousers for women. This will be one way of finding out if they object to women "wearing the pants."

Mr. Larry is banking on the popularity of trousers and is featuring a number of pants suits. "I am cutting them and shaking while I'm doing it," he admitted.

Where would a woman wear a pants suit? Mr. Larry feels that European women will wear them anywhere and everywhere but the more conservative Canadian damsel will restrict them to casual functions. [That] a woman can wear pants and still be very feminine is a point well-illustrated by the one-piece jumpsuits in delicate pastel shades. These are extremely popular and would scarcely be recognized by Churchill, who invented the suit during wartime.

Pants are in[27] (Ottawa, 1965)

Women are wearing pants more than ever before. Pants are not only accepted today, now they are fashion; at the supermarket, at village shopping centers, on the green, and for entertaining. News in pants is a wool knit herring-twill pant with couture R-band waist, cut straight from the knee down, longer in length with side vents. Classic flat knit capris run the gamut from simple lines to belted stitched – in crease versions.

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[26] From Fashion Tips for Men Shopping for Milady. (1964, November 27). *Montreal Star,* p. 66.
[27] From Pants are in. (1965, August 28). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 26.

The case for women's slacks[28] (Ottawa, 1965)

The question is, should women wearing pants be permitted to enter the Chateau grill? Not bullfighter's pants, the kind that were so popular a few years back and which might distract Chateau male customers from a careful study of the carte du jour. Elegant cocktail pants, which often can't easily be distinguished from tightly-fitting dresses, are the point at issue.

The Chateau management has barred women thus clothed, and is supported in this policy by the managements of the Royal York hotel in Toronto and of a number of New York restaurants, and for all we know, by all the classier brasseries in North America. The rigid view of the café Establishment appears to be that a woman wearing a dress, however slatternly, or however revealing, is a cut above a woman wearing pants, however chic or modest.

As we see it, the policy is based on a mental block among restauranteurs, an inflexibility as deplorable as it is unbending. To be sure, we concede the right of any hotel management to make its own rules. But women also have their hard-won rights, one of which is to dress individually in accordance with their concept of their personalities. When a woman says, "This dress is me," or "these slacks are me," she expresses a deep-felt need that café managers ought to try to understand.

We should judge that, on balance, the case rests with the women who want to wear slacks. If the pants are long enough, and built right, they can create less diversion among the other clientele than certain dresses we know of. Slacks are an integral part of the age of a go-go, and all the evidence indicates that over the long haul the café managers are going to find themselves in the absurd position of King Canute.

The short way to freedom (Montreal, 1966)

If there's one word that sums up the new fashion trend, its' freedom.

The big revolution against tight girdles, bones, spike-heeled shoes and the like has finally done away with suffering for the sake of beauty.

Skirts are short, for easy walking; hair is short, because it's easier to handle; more and more women are wearing pants for at-home and casual wear, because they're so comfortable.

The emphasis on youth, and what naturally follows, freedom, has nearly killed classical haute-couture. The youth market – girls under 30 – has neither the time nor the occasion to buy couturier clothes, so designers only serve a public of about 50,000; the goldmine is in ready-to-wear outfits for the working girl.

From Montreal to Moscow, the lack of inhibition in clothes has never been more noticeable. Everything swings – and so do the bright young things inside the clothes.

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[28] From The case for women's slacks. (1965, December 31). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 6.

Bloomers

The "Bloomer"[29] (Kingston, 1851)

The saucy maid may toss her head
When she her bustle hitches on;
Be mine to praise in artless lays
The graceful girl with breeches on.

The petticoat no more shall float
On limbs whose shape bewitches one,
But in its place, with modest grace,
Those limbs shall hold the breeches on.

The bucks and beaux turn up their nose
At costly robes with patches on;
But goodness me! What if they see
Such beauty spots the breeches on?

Ye muslin dresses, white and thin,
With fairy-fingered stitches on,
I fear your day has passed away,
Since the girls have put the breeches on.

Ah! Well-a-day, the bar may say,
Shall one bestow his kisses on
A shameful maid, who's not afraid
To put a pair of breeches on?

She'll make him feel, from head to heel
Whatever else he hitches on,
He has no right, by day or night,
To put a pair of breeches on.

We always see the graces three
Without a rag the witches on;
But oh! Gadzooks, how would it look
Should each one put the breeches on.

When woman's wit is stirred a bit,
The first reform she pitches on,
Is how she may, with least delay,
Just draw a pair of breeches on.

[29] From THE "BLOOMER". (1851, October 21). *Kingston Daily News,* p. 2.

Bloomer dress in Canada[30] (Montreal, 1851)

This new and graceful dress has at last reached Montreal, and may be seen worn by one of the assistants of Mr. John Aitken, 159 Notre Dame Street West. This dress appears to us both modest and becoming, and capable of being adapted to all weathers. It has the undeniable advantage of being less cumbrous than the flowing street-sweeping dresses at present worn by the ladies. It should, however, only be worn, particularly at present, by the young, as it requires time and custom to reconcile it to modern ideas of matronly propriety. There cannot be a doubt, however, that the convenience of easy locomotion enjoyed by those who wear this dress is greatly increased.

The Bloomer costume[31] (Montreal, 1851)

A contemporary who appears to keep a sharp lookout for such things, has got rapid intelligence of the introduction of this graceful style to Montreal. The courageous, and beautiful young damsel, may be found in Mr. Aitken's store, No. 159, Notre Dame Street, West.

At Hamilton, a purse of fifty dollars is to be made up, for the first young lady, that comes out of petticoats, and assumes the new and really handsome dress.[32] Why not be as liberal in Montreal? The young gentlemen of this city ought to take up the hint as a point of honor. A *trente-sous* from every one of them, would be nothing more than right, and would pay for the dress. Dolly, as a gay widower, we have no doubt, would take charge of the fund. Who begins?

Bloomerism in Niagara[33] (Niagara, 1851)

Good old Niagara is the first place in Canada where Bloomerism has been introduced. On Sunday last two or three of the Fair Sex of that Town made their *debut* before the inhabitants of that place, and we are told showed off the ankle to perfection, and attracted the eye of the curious. We wish the reward lately offered in Hamilton to the lady who first introduced it there, extended to our sister Town for we really think they deserve to be rewarded for their heroism.

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[30] From BLOOMER DRESS, IN CANADA. (1851, August 2). *Owen Sound Comet,* p. 3.

[31] From

[32] "The new reform in ladies' dress is making rapid strides towards the Canadian frontier. […] We wonder which of our City *belles* will attempt to "break the ice?" We heard a gentleman the other day offer to subscribe five dollars towards making up a purse of Fifty Dollars for the young lady who will be courageous enough to come out in Bloomer style first." THE BLOOMER DRESS IN LOCKPORT. (1851, July 5). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 2.

[33] From BLOOMERISM IN NIAGARA. (1851, July 16). *St. Catharines Constitutional,* p. 2.

"Bloomerism flourishes"[34] (Hamilton, 1851)

Bloomerism flourishes apace in the neighboring republic, and at last has found devotees in Canada. As yet no one appears courageous enough to don the modern garb in our good city of Hamilton, although strong inducements have been held out for its introduction. We do not blame our City belles for their tardiness in following in the wake of the ladies of Yankeedom. They no doubt prefer waiting to see whether it is likely to become general ere they commit themselves to its adoption. None being prone to assume the new dress for the sake of mere show, it is perhaps advisable to wait the "tide of events." There will be time enough when the fashion becomes general.

The *Gazette* has recently given his readers the benefits of his views on Bloomerism, and as might be expected, denounces the innovation, coupled with expressions of which he ought to feel ashamed. There is nothing strange in all this, for fossil as he is, he remains so tied down to old fashions and obsolete customs that all his ideas are borrowed from antiquity. He seems to have a dread of the expense the taxpayers would be put to in the employment of scavengers in case the present sweeping dresses were done away with. The *Gazette* thinks nothing can be more becoming than the present fashion of ladies' dress. It is becoming enough. No one objects to it seriously; but really it is too bad that the ladies cannot wear what they choose without the *Gazette's* interference. Perhaps he is afraid that if the ladies here were to adopt the Bloomer dress, ,they might make it a pretext for insisting on wearing the what-do-you-call-'ems and, thus supersede the "lords of creation," by becoming masters in place of their husbands. Well, if such be their intentions, all the *Gazettes* in Christendom could not prevent them; for as the old rhyme runs: "Where is the man has the power or skill / To stem the torrent of a woman's will,/ For if she will, she will you may depend on't / And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

The *Gazette* objects to the new costume for various reasons, but principally because it is a Yankee innovation. Well, this is natural enough for the *Gazette*, but what will he say to the new French fashion of ladies wearing waistcoats?

Bloomerism in Kingston[35] (Kingston, 1851)

The Bloomer ball has been set rolling in our good city of Kingston, and our young Belles are not the dear girls they pas for, if they permit it to come to a standstill. Yesterday, a fair "Bloomer" of the sable genus, paraded the streets in a frock coat (with half a tail), light blue unmentionables, a straw hat, and knee boots. The tops of the latter were visible, the extremities of the pantaloons being thrust into them. Around the neck was a black silk handkerchief, gracefully tied under the chin. This is a decided improvement on the "Original Bloomer;" and although not so suitable for the dog days as the famous costumes of *Punch,* still there can be little

[34] From THE BLOOMER COSTUME. (1851, July 26). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 2.
[35] From BLOOMERISM IN KINGSTON. (1851, August 1). *Daily British Whig* (Kingston), p. 2.

doubt that it will eventually supersede the frivolous and unwomanly "toggeries" which proceed from the Tyranness of Fashion at Paris, who presides at No. 43 *Rue Neuve Vivienne,* of that vulgar city.

"Very graceful"[36] (New Brunswick, 1851)

A young girl appeared in our streets yesterday in a very graceful and most becoming Bloomer dress – Gipsey [sic.] hat, blue satin coat, and white pettiloons, and excited general admiration. If older young ladies look to such advantage in the dress, it will be universally adopted, let the masculine world say what it will.

"Looked remarkably well"[37] (Hamilton, 1851)

This new style of dress has at length found its way to our city. A couple of American ladies, who, we are informed, reside a few miles from here, took the staid citizens of Hamilton by surprise on Monday last, by appearing fully attired *a la* Bloomer. We had not the pleasure of seeing these fair devotees to the new fashion donned in their gay attire, but we understand they looked remarkably well. They paid the city a flying visit yesterday, but we merely got a glimpse of them as they passed down the street in a carriage.

Bloomerism in Oshawa[38] (Oshawa, 1851)

We understand that the "Bloomer" dress has been introduced into Oshawa, by some of the young ladies of that village. On Saturday last those "manly young ladies" doffed the petticoats and assumed the more becoming garb of "Turkish pants and short-tailed coats." This is an age of improvement, and no mistake. Instead of having our streets swept with drabble-tailed dresses, free of expense, we may expect shortly to be under the necessity of letting the job out by contract to those who will do it cheapest. When may Bowmanville expect to see the "fair daughters of Eve" assume the *manly* rig?

[36] From Lower Provinces. (1851, August 16). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 2.
[37] From BLOOMERISM. (1851, August 16). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 3.
[38] From BLOOMERISM IN OSHAWA. (1851, August 29). *Daily British Whig* (Kingston), p. 2.

Those Bloomers![39] (Hamilton, 1856)

A couple of strong-minded American ladies drove into the city in a cutter yesterday, attired in the eccentric Bloomer style, which we had thought was exploded. It is to be presumed that the dress and pantaloons do not impede locomotion, for the nymphs tripped at a great rate along King Street, attracting the gaze not only of inquisitive children, but also of many of the substantial citizens, who rushed out of their stores to behold the novelty. We should like to be informed whether the Bloomer costume has any advantage over the usual dress of ladies, when the snow lies on the ground, and the thermometer is falling to Zero!

The Bloomers again[40] (Hamilton, 1857)

Some three months since, Hamiltonians were startled from their propriety by the apparition of a couple of strong-minded ladies from Dundas, dressed in Bloomer costume. They were duly "put in the papers" the next morning, and we are not aware that they have made their appearance in Hamilton since that time. They were, however, again caught sight of off on the cars, yesterday. This time their pantaloons (or shall we call them breeches without ado?) were of a bright red; their tunics were of a small checked pattern; their boots (high-heeled) of genuine calf skin – (none of your delicate kid understandings for a Bloomer!). They had what resembled "donkey" hats, and wore them right jauntily. Dundas may well go ahead when such ladies are to be found there!

[39] From THOSE BLOOMERS! (1856, December 6). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 2.
[40] From THE. BLOOMERS AGAIN. (1857, April 16). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 2.

Overalls for Prairie Women, 1917-1918

Toward the end of the first world war, the *Home Loving Hearts* section of the *Free Press Prairie Farmer* saw heated discussion on the subject of overalls for women. Representative letters from readers are found below, labeled with their authors' pseudonyms.

Rosie[41]

I have read with interest the letters of the last three issues of the Free Press, and I would like to become a member of the Home Loving Hearts. My greatest desire is to know the opinion of other people, but, of course, people vary in their opinions.

If I were to bring about a new subject, I suppose some of the members would be of the same opinion as myself, and others would be against me. But, nevertheless, I will ask what the members think of overalls for women. They say it makes housework easier. Suppose I don a pair of overalls on wash day. Would it make washing any easier? Not one bit. I am sure my housework will be the same whether I wear overalls or house dresses. I think the reason some women have adopted overalls is because they are something original. Some women will adopt whatever Dame Fashion creates, whether it is for the better or worse, whether they like it or not. I have heard many women say: "I don't like this thing very well, but it is the fashion. It is stylish just the same, and what does it matter so long as it is the fashion?" Why could not the dear little housedress serve its purpose any longer? No! They are too old-fashioned. Overalls are something new.

I am a farmer's wife. I do my housework and a lot of outdoor work besides, but I do not wear overalls. I shall cling to the dear little housedress as long as possible. But, of course, if all the other sisters insist on wearing overalls, I suppose I must do the same. But I shall be one of the last to adopt them.

The housedress will serve the same purpose now as well as it used to, if women will only let it. If any of the members would like to discuss any point concerning the subject, it will be of great interest to me.

Corkey[42]

Now, dear Editor, what do you think of women wearing overalls? I think it would rob them of their womanliness if they wore them much. Don't you think so? Of course women working around machinery need them, because skirts would put their lives in danger, but I don't think women in the home should wear them.

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[41] From ROSIE. (1917, September 26). OVERALLS FOR WOMEN. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 7.
[42] From CORKEY. (1917, October 31). Does Not Believe in New Woman. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 12.

Katy[43]

Have been intending to write for some time, but kept putting it off from one day to another, until today, after reading "Rosie's" letter, I made up my mind it was time to write. Overalls for women! Deliver me! "The dear little house dresses" are quite good enough for me for a while yet. I have never found my skirts in the way doing housework and I firmly believe if most women told the truth they would say the same. If the skirts are not too wide and too long they never get in the way doing housework, and how much neater a woman looks with a housedress of some dainty color, a little cheap, fancy collar and a white apron, than strutting around in a pair of overalls, and I really think very few self-respecting women would wear them. My husband would not own me if he caught me in a pair, although I will admit for a woman on the farm, for a while morning and evening, if she does the milking, etc., they would be all right. But surely in the house there is no need for them. We women seem to be coming to the front so quickly of late years, and doing men's work, that I really think we might leave him his clothes. Surely we can manage without his overalls! I for one don't want 'em.

Bertie[44]

I do not agree with you, Corky; […] I believe in overalls for women; it is yet new, it is not because of style, as Rosy says, but because they are practical, less cumbersome and less dangerous than skirts. How some people hate for a woman to show that she has two legs. I would like to know in what way a woman is less womanly because she wears overalls, Corky. It is the clothing that only half-conceals the body that is suggestive. Then again, skirts and dresses are unsanitary, carrying often the germs of filth and disease; they are easily soiled, making extra washing; they also clause displacements in women, being too much weight around the hips.

I admire the athletic type of girl; she is more fit for the duties of wife and mother than the girl who spends most of her time within the four walls of a house.

Amelia[45]

[A] letter which pleased me very much was one from "Rosie," on women wearing overalls. I think it is a shame and a disgrace the way the women are dressing these days. The overalls are not at all. You see old women with gray hair out on the streets with skirts far too short and waists open far too low. Young girls with short skirts, then about four inches of flesh-colored stockings showing, then black boots. The first thing that takes your attention is the four inches of what looks like bare

[43] From KATY. (1917, November 21). Overalls for Women. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[44] From BERTIE. (1917, November 21). Vigorous Comment from Bertie. *Free P. Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[45] From AMELIA. (1917, November 21). Women's Apparel and the Prophecies. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

flesh. If they knew what it looks like to the men I'm sure they would put on the black stockings.

Now, I wonder if the women of these days know what God says about them wearing men's apparel. In Deut. 22, 5, it tells us: "The women shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord they God."

Some reason around it this way, that the Old Testament was only for the Jews. Well, I've never found it anywhere in the Bible where there was any distinction made. When it comes to the judgment day we are all going to be judged according to our deeds, whether they be good or whether they be evil. […]

So let us women be careful how we dress. God has told us all these things in His word, and if we do not know it, we can know it, for we have Bibles and we can read. Many find time to read newspapers and novels, so we won't have that excuse when we face the Great Judge. What a sad day it will be for many when they hear the Master say: "Depart from me," etc.

E. S. M.[46]

In speaking of the new overalls for women. I believe they are better for one around machinery than wearing skirts, and if all women could keep their modesty and wear them when necessary like one woman I saw as my husband and I were driving along the road. She was loading hay and we saw she had overalls on, but as we came near she slipped down on her knees till we passed; and why couldn't girls working in factories that need them slip them on as they are ready to go to work, but not schoolteachers, dressmakers, housekeepers or anyone else just wearing them for style. Fashion betrays the innocent in dresses when they arouse passion in young men. For when aroused they don't always wait to find out if their victims are innocent or not, but think all girls are alike.

Blue-eyed Mischief[47]

I certainly agree with "Rosie" concerning the overall problem. I think a woman looks neater and can do her work just as easily (in the house) in a pretty, becoming house dress as in overalls. Though when doing gardening and other outdoor work an overall, I should judge, would be just "the thing." You could manage to do the heavy work so much more easily than if you wore a dress. And we must admit that out of doors there are some extra-long steps to be taken, which would be pretty hard to accomplish wearing skirts. Horseback riding is one of my most enjoyable sports, and I never feel so free to run and jump or do any "tomboyish" thing as when I get my divided riding skirt on. And overalls! Why, until I was 12 or 13 years of age I wore

[46] From E.S.M. (1917, December 5). Thinks Dancing Evil. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[47] From BLUE-EYED MISCHIEF. (1917, December 12). A Number of Things. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

them constantly. I hardly knew what it was like to have a dress on. But, again I say, in the house wear a house-dress. I am sure your husband would much rather come in from work and be welcomed by a loving wife, arrayed in a becoming dress, than by one, just as loving, arrayed in overalls.

Chore Girl[48]

How many took a man's place this fall? I did. I cut over a hundred acres of crop. Hauled grain threshing time, and hauled grain to town, and also wore those dreadful things called overalls, and I don't feel any worse for it. I think it our duty to do what we can when our men are doing their bit far from home. Let pride and swelled heads decrease while this war is on, for that won't win the war. This is no time for pride or any such silliness; it is the time for work and thought.

Miggs[49]

I can still agree with "Rosie" regarding the "dear little housedress." It is the right thing in the right place – a dress for the house, and I've no idea of advocating overalls for housework, but I do like to be suitably dressed for the work I have to do, and I've wished so much lately that I had overalls. I was alone for three weeks this fall with two horses and a cow to take care of, and it rained almost every day, and you know the condition of the average barnyard in that kind of weather! I assure you a pretty housedress was certainly not the proper thing for the work. I've sent for an overall pattern from the Free Press, and intend to make some as soon as I get it. I think it a pity the ready-made ones are so expensive; they cost easily as much as the goods to make them.

No, Rosie, it isn't always because of "fashion" that women want something different. I've seen many women working around in men's overalls, because they simply had to do the outside work and it's almost impossible to do much of it in the usual skirts. I have never had to do much work outdoors until this year, and often "bothered" my skirts this summer while gardening, etc., but never really decided for overalls till this fall. Now I intend to have some and wear them too.

Venus Doon[50]

Rosie, a few weeks ago, said she should like to discuss with someone overalls for women. This subject has quite interested me, too, Rosie. Personally, I do not see why women should adopt overalls like men's for housework, but I do think that the bloomers advocated by some, which may be adjusted to just below the knee or allowed

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[48] From CHORE GIRL. (1917, December 12). Taking a Man's Place. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[49] From MIGGS. (1917, December 12). Substitutes for Wheat Flour. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 27.
[50] From VENUS DOON. (1917, December 19). Interested in Overall Development. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

to extend to the ankle, are the most practical things for women at work that fashion ever dreamed of. While for some work the neat house dress is quite satisfactory, I must say that ever since wearing my gymnasium bloomers I have longed for the time when women would be allowed the freedom of movement they give. A narrow skirt appeals to me as being most inconvenient at times, at outdoor work or indoors at house cleaning and some other times. A wide skirt is always getting in the way by catching things, etc. Bloomers do away with tightness, give freedom, yet are out of the way, and when adjusted just below the knee look to me like a smart little skirt. No doubt, however, for some outdoor work such as women now take up the overalls may even be more practical, and, while they may not add to womanly beauty, there are times when things more vital are at stake.

Brilliant[51]

I certainly agree with "Katy" on overalls for women. It looks as if women are trying their very best to look like men nowadays. And not only the overalls, but those low necks and short skirts and white or flesh colored stockings. If those women could see themselves how they looked, they would never wear those stockings again. They look just as if they were bare-legged. Those women would look just as stylish if they could wear black stockings.

I don't agree with you, "Bertie," on overalls. Everybody knows that women have two legs. The reason that it is less womanly to wear them is, women are supposed to wear dresses and not men's pants. Dresses won't carry germs of filth and disease any more than men's pants. As for dresses making too much weight on the hips, I don't see as they do, and I am not too lazy to carry them, either.

Lover of Truth[52]

Overalls for women, I think are the limit. Why lose our feminine instinct and take upon ourselves the masculine? It is surely an abomination to God. I have worked on the farm all my life, and done all kinds of work and never needed overalls. Why blame the young innocent girls for going astray, when the mothers wear their dresses far too short, necks cut too low, sleeves too short or none at all? Overalls! We are told in the Bible to dress modestly. Then, again, we are to let our light shine. I think when I go on the street and see the way some dress, that their light is very dim, or gone out entirely. It is vulgar in men's sight. I have noticed men look at each other and wink at such sights. At such a critical time as this, when people are starving by thousands, I think it is awful the way some dress. Lay by such fine clothes and hats and help the needy, or Red Cross.

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[51] From BRILLIANT. (1917, December 26). Champions Katy. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[52] From LOVER OF TRUTH. A Time For Prayer. (1918, January 2). *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

Marietta[53]

There is such a discussion going on about overalls for women and some of the members are raising a storm in a teacup about it. I agree with Bertie, who treats the matter in a very common, sensible way (it should be "uncommon, sensible way"). "Brilliant" denounces Bertie's view and says in a way scarcely worthy of her pen name, that we should be more womanly in wearing skirts because we are supposed to wear them. Who supposed it and why? Two thousand years ago men wore them, too, save when they found them inconvenient, as in war, for instance. Lover of Truth, who is terribly earnest about it, says women in overalls are an abomination to God. Unless my memory plays me false God put male and female into the world with neither skirts nor overalls and when clothes first came on the table (not at God's instigation), man and woman alike wore fig leaves. I am inclined to think Eve gave her fig leaves a more coquettish air than Adam's, being a woman, but if one looks up the matter in one of the earlier translations of the Bible it will be mentioned as a decidedly masculine garment. The Elizabethans wore ruffs; they were "supposed to" then. You must find a better reason than supposition, Brilliant, if we are to be impressed with the brilliancy of your reasoning. I enjoy your letters, Bertie. You sweep aside artificiality and false modesty in a most refreshing way.

Herberta[54]

I'm a farmer. It is now nearly two years since my man went overseas, and the half-section farm has been my care ever since. Two crops have been raised and marketed that was never handled by a man except for stooking and threshing. Not easy work, but I like it, and am old enough not to overdo, and somehow I can't see a slacker drawing rein over a soldier's horses. I have one that I broke in a year ago that has never been harnessed or driven by anyone save me. Have another one to start work this spring and two more that "the boss" has never seen. Have eighteen head of stock to winter this year, but as half of them are horses it isn't as big a job as it sounds. From the three cows I ship cream, which also saves work.

And, oh listen, Rosie and Lover of Truth, and all you supporters – I wear overalls! I never did until this last harvest, but I would hate to tell you how many "dear little house dresses" were torn to ribbons before that. A thin house dress is all right in its place, but in these strenuous times I don't think its place is to show more than the tip of one's shoe in these days. Now we think with horror of the skirt yards and yards around and sweeping the ground continually. I think the skirts 8 or 10 inches above the ground are eminently practical and the one-piece gowns hung from the shoulders are about the sanest and most healthful dress fashion ever allowed the young girls to wear.

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[53] From MARIETTA. (1918, January 16). Overalls. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[54] From HERBERTA. (1918, January 16). Carrying On. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

Lover of Truth says such things are vulgar in men's sight, and that she has noticed men look at each other and wink at such. Personally, I don't worry about men's sight. So I am properly dressed in my own sight is all that I care about, and as for the winking men, if such exist, I certainly don't notice them. Probably they would wink just as much at a dear little house dress, worn in a wind.

I might say, however, I sent my man an illustration of these overalls and asked his opinion, and his answer was, "I'm very glad you were able to get anything so safe and sensible. Over here the women on farms and railroads wear a much more mannish rig." Someone said we were not in the war zone, therefore need not try to dress like the women of that part of the world. We are in the war zone, and you who are in sheltered homes with your husbands and sons at hand needn't try to slam the "overall woman."

A Modern Wife[55]

Why, E.M.S., what an idiotic piece of mock modesty, that you tell of the woman haying by the roadside. It couldn't have been a very busy thoroughfare, or she would have done more knee drill than haying. Have you seen any of the American or English illustrated papers, showing the munition girls at work, managing huge heavy cranes, clinging to overhead trolleys, climbing and clambering into places that once it was considered impossible for women to go? Would it be worth their while to risk their lives hampered by skirts? No. Well, then, granting them the necessary overalls do you suppose they have time to bob on their knees?

A few months ago the King and Queen visited the munition works in England and the Overseas Daily Mirror shows the girls standing proudly in their grimed overalls, and not one of them sinks to her knees ashamed to show that she has two legs, and neither do their Majesties expect it. They know only too well the value of those girls' sturdy legs and arms, and we women of the west may next spring and summer find it necessary to do men's work outside, and in doing so it will be more convenient and safe to don overalls.

I know I shall wear them, but only at work which makes it necessary. If any of you have driven a horse-rake in the hay field you'll know how easy it is to break your neck climbing up and down with skirts on, especially if you have a lively team; and how about climbing into the hayrack? Personally, I love outside work, and if I can get help in the house next summer I intend to help my husband all I can, for it is doubtful if he will be able to get a man. He couldn't this year. And if I have to don the overalls I shan't be ashamed of them and be bobbing to my knees at the first male creature that appears. I value good men's opinions, and I know what a real man will think of a woman who is trying to do her bit. As for the other kind – well, their opinion is not worth a snap of the fingers to me, so they can think what they like.

[55] From A MODERN WIFE. (1918, February 6). "Out of the Heart." *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 15.

Funny[56]

There are several reasons why I simply can't help writing to you again. One of them is that I must hold up my pen in favor of overalls for women.

I don't like to hear them getting abused because I think they deserve a very high place in the opinion of all working women and a very prominent one in our wardrobes.

I can see nothing indecent in overalls when worn by a decent woman, and my opinion is that the indecent woman will be indecent in the daintiest dress made. The overalls shown in the catalogues are made on generous lines, and when fastened at either the knee or ankle are certainly no worse than skirts which come only halfway to the ankle and not nearly so hard to manage in a wind.

For ordinary work the "dear little housedress" is just all right, but when one has to wade in mud nearly to their knees with a milk pail in one hand and a stool in the other, or perhaps a pail of milk in each hand, as I had to do last summer, then the "dear little housedress" becomes a disgusting nuisance. Somehow my third hand never would hold my skirts up. No wonder my thoughts flew to overalls tucked snugly into long rubber boots.

If my outside work is as disagreeable in the coming year as it was last summer I shall certainly wear overalls, for believe me, sisters, I am heartily sick of washing mud and manure out of six inches of dress and underskirt. It is not because it is something new that women are wearing them; the idea is old, and women who really do dirty work have been wanting them and dreaming about them for years, even wearing their husbands' overalls when they thought no one would see them. It is simply because they can wear them openly now without being thought indecent by everybody. My menfolk think they are just the proper thing, and I believe most men think so too. Ask your menfolk how they would like to wear skirts at their work and tell me what they say.

I wonder if the sister who quoted the Bible to show us why we should not wear male attire read all of the chapter. How about leaving a fringe on the four quarters of our garments, wearing a mixture of woollen and linen, stoning the immoral woman, etc., etc.? Why are none of those laws kept? And why should one be kept even though it has been proved most out of place and the others ignored? Queer, isn't it? There is a verse which says: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

I'm quite sure that if I ever wear overalls I will be able to bend my overall-clad knee before Him and send up my little cry for patience, courage and strength and be just as sure of an answer as though I were wearing a "dear little housedress."

After all, dresses will always be strictly feminine, and trousers will be masculine.

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[56] From FUNNY. (1918, February 13). Favors Overalls. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

Evangeline[57]

God is not limited by His own laws. Surely if a nice woman puts on overalls in order to "do her bit" and to "carry on" she need not lose dignity in any way. We must read the Bible carefully in the light of modern, "sanctified" common sense; nor should we be too prompt in attributing the God characteristics that a Loving Father is not likely to possess. The real claim of overalls is safety to life and limb. Skirts prove a veritable death trap, as the newspapers are constantly proving.

Farmeress[58]

Just a word about overalls for women. I think they are "first cousin" to the riding skirt, and I am very fond of riding in the summertime, after the cattle, etc., and would not think of riding without a divided skirt. And really overalls on a woman do not fill one with such a wholesome disgust as a short skirt on an elderly woman, or young one, for that, with about four inches of light silk stocking showing between boot and skirt.

Golden Glow[59]

Rosie asks what we think of women wearing overalls. I think as Herberta does. She is a brick. Her whole letter was great. Let me tell you "the why of overalls." For years it was my work to drive in and milk the cows in the early morning, when the grass was wet. Imagine the condition of even a short skirt after sitting down to milk 10 or 12 different cows. Next, I would go to the garden for revenge on cutworms, for the loss of some precious plants in the night, or to get something for breakfast. I came in every morning with damp, dirty skirts and stockings ready for the washtub, yet I had not the time to change, so became ill. The doctor told me I must not get my feet wet nor ankles damp. I got a pattern of bloomers and made a pair from strong duck. They hung almost as full as a skirt, but buttoned tight below the knee. My difficulty was solved.

I cannot make you understand what a comfort that garment was or how much washing it saved me. When I stooped or sat down to milk, the bloomers did not fall on the wet grass like a skirt. I only wore them at certain types of work, but I assure you there is no house dress, however dear, which could at all take their place. I confess, I did not like a stranger to see me in them, not because there is anything immodest about them, or that I think it the least bit of a sin to wear them, but they were unusual, and attracted attention. I do hope the time will soon come when it will not be so. Our girls, who help their father on the farm, wear them to keep them clean

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[57] From EVANGELINE. (1918, February 13). Suggests Care of Children Conference. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 15.
[58] From FARMERESS. (1918, February 27). Questions. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 15.
[59] From GOLDEN GLOW. (1918, April 3). Far East Speaks. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 12.

and warm while gathering in potatoes and other vegetables in the cold, windy autumn. Few women can stand the effect of damp skirts against their ankles. I wish that every woman who works out of doors had a pair and had the moral courage to wear them. That is where I find the trouble, and not that they want to get them for fashion's sake.

I know two girls who are injuring their health and hampering themselves at work on a large fruit farm while their brothers are away at the war. They run the risk of breaking their necks and they tear and dirty house dress while loading hay or grain. They know all the time how much better overalls are for such work, but they haven't the courage. They are afraid it would not be considered modest.

Dear members, who do not know because your work is over dry floors, do be careful not to make life harder for the brave women who are helping to feed the nation in this strenuous time. Many things in the Bible apply to that olden time and places where it was immodest for a woman to even show her face in public, but our men are accustomed to the knowledge that the human form is much the same in both sexes and if some are badly affected by the sight of women working in overalls, they should be sent to face the Germans, where they will get a more serious view of life.

Scotchwoman[60]

I am on a homestead, like a great number of the writers. This question of overalls I am thoroughly interested in. I consider, with a good many members, that they are necessary on the homestead, where the wife has to go out and help her husband with hay and crops and that kind of work. I think skirts are dangerous, as one is always putting one's foot on them, and working with cattle, skirts get messed up.

Blue Bell[61]

Now, friends, I have worn overalls and find them the cleanest and most comfortable rig out for the outside work, but I'm glad to take them off in the house. They cover up nakedness, and I would rather walk the city in them than those disgusting skirts worn by some females, showing unsightly legs cased in light stockings and the wind blowing them up to the knees. Young women are not the only offenders.

[60] From SCOTCHWOMAN. (1918, April 10). A Homesteader Also. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[61] From BLUE BELL. (1918, April 17). A Cheery Heart Doth Good. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 15.

Ivanhoe[62]

I think it utterly ridiculous for a woman to wear overalls, if it could be avoided. I don't see why a woman cannot wear a narrow skirt instead of those abominable overalls. Of course we all know the women have been trying to wear the breeches, and now that the men are gone to the war, they are at liberty to do as they please.

American[63]

As for overalls for women, I wouldn't be caught in them. I don't think any respectable woman should wear them and try to make a man of themselves. It looks as bad for women to wear overalls as for men to wear dresses. I don't think it was ever meant for them to dress in such a fashion.

Polly Anna 2[64]

As for overalls I have always worn bloomers for outdoor work and will continue to do so as long as I have to work outdoors and in the barn, and I have brought up my girls to slip on overalls whenever they go out coasting or milking the cows, as I think they are more convenient, and it keeps their dresses clean. Now, I can see how a lot of women will pile on me, but that's all right, come on, I was here first.

Toots[65]

I want to tell you about a young girl in our district. All last summer she took the place of a hired man, helping her father with the farm work. She has gotten a pair of overalls and intends doing the same thing this year. She says: "Now that the men have to go to war the women have to do their work." Besides helping her father she also helps her mother to a certain extent with the housework. She always manages to look neat and respectable. There are other young ladies here also who will not associate with her because she works outside and wears overalls, and, therefore, in their estimation, is "not a lady." I have seen these same girls allow their mothers to do large washings, and the housework besides without even helping in the least. That is their way of being "a lady."

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[62] From IVANHOE. (1918, April 17). Overalls Taboo. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 15.
[63] From AMERICAN. (1918, April 17). Housecleaning Advice. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 26.
[64] From POLLY ANNA 2. (1918, May 1). Our Second Glad Lady. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[65] From TOOTS. (1918, May 15). Definition of a Lady. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

Overall Twins[66]

We have been tempted to write on the subject of overalls for some time, but were aroused very much over "America's" and Ivanhoe's letters. Seeing the rest have given their opinion on overalls, we wish to give our opinions also. As for wearing the overalls, we girls always wear them around the farm, house-cleaning, gardening, etc. We have found them the most suitable outfit yet.[67] You can go out in the very strongest winds, and there is no dress to blow over your head. Lord knows the wind surely blows out in this country.

We think America is very wrong; also very quick at speaking, when she says "that no modest or decent woman would be seen in them." We don't agree with her. Nearly all the women and girls wear them out here, and we think they are just as decent as those in her neighborhood and herself. I wonder which she would rather be seen in, working in the garden in a pair of neat-looking overalls, which can hardly be distinguished from a skirt, but not in the way, or in an old sloppy skirt blowing about her knees.

And we have a very nice picture of Ivanhoe working in the garden in a tight skirt, "like she suggested." She wouldn't dare stoop over or take a very large step for fear of splitting her skirt. If that's what you call being modest, well, thanks, give us the bloomers.

What do you think about all women and girls having to register for man and woman labor? Well, if you are going to do the men's work on the farms, you have to wear overalls. What if a man should see you in them? They all know you have two legs whether in a skirt or a pair of overalls. I think some of you who want to be patriotic can be so by jumping into a pair of overalls and doing a man's work, that's the least we can do. So why talk and harp about them that do? We will give the glad hand to those that agree with us.

Girl of all Trades[68]

I […] am one of the girls who think the overalls fine. I have been cut on the land all spring helping my father. I drove four horses on the gang plow, while my father used the walking plow, and I am in favor of Toot's letter. But never mind, Toots, maybe the girls that won't associate with you wear their dresses so they look a good deal worse than the overalls. There are people around here the same, they think it is terrible to see a girl with overalls on.

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[66] From OVERALL TWINS. (1918, May 22). The Turns. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

[67] "I am also one of those who wear overalls, and I think they are just the things for working outside as this year we had three tons of potatoes to dig and a lot of roots to get out and in earing the overalls it saved a lot of washing." CANADIAN MISS OF SWEET SIXTEEN. (1918, November 20). Soap Making. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 27

[68] From GIRL OF ALL TRADES. (1918, May 29). Father's Right-Hand Man. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

Hazel Eyes[69]

As so many are discussing overalls at the present time I don't think they are at all ladylike. I myself would not wear them. I make plain riding skirts for everyday wear of heavy drill, and when I want to go for the cows or climb into the loft I am just as free as those who wear overalls, and they look a lot neater and are easily washed and ironed with a skirt of this kind and midday coat. One is not cumbered up with underskirts, and they can't blow over one's head either.

Canadian[70]

I have been tempted to write on the subject of women's overalls for some time. I was aroused when I saw "American's" letter in print. I thought I would give my opinion in regard to overalls. I would sooner wear a neat pair of overalls any time, far sooner than as the overall twins have said, having skirts blowing over your head. I have been wearing overalls for nearly a month now. I would not wear a skirt around the farm if I could get a pair of overalls. Perhaps if "American" had to work on the farm she would rather wear overalls than skirts. Give me a pair of overalls anytime.

Lazybones[71]

I have never written, but the "Overall" question gets very exciting and concerns me more than most subjects discussed.

Ivanhoe, I wonder if you believe in women and girls going out helping while the men are away fighting for us? If so, that narrow khaki skirt would "catch it," especially at hay time and threshing time. My sister and I have helped thresh for two years, and I'm sure a skirt would look far more immodest than a pair of sensible overalls. One couldn't climb into a hayrack very easily in a narrow skirt.

America, you also have a very bad opinion of the woman in overalls, but when a woman has a man's work to do, why not have man's comfort while doing it?

Concerning the tight or the short skirts, I can't see anything disgraceful in either. Is it half as bad for a woman to walk along the streets of a city with her skirts blown up, as it is to have models of naked people on show in jeweler's windows or other show places? I don't think so. I think a great many people just want to think such things are disgraceful.

I think women's clothing is criticized far too much. When men go out not very carefully dressed they are only considered untidy, or careless, but, if a woman, it is disgraceful, scandalous, or some such horrid thing.

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[69] From HAZEL EYES. (1918, June 12). Co-operation of School and House. *Free P. Pr. Farmer,* p. 14.
[70] From CANADIAN. (1918, June 12). Strong for Overalls. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.
[71] From LAZYBONES. (1918, June 19). Women's Clothes Criticized Too Much. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

An U.S.-Canadian[72]

I have thoroughly enjoyed the many interesting letters in your page. One letter singed "American" in the April 17th issue aroused me a little. She said no respectable woman would wear overalls. I for one wear them, and I think them fine. When you are out in a 40-mile wind you aren't in danger of your clothes blowing over your head. Skirts seem to be in the way all the time when a person is on their knees making a garden. I wonder if "American" lives on a farm. If she does she should make a pair of overalls and try them for outdoor work. When I get my work done outdoors, I like to come in and put on a neat house dress as well as any woman, but give the overalls to me for outdoor work every time.

A Girl at 40[73]

I just think that overalls for women are the real thing for doing chores and around implements. I wear them every morning and evening at milking time and I feel so free in them sometimes I forget to take them off till I get my morning work done. For the garden I simply wouldn't be without them. I wear my dear little house dress in the house, but they are no more respectable in the high winds when the hem sometimes points skywards. Overalls for me in high winds and the halfway skirt is not as respectable as overalls.

Tag[74]

As for overalls for women, I think them a splendid idea. I am sure they must be more convenient for outdoor work than anything else.[75] Who is the most immodest – the girl who is clad in a pair of overalls when doing work on the farm that her brother did before he went to war, or the girl and very often married woman who through ignorance will have the nerve to come out in a dress which displays a pair of fine fat calves and into which they have forgotten to insert a pair of sleeves or else forgotten to sew on a yoke? It is not at all necessary for women to wear overalls in the house, as the "dear little house dress" is better.

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[72] From AN U.S.-CANADIAN. (1918, June 26). War Cake. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14. The recipe given for the eponymous cake is: "War Cake – 1 cup of cooking molasses, 1 tablespoon of melted butter, 1 egg or the yolk of two, ½ cup of boiling water, 1 teaspoon of baking soda, ½ teaspoon of cloves, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, 2 cups of flour. Bake in two layers and spread with jelly. If it is not light, I think you will find it is the fault of the baking of it."

[73] From A GIRL AT 40. (1918, July 10). Taint in Cream. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 26.

[74] From TAG. (1918, September 4). Courage of Her Convictions. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 14.

[75] "My mother is stooking. She wears the overalls and says there is nothing handier, as she can work faster and longer. She wore the skirts last year and the year before while stooking, so she ought to know which is best. I find the washing much easier, too, and no long sieges of picking burrs from skirts." SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER. (1918, September 25). Seventeen's Views. *Free Press Prairie Farmer,* p. 26.

In later years, children's dolls presented overalls as appropriate attire.
Pictured: A doll purchased in Canada, c. 1960 – 1980. Curator's collection.
Photograph by C. Willmore, 2022, subject to the same CC license as the sourcebook.

Sports, women and breeches in Winnipeg, 1923

The correspondence pages of the Winnipeg *Free Press* saw a spirited discussion on the topic, started by a complaint about women spectating a wrestling match. Representative letters are found below, with the titles being their authors' pseudonyms.

A Male Fan[76]

I would like through the columns of your valuable paper to enter a protest against what appears to me to be a deplorable state of conditions among our local women. I attended a wrestling match some weeks ago between one Jack Taylor and John Freberg. The match itself was a very good one as far as that goes, but what hurt my finer feelings was the large number of women scattered throughout the large audience. A wrestling match or a boxing contest is no place for a woman. It is bad enough to see women and young girls at our hockey matches or wearing breeches to snowshoe or ski jump, but when they start attending wrestling matches it is time to call a halt. It is only too true that exhibitions of this kind, staged in London or New York, are patronized by the so-called smart set, but why should our Canadian women try to ape the Londoners or New Yorkers whose motto seems to be to try anything once – anything for a sensation? I believe it would be a good plan if Mr. McIlroy, who, I believe, promotes these wrestling matches, would instruct his men in the ticket offices to refuse to sell a ticket to a woman, and to refuse to admit her at the door. Let us men keep at least one branch of sport for ourselves.

One who was there[77]

In answer to a letter in the *Free Press* of Feb. 26, by "A Male Fan," I would like to protest against his views, which I must say on the whole are very narrow-minded.

Personally, I can see no deplorable state of affairs in women going to wrestling matches. Is it really that our friend the male fan is deploring this state of affairs, or is it just a dog-in-the-manger attitude, as he finishes up his letter by stating: "Let us men keep at least one sport to ourselves"?

I think if our friend the male fan had his way things would go very hard with the ladies. He not only objects to wrestling and boxing, but hockey, snowshoeing, ski-jumping – in fact, all our national sports; or at least he objects to us dressing ourselves in order to participate in these outdoor sports as comfortably and safely as possible. Now, can a girl ski-jump safely or toboggan or skate with a dress flapping about her?

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[76] From A MALE FAN. (1923, February 26). WOMEN AT WRESTLING MATCHES. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 11.

[77] From ONE WHO WAS THERE. (1923, February 28). WOMEN AT WRESTLING MATCHES. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 11.

I think if sports were encouraged a little more for girls we would not have our dance halls and cabarets packed with young girls doing the latest shimmy and running around with silk stockings and low necks in zero weather at 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning.

No, Mr. Male Fan, there is nothing to be deplored in our Canadian girl, on the whole. Let her go to hockey matches, wrestling matches and snowshoe tramps in breeches and enjoy herself.

Bellin-Carter[78]

Under the "Letter Box" heading in your issue of the 26th inst., "A Male Fan" writes about the deplorable state of conditions among our local women, particularly mentioning the fact that some of them attended the wrestling match between Jack Taylor and John Freberg.

This Male Fan must be mighty little-minded and I cannot understand how it could have hurt his "finer feelings". Can he tell why a wrestling or boxing bout is not fit for a woman to see? For my part I believe that there is nothing much finer for either sex to watch in athletic contests than boxing or wrestling. But he goes to the extent of hockey matches – what next?

Our Canadian girls are as fine as any in the world and as intelligent, and I doubt if this Male Fan can find more than one to stand with him in his views. He says "Let us men keep at least one branch of sport for ourselves." Where does he get the "us men" stuff? And what would he say to girls, actually running, jumping, fencing, playing polo, hockey and a hundred other games as man plays even including ping pong? It's hard to please an individual like "A Male Fan" but he'll find Mr. McIlroy a real man, one who understands human nature, also who has a good strong toe to his boot.

If this Male Fan had gone to the "Y" gym on Saturday he would have found quite a few ladies present who had enjoyed a splendid entertainment.[79] To me, breeches and sweater on a girl are hideous and not a bit more comfortable than a regular snowshoe costume, and I think we'll find a change soon, it's only a fad. It is not only in London and New York that one can see wrestling exhibitions which ladies attend, but all over the world. They are comparatively new in Winnipeg, but in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver, almost any sports girl knows what a wrestling match is and enjoys it just as much as a man; why not in Winnipeg?

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[78] From Bellin-Carter, H. (1923, March 2). WOMEN AT WRESTLING MATCHES. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 13. Written by Henry Bellin-Carter (b. 1863).

[79] This letter was written by "H. Bellin-Carter, well known artist and sportsman, life member of the 'Y,' organizer of the [Y.M.C.A.] Chess club some 15 years ago, now a vice-president of the club". LEADING CHESS EXPERTS OF WINNIPEG DISTRICT. (1923, January 20). *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnpeg), p. 18.

A Sportswoman[80]

After reading "A Male Enthusiast's" letter, I am in duty bound to say something in defence of the women of today whom he is sorrowful to see at the demoralizing game of wrestling or boxing. The women of today are of the same standard as the men, and both sexes partake of the same sports.

Apparently "A Male Enthusiast" is a married man whose wife was at home mending his socks while he was at the wrestling match, therefore he was greatly surprised at seeing women at the match, although it was perfectly all right for him to see it.

If women were prohibited from hockey games, there would be few people there, for in these modern days where the wife goes the husband goes, if she wants him.

Were you at a ski slide, I doubt whether you would cover your eyes and run home if a girl should take a jump in a skirt, yet you dislike breeches! Oh, "Male Enthusiast," where is thy sting?

I am not a "flapper," but any sensible person would laugh at your letter, as my husband and I are doing now.

A Male and Female Fan[81]

I would like to answer through your column the letter of "A Male Fan" re: the deplorable state of conditions among our local women. For my part I fail to see why a female should not be entitled, as much as a male, to see these exhibitions of wrestling and boxing. But he has no need to worry, as I don't think he will find many gentlewomen or gentlemen in a building where two men are making an exhibition of the animal that is within them, where the winner will be the one that can stand the most punishment of brute force and then be able to deliver that stroke of science, the knockout blow, which has been the cause of broken jaws, arms, ribs and even death – surely an educational sight!

And now as to women wearing breeches for ski jumping and tobogganing. Personally, I think a female is far more decently attired for ski jumping in breeches than in a short skirt. I was always given to understand that the male and female Eskimos wore bifurcated garments because it was essential. Surely if it is essential for them to wear a divided garment, it is just as essential for our females to wear breeches to properly enjoy the clean, healthy sport which they have as much right to as men. You may object to girls wearing breeches for winter sports. Some men do, and as a rule the same man could not be driven off the sands with a pitchfork while a female bather is around. I will agree with you in one thing, and that is, a boxing match is no place for a woman, and at the same time add that a man won't gain much profitable education there either.

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[80] From A SPORTSWOMAN. (1923, March 2). FROM "A SPORTSWOMAN." *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 13.

[81] From A MALE AND FEMALE FAN. (1923, March 2). SPORTS FOR WOMEN. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 13.

Anti-Breeches[82]

May I have some space to give my ideas on the subject of "Women Wearing Breeches?" "Male Fan" made reference to this subject in his letter. Although I do not agree with him on the subject of boxing and wrestling competitions, I do agree with him concerning the above.

In nine cases out of ten the women who wear breeches do so for the sole purpose of attracting men's attention, not for comfort. The breeches which most women wear are invariably so tight that they are unable to bend with safety. Women whose form is not fitted to breeches (majority) look like a rag doll, with a string tied around the middle. Apart from the fact that they do not look well, they are not in keeping with our idea of an ideal woman.

I might refer to an article in the free press which states that men thus far have been unsuccessful in inventing anything which women would not wear.

Be modest women, every day in every way.

Fair Play[83]

Just a word on a subject which appears to be occupying the attention of so many today, namely, that of women and their ways of dressing and generally conducting themselves. Really, it would seem that some people had nothing to do but sit down and write about the faults (if faults there are) of others. Could they but see their own limitations!

One rarely reads a letter from a woman criticizing the styles we adopt; why then should we lower ourselves in their estimation? It is not any of our business if the fair sex choose to wear riding breeches while taking part in winter sports. I am sure we should find it rather uncomfortable if we were obliged to wear skirts. Imagine men rushing down a toboggan slide in knee length skirts!

A writer signing himself "Anti-Breeches" says that a woman in breeches is not in keeping with our idea of an ideal woman. What is his idea of an ideal woman? Has he in mind the befrilled, tight-waisted and many-petticoated figure of 25 years ago? Times and conditions have changed and it is to the advantage of every healthy and sane-minded girl to get all the exercise and fresh air she can. Since the advent of the riding breeches for women the number of lady snowshoers has been more than doubled. Then, again, why should not women attend boxing and wrestling matches? It is not an impropriety. I should scarcely think it would appeal to most women, but if they choose to witness a boxing match why should we try to prevent them? If it is a demoralizing spectacle for them so it is for us. Indeed, their presence might tend to raise that sport to a higher plane. Let us be, then, "Day by day / in every way / fairer and fairer."

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[82] From ANTI-BREECHES. (1932, March 6). OPPOSES BREECHES. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 11.

[83] From FAIR PLAY. (1923, March 9). WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 11.

Buddy[84]

Please allow me a space in your valuable paper to give my opinion in regard to "Male Fan" […] and also to "Anti-Breeches."

Well, "Male Fans," perhaps when you are working in the daytime your wife does attend afternoon teas; but such men as you are would likely be the first to spend your evening at the billiard halls, bowling alleys or at the club. Yes, we are living in 1923, but there are still some men who would like to have the old times back again, when sports were for men only. The young people in 1923 are awake to the fact that sports are for both sex[es]. Perhaps you would like your wife (if you have one) to sit at home darning socks and waiting for you to return from your evening's outing. Or your daughter to sit by the fireplace awaiting you to bring home your idea of a husband for her. Why don't you try keeping them home from the movies?

And as for "Anti-Breeches," he is likely one of the kind of men who would rather have a reserved seat where he could watch the women trying to ski or snowshoe or toboggan in their street clothes than to see her in breeches.

You just try snowshoeing some frosty evening with silk stockings and the rest of woman's attire and you'd be at home with the "flu" for two weeks after. The next time you see a woman in breeches (especially if they are tight or form-fitting with a string around the top to make her look like a rag doll) just give your attention to the clothing in the nearest window instead of looking at the rag doll in breeches till she is out of sight. Day by day, etc., at the same time.

Disgusted[85]

"Anti-Breeches" has evidently seen very few really athletic girls and women in breeches, or he would not have the nerve to write as he does. I have seen a good many girls this winter who looked quite girlish and neat in them. Of course, I have also seen some who certainly shouldn't have worn them, and of the latter-mentioned half were too stout or too old, and the other half looked rough and cheap, but, taken altogether, about ninety percent of the girls and women looked very good, and could not have been criticized in any way except complimentary.

If "Anti-Breeches" knew more about women, he would know that few of them like to look foolish – they seem to spend most of their time making themselves attractive. Anyway, I love sports, and consequently meet a lot of athletic girls, and say that "Anti-Breeches" has not seen half the girls who are really [into] sports, as I have. I have seen about five girls this winter who would answer to his description. I wonder if his idea of the "Ideal Woman" is much good? I hope it wouldn't be as narrow-minded as his views on breeches!

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[84] From BUDDY. (1923, March 10). REPLIES TO MALE FAN. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 37.

[85] From DISGUSTED. (1923, March 12). THEY LOOK GOOD, SHE SAYS. *Free Press Evening Bulletin* (Winnipeg), p. 11.

Work in male attire

"They are a degraded set"[86] (William's Creek, 1862)

The prostitutes on the creek – nine in number – put on great airs. They dress in male attire and swagger through the saloons and mining camps with cigars or huge quids of tobacco in their mouths, cursing and swearing, and look like anything but the angels in petticoats heaven intended they should be. Each has a revolver or a bowie-knife attached to her waist, and it is quite a common occurrence to see one or more women dressed in male attire playing poker in the saloons, or drinking whisky at the bars. They are a degraded set, and all good men in the vicinity wish them hundreds of miles away.

"The what it is"[87] (Toronto, 1864)

"The what is it" is the doubtful name bestowed upon a young man named James Day, employed as a waiter at the "Varieties," in consequence of his effeminate appearance. Discussing his sex appears to occupy as much of the attention of the assembly as anything else. He was brought here from Buffalo by Mr. Thompson. He is exceedingly handsome, and in head and face has all the appearance of a female. His hair is dark, bushy and wavy, and is parted to the middle. His features are perfection, while their expression is mild and modest. His age appears about 18 or 20. He was arrested on Monday on the suspicion that he was a woman in male attire. No doubt somebody put the policeman up to it in order to satisfactorily decide the question of his sex.

"She went by the name of Frank Chambers"[88] (Windsor, 1883)

Several weeks ago a young girl dressed in male attire was arrested in Windsor, Ont., for drunkenness, and Magistrate Bartlett sent her to Sandwich Jail for 21 days. She said she had discarded dresses over four years ago, and that she was an engineer and had followed the lakes for a living. She stated that she went by the name of Frank Chambers, but refused to say anything about her antecedents. Some one paid her fine before her sentence expired.

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[86] From News from Williams Creek. (1862, September 10). *The British Colonist,* p. 2.
[87] From Our Toronto Correspondence. (1864, January 21). *The Evening News* (Hamilton), p. 2.
[88] From A Girl Who Would Rather be a Man. (1883, March 29). *The Transcript* (Glencoe, Ont.), p. 3.

"Supporting her sister's family"[89] (Montreal, 1895)

A young woman in Montreal was charged on Saturday with masquerading in male attire. She lived with her sister, and had worked as a man for several years, by this means supporting her sister's family. The Recorder sentenced her to one month's imprisonment and a fine of $10.

"Under-gardener"[90] (Montreal, 1888)

A good-looking French Canadian woman, from a country district below Quebec, was arrested yesterday for masquerading in men's attire. She gave her name as Mrs. McKean and said she had run away from her husband because he had threatened to kill her. Coming to Montreal she cut off her hair and donning male attire in order to get a better living, she entered the service of a gentleman in this city as under-gardener. For seven months she preserved her incognito and it was only yesterday morning that the coachman's suspicions were aroused. He had her arrested, but there being no law on the subject the Chief of Police was obliged to dismiss her. She did not seem in any way abashed and as she walked briskly out of the situation anyone who saw her would have set her down as a smart young lad.

"A very useful wife"[91] (Toronto, 1891)

Great amusement was caused at the Union Station last night by the spectacle of a woman in male attire. Her husband is a cattle dealer taking care of cattle to Vancouver with him. The regulation provided that every car of cattle must have a man to look after it; instead of the expense of employing a man to look after the other car, he uses his faithful wife as a temporary man.

"Real bifurcated garments"[92] (Montreal, 1892)

In the Windsor rotunda this morning, an object of general interest was a woman in male attire, with real bifurcated garments below the waist, regular pantaloons. She was a nurse to an American lady's child, who came to Montreal this morning. Her (the nurse's) name is Ah Hing. Her features were dark and of Oriental mold. This is explained by the fact that she was brought from China by Mr. John H. Jewett, of Yokohama, who arrived at the Windsor this morning with Mrs. Jewett, the quaint little nurse and an infant-in-arms.

Mr. Jewett stated to a *Star* reporter that he had no difficulty in importing Ah Hing. She is pledged, however, to return to Yokohama with Mrs. Jewett. Mr. Jewett

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[89] From THE HAPPENINGS OF A WEEK. (1895, November 14). *Aylmer Express,* p. 5.
[90] From IN MALE ATTIRE. (1888, November 29). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.
[91] From A Very Useful Wife. (1891, October 26). *Moncton Daily Times,* p. 2.
[92] From An Object of General Interest. (1892, May 13). *Montreal Star,* p. 4.

said this was his sixth trip to Japan and his first by the C. P. R., which he emphatically claims to be much superior to either the American or the Suez routes. He will never go by the latter again.

"No one suspects that I am a woman"[93] (Rossland, 1897)

Sir! I am a constant reader of your paper and last night I noticed an article entitled "A Lone Chinese Woman." In this you stated[94] that no Chinese were employed in Rossland except as cooks and in running washhouses. Through personal experience I know this to be not the exact situation, for they are employed in Rossland also as house servants.

On May 10th of the present year I arrived in Rossland from Toronto looking for work as a house servant. I went to one of the second class hotels and found a Chinese doing the chamber work. The next morning I saw another Chinese at another hotel and was informed that he, too, was doing chamber work. I asked if there were no girls doing house work in Rossland and was informed that there was but little employment for girls, although there were a number of them out of work. But some were willing to work for the smallest of wages in order to get funds to get out of town, and were unable to find employment. I asked why it was that Chinese were given work in preference to white girls[95], and was told that the people preferred the Mongolians to women of their own race. I looked for work in private families, and found that in many instances they too kept Chinese. After seeking employment for a week I became disheartened and came to Nelson. Once here I learned that Nelson was full[96], and that it would be some time before I could secure a situation.

Then I learned that there was a big demand for men. I conceived the idea that I should don male attire and masquerade as a man. I weigh 165 pounds, am tall and have been used to hard work all my life. With the exercise of a little caution I secured a suit of men's clothes, and then I had my long hair cut off by pretending that I was afflicted with headache. In there days after I had donned male attire I had secured a

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[93] From A WORKING GIRL. (1897, September 23). A Girl Who Dons Male Attire. *Rossland Weekly Miner*, p. 5.

[94] "The two hundred and odd Chinese in Rossland are employed as cooks, several run washhouses, and a few Chinese merchandise stores. There are none employed in any other capacity." A LONE CHINESE WOMAN. (1897, September 23). *Rossland Weekly Miner,* p. 7. The citation is correct. The article – or more likely, a reprint of it – appears in the same issue as the letter, two pages later.

[95] "A few days since in one of Rossland's principal hotels I am quite well acquainted with a young lady [who] had to quit in order to make room for a Chinaman, who was employed to do chamber work. Quite a number of working women have left Rossland who were crowded out". ANOTHER WORKING GIRL. (1897, October 7). Chinese Continue to Crowd Out Whites. *Rossland Weekly Miner,* p. 5.

[96] "Much indignation has been aroused among the ladies of Nelson by the wide publicity given a letter published lately in the *Rossland Miner.* It was signed "from a working girl," the writer stating that she found the citizens of Rossland and Nelson unwilling to employ a white girl as [a] servant, preferring the Chinese as servants. She had been forced to don male attire in order to get work. Good girls are very scarce and even the poorest apology for a servant girl is hard indeed to obtain. Wages are on an average $30 per month, room and board, etc.; $25 is generally the very lowest notch." SERVANT GIRLS. (1897, October 28). *Rossland Weekly Miner,* p. 1.

job at $2.50 per day, and have a steady engagement. I have my own clothes locked up in my trunk, and will resume the wearing of them when I return to Toronto with a stake. I have saved near $200 since I assumed men's attire in the beginning of June. I have had one glass of beer in a saloon for the sake of seeing what a saloon is like. I feel quite happy. My advice to other young girls, who are strong, hearty, and young is to do as I have done if they wish to get on in life. No one suspects that I am a woman.

"It will be quite an ordeal"[97] (Vancouver, 1898)

The icy hearts of Dawson City gold hunters will be stirred into a genial warmth by the presence this spring of Mrs. Gladys Egerton, a charming young English widow, who reached here [Vancouver] the other day en route to the New Eldorado, and who is at present a guest at the Commercial Hotel.

Mrs. Egerton is a woman of refinement and culture, and she has had an experience as a professional nurse, such as has fallen to the lot of few women in modern times. She has followed her noble vocation in Egypt and South Africa, and in the latter place won golden opinions from the British authorities, by the time and attention she devoted to the sufferers from the Jamieson raid, at Johannesburg.

The present intention of this adventurous daughter of Albion's Isle, is to enter the gold country by way of the Stickine river. She will travel with a party of English nugget seekers. […] When Mrs. Egerton reaches Dawson City she will prospect for gold, and if she is fortunate enough to strike a good claim, she says she will work it herself. If, on the other hand, she finds when she reaches the northern metropolis that there is no need for her services as a trained nurse, she will abandon her gold hunting expedition, and will probably found a hospital.

A representative of the Province called on Mrs. Egerton to-day and was given a pleasant half hour interview, in which the young lady outlined her plans for the northern trip.

The reporter was introduced to a lady still under thirty in appearance, tall, active-looking, and decidedly handsome. She has a wealth of dark, brown hair, dressed a la Princess of Wales, large brown eyes, and a bright, intelligent face. She wore a dark navy blue walking suit, rather severe in style, but relieved by a touch of bright colors skillfully distributed. In manner Mrs. Egerton is direct and business-like, but very courteous. If enthusiasm and a splendid constitution will carry a lady over the dangerous trails to the gold country, Mrs. Egerton will, as she confidently expects, be a resident of Dawson City next June.

"Yes, my undertaking is considered rather a daring one," said Mrs. Egerton, in reply to a question. "My friends in England looked upon me as one already dead, when I told them of my intention. Some, however, bade me good-bye as though I was about to take a pleasure trip across the channel."

"What kind of an outfit are you taking?"

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[97] From A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN. (1898, March 28). *The Province,* p. 2.

"As regards provisions, I will take in simply what is absolutely necessary, tinned meats, evaporated vegetables, flour, salt, tea and sugar."

"How do you intend to dress on your journey and while in the north?"

"Well, I will entirely dispense with skirts in the first place, and will substitute heavy corduroy bloomers, lined with chamois leather. My coat will also be of corduroy, canvas lined, and reversible, and will come down about to my knees. It will have a large collar, the top of which will be above my ears when up. I am having it made to button down the side instead of the front. In addition I have a short heavy fur coat, with an immense fur collar. My caps are similar to those worn by the miners in the north, made of fur, and completely covering the head and part of the face.

"My principal footwear will be long leather boots with thick, heavy rubber soles, although I am taking in as well half a dozen pairs of strong moccasins. I will take to the north three complete suits, and most of my underclothing is made of chamois and silk, which I think will defy the cold in any country.

"Yes, I expect it will be quite an ordeal donning masculine attire, but necessity knows no law and I really think it is necessary. When I reach Wrangel, I will probably make my first appearance as the new woman. I dread it not a little, but I am determined to reach Dawson in June, and will suffer any inconvenience to get there."

"Do you intend to do any prospecting?"

"Yes, I will probably join in any rushes there may be to new fields of discovery. If I strike a good claim, I intend to do the work on it myself, as I can't afford to hire men."

"Can [you] stand the strain of such work?"

"Yes, I think so. If I can stand the trip up, which is described to me as terrible, I will be in good condition for any kind of work. I believe that a strong determined woman has as good a chance as a man in the Klondike. A woman will as a rule take better care of herself, and anything she makes she will save. Then, too, we don't drink or gamble, and I am told that men lose fortunes at a single sitting in Dawson."

"If you do not succeed in your mining enterprises, will you return to civilization?"

"No, not for a year at least. From what I can hear of the Klondike district, there will no doubt be much sickness there this spring, and my experience as a professional nurse will be of great value to me and to others. If there is any great sickness, I will try to open a hospital by contributions from the miners. In Johannesburg, I founded the Rhodes Nursing Home, named after Cecil Rhodes by his special permission. Many of the victims of the Jamieson raids were cared for by me at this institution. I am, I might say, taking in a large supply of medicines, with this object in view."

"In regard to your trip over the Stickine, are you going with the party or merely as a passenger?"

"No, I expect to walk the whole distance to Teslin Lake, and will take a hand at the paddles when we reach the water route. If it is necessary to pull the sleds, I feel that I will be equal to even this work. What I do draw the line at, however, is packing my own supplies over the trail, and I have made arrangements for having

this done. In every particular I will take my share of the regular camp work, and do not think I will be an encumbrance to the party.

"I have no doubt that I will be able to stand the weary tramps. I can walk twenty miles without feeling much fatigue, and I will get much stronger as we proceed."

"Do you not dread being shut out of civilization for a year or two?"

"No, I am fond of an adventurous life, and am accustomed to roughing it, having done much of it in the course of my professional duties. Since the death of my husband, after a brief wedded life, I have nothing special to attach me to any one place, so I think I may as well take the chances that Klondike offers to a woman who is willing to brave dangers and work hard."

Mrs. Egerton has seen a great deal of mining camps in South Africa. She has followed her profession for about seven years, having been trained in the city of Dublin Hospital, under Miss Beresford. Her father is a doctor in South Africa, where for several years she studied medicine under him. She converses fluently in several languages. […] [One][98] mentally pictures her sphere as restricted to the drawing room, or at least following the hound over the hills and dales of "Merrie England," rather than as a gold hunter among uncongenial surroundings in the frozen north. […]

The other members of the party are energetic athletic looking young Englishmen, bent on making their fortunes in the golden north, and eager to start. Their outfits, which they purchased in Vancouver, mainly from the Hudson's Bay Co., are most complete, and they have made arrangements to stay in the north at least two years. They leave for the golden north on the steamer Ning Chow this evening. The Province wishes them God speed and bon voyage.

"Women on the Yukon trails"[99] (Klondike, 1898)

Mr. J. D. Fraser has received a letter from Frank Johnston, one of the Grant party, who are on their way to the Klondike in search of glittering metal. Among other things, Mr. Johnston says that he has seen scores of women along the trail attired in all the costumes under the sun. Some wear the regulation bloomers, with or without skirts, while others don the male attire throughout.

"To support herself"[100] (Niagara Falls, 1902)

It has just been brought to light that a supposed young man employed at one of the local barber shops was a woman masquerading in male attire. The attention of the chief of police was brought to the matter by the woman of the house where the supposed boy boarded. The woman was taken to police headquarters on Sunday last

[98] My source is missing a line here.
[99] From WOMEN ON THE YUKON TRAILS. (1898, April 28). *The London Advertiser,* p. 5.
[100] From SHE WORE MALE ATTIRE. (1902, October 30). *Ingersoll Chronicle,* p. 1.

and confessed that she had been wearing male attire for the past two weeks, she having assumed the name of Percy Studer.

She stated that when a child her parents had died and she was adopted by a Chicago family. Two weeks ago she came to this city and attempted to secure work. Being unsuccessful, she decided to don male attire, being of the opinion that in this way she would be able to support herself.

She secured a position as a brush boy in one of the local barber shops and many of the residents of the city have had their shoes polished by the young woman without suspicion that she was otherwise than she appeared to be.

She was much frightened when taken to police headquarters and stated that if allowed to leave the city she would change her clothing. This was satisfactory to the chief of police, and after resuming her skirts she was allowed to go.

"Made good messenger"[101] (Toronto, 1903)

After having masqueraded for nearly four months as a messenger boy, in order to earn her living, Maud Coxhead, a pretty sixteen-year-old maiden, found that her disguise was penetrated and she was taken by Officers Shannon and Briley to the police station, where she admitted her sex.

There was no better messenger boy in the service of the Western Union than pretty "Charlie Scott," so the officials of the company say, and they were astonished to learn that "Charlie" was a girl.

Now that it is all over Maud is heartily wearied of it. She welcomed being taken to the Salvation Army Rescue Home by Police Matron Jost, and announces that skirts are good enough for her.

While waiting for the matron of the Salvation Army Home to arrive with suitable apparel and take her in charge, Maud told her story between sobs to Chief of Police Reddy. A checkered golfing cap, black sacque suit and pretty tie completed her get-up. She is a healthy, handsome girl, about 5 feet 2 inches tall, and well developed. She palmed herself off as a boy on Messenger Vic Miller, of the Northern Pacific Telegraph Company, and Jesse Buonholz, Northern Pacific station ticket agent. For three months she worked at the Western Union office, and was at the Northern Pacific office for about a month.

"I did not mean any harm when I cut off my hair and put on a boy's suit," said the girl. "I did it to get work; and being a messenger suited me better than anything a girl can do.

"I am sixteen years old, and I was born in Toronto, Canada. When a baby I was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. J. Coxhead. They moved to Nelson, B.C., and took me with them. Last fall – about four months ago – they moved to Spokane, and I came with them. We lived for a few days on Main Avenue, and I ran away to get work for myself.

[101] From PRETTY "CHARLIE SCOTT" MADE GOOD MESSENGER. (1903, March 2). *Halifax Herald,* p. 11.

"When I struck out for myself, I had a little money. I went to a clothing store and bought this black sacque suit. Then I cut off my brown hair, which hung below my waist, parted what remained in the middle, buried the cut hair, put on the suit, and struck out for work.

"At the Western Union they hired me at once and no questions were asked. There was no trouble in doing the work."

"Reluctantly quit the job"[102] (Kamloops, 1904)

Something of a sensation was caused by the wife of a local contractor appearing in male attire with a regulation carpenter's apron and outfit for work on a dwelling house for which her husband had the contract. Barely had she started laying shingles when a master mechanic appeared on the scene, and at his request the woman reluctantly quit the job. Labor circles are now agitating the question as to the rights of the fair sex to invade the heretofore exclusive realm of this branch of the building trade.

"A clerk in an Ottawa store"[103] (Ottawa, 1906)

A clerk in an Ottawa store, supposed to be a man, was suspected of pilfering and arrested, but turned out to be a woman in male attire. She will not be prosecuted.

"She needed the money at once"[104] (Winnipeg, 1907)

A dispatch from Crook City, S. D., says: Miss Ethel McNeil, a Winnipeg school teacher, has donned male attire and searched the wildest western mining districts for gold. She found it and made her fortune, all for the purpose of saving her sweetheart from consumption by marrying him and taking him to a more favorable climate.

Miss McNeil met Wilson McWhorter at a Canadian teachers' convention, and their engagement followed. It scarcely had been announced when the white plague laid such hold on McWhorter that he no longer could work. It seemed inevitable he would die, unaided and in poverty. His loyal young sweetheart disappeared one day. When she reappeared suddenly in the mining camps of Idaho, Montana and South Dakota, she was so disguised that none suspected that she was other than Kingsley Malcome, a prospector. She went about fearlessly among the rough characters, and was unmolested. Long search ended here with a "strike."

This she has sold, she says, for more than she ever expected, and with the sale she has made known her sex. She could have made money by holding the mine, but she needed the money at once if she were to save her lover. She is now on her way to

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[102] From Municipal Affairs At Kamloops. (1904, December 3). *Victoria Daily Colonist*, p. 2.
[103] From Ticks of the Telegraph. (1907, August 21). *Strathcona Evening Chronicle,* p. 1.
[104] From WINNIPEG GIRL MAKES A STRIKE. (1907, April 1). *London Advertiser,* p. 9.

Winnipeg, and despite the contagious nature of the disease, will marry McWhorter and take him to New Mexico, in the hope that the climate there will restore his health.

"She has been a street laborer"[105] (Montreal, 1910)

When William Dubois was sent down for vagrancy, he gave his age as 65, and unmarried. When he was led toward the bath he exhibited such objections that a second guard had to be called, and then [Dubois] appealed to the guards:

"My name is not William."

"Don't care ——."

"But it is Adeline."

The guards dropped the prisoner's arms and stared. Then they sent for the governor. He came, the matron was called, [and] the prisoner was sent to the female jail. She had been working on a barge at the age of thirty, and found male attire more convenient. She adopted it, and now at the age of sixty-five she still wears it. She has been a street laborer for the past few years.

"Working in a department store"[106] (Toronto, 1913)

Benedictine Wiseman, aged 17, came here from Montreal three months ago and has been masquerading as a boy, working in a department store in the daytime and singing in picture theatres at night.[107] She was arrested last night and will be sent back home. Miss Wiseman says she made a runaway marriage a short time ago, but afterwards left her husband, and to avoid [being] accosted and molested on the streets adopted male attire.

"Better chances to make money"[108] (Ottawa, 1913)

Elsie Whitman and Margaret Johnson, until about three o'clock yesterday afternoon "Jack" Whitman and "Roy" Johnson, respectively, who had for about a month masqueraded as C. P. R. telegraph boys, and who for some weeks prior to that had worked in J. R. Booth's mills, sat in the parlor of a local charitable institution last night and recited some of their experiences and impressions since they became "boys" on October 29. The story of the arrest of the "boys" is told in another column.

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[105] From Woman lived as a man. (1910, January 13). *Aylmer Express,* p. 17.

[106] From Masqueraded as a Boy and Arrested. (1913, September 13). *Sault Daily Star,* p. 1.

[107] "The girl is seventeen years of age, and her make-up was so good that she fooled the people with whom she was working in a large departmental store. She had the voice, mannerisms, and the very appearance of a boy, and on Thursday night got a prize of $20 for singing a boy's song at the Majestic theatre. She aroused the suspicion of her employers and was arrested on the street." GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE. (1913, September 13). *Kingston Daily Standard,* p. 1.

[108] From NOVEL EXPERIENCES OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS WHO POSED AS BOYS FOR MONTH IN CITY. (1913, December 18). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 1.

"It was the happiest six weeks we ever had in our lives," they told a reporter of The Citizen. They were both attired in well-made male attire. As they were telling their story they sat and jingled some money and keys in their pockets, toyed with their watch chains and behaved pretty much as the average boy does.

Elsie, or "Jack," is a tall blonde, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, rather slender and masculine in appearance. Margaret, or "Roy," is a short, dark, black-haired, chubby-cheeked girl, with a rather more masculine face than her companion, but with unmistakable feminine hands and figure. They are both English girls who, as far as can be learned – for they would not tell much of their real history – came to Canada over two years ago. They did not know each other in England, for one comes from the extreme north of England and the other from the extreme north-east.

MET IN MONTREAL

It was in the Grand Union Hotel, Montreal, that they first met each other. Both were employed there as chambermaids. Each gives the other credit for conceiving the idea of becoming "boys." Whether the names they went under at the C. P. R. office and at their rooming house, 115 Besserer Street, are their correct names, they will not say, nor will the Dominion police officials give any information on this point.

"What made you want to be boys?" asked the reporter.

"Because we couldn't make enough money as girls. We had found that a boy has better chances to make money, to get along in many ways better than a girl. We became tired of working long hours for a mere pittance with limited freedom. It was not that we were or are ashamed of being girls that we decided to be 'boys,' and we have done nothing very seriously wrong."

"Yes you have," interposed the superintendent of the institution who was present. "You have insulted your womanliness; you have practically declared that you are ashamed of being women, ashamed of being as God made you, and no true woman should be ashamed of being a woman: rather should they be proud of the fact."

GREAT TO BE BOY

For a moment there was a watery gleam in the girls' eyes and they made a pretence to whisk a whisp of hair out of their eyes. Then they continued.

"It's great to be a boy, though. We like boys; they are more square to one another than girls are; they are not so jealous of one another and a boy can earn so much more money than a girl and have a much better time in earning it.

"Do you know that I have passed scores of people in Ottawa whom I knew quite well when I was here about two years ago working as a girl?" said Elsie, or "Jack." "Never mind for whom I worked or any other particulars, but not one of the people who used to know me as a girl recognized me as a 'boy' until yesterday afternoon when the policeman in the Woods building got wise. I have been into peoples' offices who used to know me quite well and have even passed some relatives of mine on the street who didn't recognize me."

DID HEAVY WORK

Then Margaret, or "Roy," took up the story.

"We were not so surprised after all when we were caught, for we had an idea that the police were on the track. Oh, we haven't been taking telegrams to police and other officials for a month and not getting wise to what was in the air," she said.

"I tell you, we have shown some of the boys how to work, and some men, too," she continued. "When we worked at Booth's mills we rolled logs and did all kinds of heavy work as well as the men; the foreman said we did the work better and only the other day, when he met us on the street, he asked us to come back and work for him in the spring."

OFTEN IN CITIZEN OFFICE

Then the story was told in turn. First one, then the other, would recite a chapter of their exciting experiences.

"Didn't you find it embarrassing sometimes to mix with men and boys?" queried the reporter.

"Quite frequently, and many times we felt ashamed of ourselves. However, boys are not so bad after all. We have seen you in The Citizen office and several times you have signed our tickets," they said to the reporter. "You never guessed we were girls, though, did you?"

When they decided to be "boys" one cut the other's hair short. Then they both went out and bought a complete boy's wardrobe. Their proper clothes they put in a couple of trunks and brought [them] to Ottawa with them, but [they] didn't trouble about these trunks until last night, when they learned they had gone to the lost property office in Toronto. Until those trunks are found the girls will have to be dressed as boys unless other girls loan them some clothes.

THEY OVERDID IT

It was their over-zealousness to act as boys that led to their sex being disclosed. They had pipes in their mouths much more than even an inveterate boy smoker would, and their fondness for putting their hands in their pockets was overdone, and they certainly took too short steps for a boy.

"Just before I commenced to wear pants I wore a tight hobble skirt," said "Jack," or Elsie.

"And I had one, too," shipped in "Roy," or Margaret.

There is a story going the rounds that the Dominion policeman who arrested "Jack" yesterday afternoon in the Woods building recognized in "him" the girl whom he had frequently taken for a walk about two years ago.

Last night at the institution the two young women were the center of a great deal of interest from the other inmates. They were questioned and cross-questioned.

"Do tell us what it feels like to be a boy?" was a common question.

ONE IS MARRIED

Col. Sherwood learned yesterday that Margaret, or "Jac," is married and has a girl in England, and it was to earn enough money to bring her mother and little girl to Canada that she pretended she was a boy. She said she does not want her girl to have such a hard time as she, the mother, had.

The girls refused to give the reporter the names of the places from where they came originally, nor would they say much about their parents. It is obvious that the

older of the two is the better educated, but neither is by any means well educated, though they are both bright and remarkably intelligent.

What they intend to do now is yet to be decided. It is likely that positions will be found for them where their story is not likely to leak out.

WHAT BOYS THINK

"Do you know, I had my suspicions about them two guys ever since they came here about a month ago," declared Ed. Shanks, one of the best known telegraph boys employed at the local C. P. R. office, when told that "Jack" Whitman and "Roy" Johnson, or known officially as "No. 12" and "No. 6," were in reality girls.

"Say, I have often looked at them guys' hands and eyes and thought they were kind of strange for boys to have. Them guys always seemed to have mee guessing, for they never had voices like any of us boys. Now I know why it was I always felt kind of attracted to them. They wouldn't talk much to us, but they got rather friendly with me because I had a mouth organ and they liked to hear me play it. They knew lots of tunes."

Here Shanks paused a moment and then he said:

"I'll say this for them, you never heard any bad talk from them. They didn't seem as if they liked to mix with the rest of us very much. Many's the time I have piped them over and thought they were kind of built funny for a boy. They were great kids to work [with] though, and wore good clothes. Why, say, they must have had three or four suits of clothes, which is going some for a telegraph boy – ain't it, now?"

DID IT PRETTY WELL

Shanks took a fresh draw at the cigarette he was smoking and then submitted quizzically:

"Say, wouldn't that jar you to think them guys was girls after all? They certainly got away with the boy bluff pretty good. The other day they were saying they would like to go to England for Christmas and I said, 'Why don't you work your way home?' but they said they wouldn't care to do that.

"You couldn't get them to talk much about themselves. They told me once that they had worked as bell boys at the Grand Union Hotel in Montreal and had been in Canada about two years, coming from London, England. The other day I met them coming out from Woolworth's with their arms filled with frying pans and other things and when I asked them what they had bought that truck for they said, 'Just for fun.'

"Several times I asked them if they ever shaved and they always said 'yes.' Once I felt their faces and said they felt pretty smooth and then they said they shaved the day before. But, say, I always had my suspicions about them guys being boys," concluded Shanks as he hurried away to deliver a bundle of telegrams he had in his hand.

WAS MUCH SURPRISED

When Mrs. Margaret Binchon, of 115 Besserer street, was told last night by a reporter of The Citizen that her two roomers were girls and not boys as she had supposed she gave vent to a loud scream of surprise.

Mrs. Binchon said the couple came to the house on the night of October 29th in company with a girl who passed off as their sister. The girl stayed a week and then

went to Montreal. She occupied another room while "Jack" Whitman and "Roy" Johnson roomed together.

"We thought they were rather strange boys," said Mrs. Binchon, "because of several things which came under our notice. However, they certainly did their best to impersonate boys. 'Roy' said he was married and had a girl baby and used to show us pictures. The boys, as we thought they were, were well behaved around the house and gave us little trouble. We used to let them use our kitchen to do their cooking. They told us they came here from Montreal but their home was in England."

ALL BOYS' THINGS

The room which the couple occupied was in a topsy-turvy state last night. In a suit case there was a plentiful supply of boys' clothes and other articles used by a young man, such as razors, shaving brushes, etc., all as new as the day they were bought. Under the bed were frying pans, saucepans, crockery and other cooking and table articles. In the drawers of the dressing table were two loaves of bread, some butter, currant rolls and several more palatable edibles. Tobacco dust was littered here and there around the room.

Mrs. Binchon said "Roy" used to write letters to "Alice Baker," whom "Roy" claimed was "his" wife. "I said to him one day that I thought it was strange his wife did not go under the name of Johnson, but I never got any satisfactory answer to this."

When the superintendent of the local institution called for the "boys" last night she did not disclose their true sex, and it was not until a reporter of The Citizen happened along that Mrs. Binchon learned the story.

"In the guise of a boy"[109] (Ottawa, 1913)

It was learned this afternoon that "Jack" Whitman and "Roy" Johnson, the two girls who were arrested yesterday afternoon by Dominion Policeman William Colbert for impersonating telegraph boys, worked in Ottawa in a Slater street boarding house about two years ago, under the names of Edith Wade and Ada Johnson.

At the boarding house in question the proprietress said that Edith Wade, who masqueraded as "Jack" Whitman, came to work for her about two years ago and stayed six months. Then she went away to Montreal, presumably to get married. The proprietress of this boarding house knows nothing of Miss Johnson.

Amongst those who used to eat at the Slater street house two years ago was Policeman Colbert, and when he saw "Jack Whitman" or Edith Wade enter the Woods building yesterday afternoon in the guise of a boy, he thought he had seen that face before somewhere. He let the girl go upstairs and deliver the telegrams, and when she came down again he looked to see if she had a scar similar to that which he remembered Edith Wade had borne. The scar was there all right, and when he

[109] From ONE "BOY" WORKED HERE TWO YEARS AGO. (1913, December 18). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 1.

challenged her she admitted she was not a boy. It was then an easy matter to get her companion. She was found at her rooming house, 115 Besserer Street.

Ada Johnson, it is understood, has a husband and child still living in England. Edith Wade is said to be a widow. The former had not been in Ottawa before she came here six weeks ago.

"Bound to enlist"[110] (Ottawa, 1917)

Determined to avenge the killing of her two cousins and the wounding of her brother, an eighteen-year-old Ottawa girl donned male attire and applied at the base recruiting office yesterday afternoon to be enrolled as "a stretcher bearer in the Ammunition Column." The masquerade was discovered when the applicant was informed that a medical examination was necessary for acceptance. At this announcement she admitted her sex, explained that she had tried to go overseas as a nurse but could not take the necessary three years' course, and thought she would be accepted as a stretcher bearer.

Early yesterday afternoon the girl, who is well-known, attired herself in a suit of male clothing. A large cap completely enveloped her locks and her slim figure was concealed beneath a man's overcoat, which apparently, was one of the old dark coats issued to country regiments years ago.

She took a car and arrived at the base recruiting office without attracting attention. At the Arcade she went directly to the desk reserved for the Ammunition Column commanded by Lt. Frank Shaughnessy. Capt. Thoburn was standing near the door when the "boy" entered, and he happened to see a coil of hair protruding from the back of the cap on "his" head. He became suspicious of the recruit, and sent for Capt. McLeod, medical officer.

In the meantime "the youth" was asking the recruiting sergeant for a berth in the Ammunition Column.

At this juncture Capt. Thoburn went to the desk, and the recruit was told a medical examination was necessary before enlistment. This was a problem she had not considered, and the girl broke down, confessing her sex, and adding that she wanted to go and fight for her country.

"A well-built mechanic"[111] (Montreal, 1918)

At the Acme Glove Works Limited this morning a well-built mechanic answering to the name of Joseph Tanguay, was arrested. Once at headquarters, everything changed for the prisoner. Instead of being Joseph Tanguay, the prisoner gave the name of Jeanie De Menteur[112], a young woman 22 years of age, dressed in

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[110] From OTTAWA GIRL WAS BOUND TO ENLIST AND AVENGE HER BROTHER. (1917, April 27). *Moncton Daily Times,* p. 6.

[111] From ST. BONIFACE WOMAN PASSED OFF AS MAN. (1918, August 20). *The Edmonton Bulletin (City Edition),* p. 1.

[112] Roughly, French for "Jean the (male) liar". I suspect this is an assumed name.

male attire and who had been masquerading as a man ever since she came to Montreal from St. Boniface two months ago. She proved herself able to handle the work at the factory, where her strength disarmed any suspicion of her sex.

"Worked half a day at Coughlan Yard"[113] (Vancouver, 1919)

A sweet-faced boy applied for a job in Coughlan's shipyard on Wednesday morning. His pleasant manners won the employing officer to give him a job passing rivets to the men working on one of the steel hulls. One of the men working near the new employee was suspicious of a certain femininity of appearance, voice and manner displayed, and suggested that a girl had been put on the job. The novice blushed and without denial continued the work in which he or she was engaged. The boy (or girl) then came in for a fire of chaff form fellow workers, but stuck to the job until noon and then disappeared.

The shipworkers have a shrewd suspicion that it was a girl of about fifteen disguised in male attire, but in the meantime the mystery remains unsolved. There is some wondering as to whether it was a girlish prank or a trick done for a wager.

"They would get a job quicker"[114] (Campbellton, NB, 1920)

Two young girls dressed in men's attire were placed under arrest on Monday on account of not being able to give a satisfactory explanation of themselves. One claimed Newfoundland was her home, while the other said she hailed from Sydney (N.S.). When asked why they were masquerading they said they were looking for work, and thought they would get a job quicker by reason of being so dressed. They were remanded.

"I came here looking for work"[115] (Montreal, 1923)

Charged with stealing a ride on a freight train from Brockville to Montreal, Ruby Rathwell, 18 years of age, of Brockville, Ont., appeared before Judge Monet in the Arraignment Court on Saturday morning. With her bobbed hair drawn tightly down about her head to give a masculine appearance, and wearing boys' clothing, she had been apprehended on the preceding night in the Turcot Yards of the Canadian National Railway by Special Constable A. Crowe.

Defiant and resentful, attired in feminine clothes again, and wearing her bobbed hair in the customary manner, Ruby Rathwell appeared in the court looking much younger than the age of 18 years which she gave, and offered no apology for what she had done.

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[113] From GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE WORKED HALF A DAY AT COUGHLAN YARD. (1919, November 20). *Vancouver Daily World,* p. 27.
[114] From GIRLS IN MALE ATTIRE HELD. (1920, July 30). *St. John Daily Telegraph,* p. 14.
[115] From GIRL IN MALE DRESS RODE ON FREIGHT. (1923, July 23). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.

"I came here looking for work; there was no work in Brockville," she said.

Constable Crowe told the court that he had first seen the prisoner on the preceding afternoon on the platform of a van attached to a freight train, which had just pulled into Turcot Yards of the Canadian National Railway. She had been accompanied by a man, and was herself dressed in male attire including a pair of knickers and a shirt, with her bobbed hair covered by a net that gave it the appearance of being short cut.

Constable Crowe testified that he had given chase, when the couple had run away, eventually overtaking them in a nearby field. A tussle had followed with the man resulting in both man and girl getting away. Later that night, the girl had returned to the yards looking for clothes she had evidently thrown off the train at this place. On this expedition she was accompanied by F. Fournier, of 105 St. Phillipe street, whose wife the girl knew, and had come to stay with during her quest for work. The constable had then arrested her.

"Why were you coming to Montreal?" Judge Monet asked the prisoner.

NO MONEY TO PAY FARE

"I came here looking for work; there was no work in Brockville," Ruby Rathwell replied. "I had no money to pay train fare, so I traveled by the freight."

"Were you running away from home?" was the next question.

"I was not running away from home," the girl stoutly maintained. "My mother is dead. My father is ill. There are five in our family. It is seven years since I lived with my father. I lived in Montreal for five years, and later I have been living with my aunt. I told her I was coming to Montreal to look for work."

"What kind of work do you want here?" asked Judge Monet.

"I am ready to take anything I can do," was the answer.

"Why were you traveling with this man, and what was his name?" queried the judge.

"His name is Clarence Gardner; I don't know him very well. He was coming on to Montreal, and I came along with him. I don't know where he is now."

"Yesterday afternoon she had a wedding ring on her finger; last night she did not wear it," put in Constable Crowe.

"It was not a wedding ring," denied the prisoner.

Mrs. F. Fournier, to whom Ruby Rathwell had come in the city, testified that she had known the prisoner both in Brockville and in Montreal; that she was willing Ruby should stay with her until work had been found, and that there was a possibility of work being obtained that afternoon.

Judge Monet permitted the prisoner to go free on the understanding that she would appear before him in court tomorrow morning, endeavors to be made in the meantime to obtain work.

"A barber"[116] (Windsor, 1923)

But for the fact that she continued to wear girls' shoes, Helen Jacques, 17 years old, might have successfully passed her disguise as a man, when police arrested her on a charge of theft as she alighted from an Amherstburg car Sunday, bound for Detroit. Now police are investigating her story that she could continue her position as barber at William Miller's barbershop in Amherstburg.

Her disguise was perfect but for the fact that she did not wear mannish shoes. Her voice easily passed as that of a youth of 16 years.

Charlie Lee, a Chinese laundryman, of Amherstburg, charges the girl with the theft of a diamond ring valued at $150. He claims that he showed her the ring and that she slipped it on her finger and did not return it.

"In lumber camps and mines"[117] (Quebec, 1933)

Police today arrested a young girl, dressed in men's clothing, as she emerged from a tavern. Questioned at police headquarters, the girl stated she had worn men's clothing for four years, working in lumber camps and mines, without ever having been molested. She spent the night in a police cell.

"Operates a general store"[118] (The Pas, MB, 1938)

Making one of her rare visits to the outside world, 19-year-old Mary McMillan expressed the opinion that trousers are more comfortable than dresses.

Mary, who with her widowed mother, Mrs. Annie McMillan, operates a general store at Ilford, Man., 200 miles northeast of The Pas, admitted she was worn dresses only a half a dozen times and said she felt more comfortable in her male attire.

Born in Cape Breton, N.S., Miss McMillan has lived in Ilford since she was five years old. Her skill as a trapper is well-known and she has traveled on snowshoes as far as 30 miles in one day.

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[116] From POSED AS BOY. (1923, October 29). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 17.
[117] From Girl in Male Attire Jailed. (1933, September 23). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 9.
[118] 19-Year-Old Girl Wears Male Attire. (1938, August 25). *Windsor Star,* p. 18.

Preparing for an outing, c. 1905 (Probably near Tavistock, ON).
Anonymous photograph in the curator's collection.

Outings and Escapades

"Who is she?"[119] (Vancouver Island, 1862)

The mysterious female who delights to exhibit her fair proportions in male attire and rejoices in her ability to ride in public straddle of a horse, is reported to have been seen again on the Esquimalt road yesterday. She was attired in a light cassimere coat, knee-breeches and a high black hat. Her long hair was very neatly turned under. Accompanying the mysterious female was another feminine, who seemed to possess a little more modesty – not to mention decency – than her companion, and sported a lady's black riding habit. The pair visited the camels, and it was while they were inspecting the little stranger which came to town the other night that the gait and earrings of the disguised female betrayed her sex to several bystanders. After spending a few minutes with the camels they re-mounted their steeds and rode leisurely into town. Who they were, or where they came from is a mystery, but the one in breeches is said to be the lady who astonished the Esquimalters by her appearance among them in a similar costume about two weeks ago.

"A queer wind-up to a picnic"[120] (Manotick, ON, 1874)

A few days ago a picnic party was held in a grove on Johnson's Farm, near Manotick, at which a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Among the festive throng was a young lady, a resident of the locality, who walked from her father's house along the railroad track to the spot where the festivities were going on. The day was spent in the usual manner; dancing, swinging, flirting, &c., was rife, until the hour of their departure for the city arrived. The young lady alluded to, after seeing her friends off by the train, started on her way home with her brother.

They had not proceeded far when two roughs came out of the woods and, seizing her, attempted to drag her into the bush. Her brother stood by and made no effort to rescue her, afterwards giving as a reason that he "had no firearms, and would rather risk the damage to his sister than hazard his own life."

The girl screamed and fainted, and on coming to her senses again, she was told it was all a trick, and that the two supposed roughs were two friends of her own, dressed in male attire. If this be the case they deserve to be punished. Frightening a girl and possibly a male relative half to death is no joke.

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[119] From WHO IS SHE? (1862, April 25). *The British Colonist,* p. 2.

[120] From ATTACKED BY ROUGHTS – A Queer Wind-up to a Picnic. (1874, September 5). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 4.

"In pantaloons"[121] (Montreal, 1879)

The somewhat unusual sight of a woman in partial male attire caused a gathering of a considerable crowd at the Post Office today. The lady, who was somewhat masculine looking, wore a large red muffler around her neck, a skirt of some gray stuff coming to the knees, and gray cloth trousers beneath, somewhat in the style of a French *Vivandiere.* She was probably a member of the Shaker sect, and was accompanied by three other women in ordinary garb. The party became alarmed at the vulgar curiosity of the crowd assembling and at the hooting of numerous small boys, and finally took to the street cars "for the west."

"Napanee girls"[122] (Napanee, 1879)

Napanee girls smoke, chew gum, ring door bells, and are the terror of bank clerks. – *Kingston Whig.* We blush to admit it, but some of them occasionally appear on the streets in male attire. – *Napanee Standard.* And we really believe Napanee girls would be bad enough to get married, if they get the chance.

"Out on a lark"[123] (Montreal, 1884)

The habitues of Montreal's recorder's court were treated to a more interesting case the other morning than the usual run of offences there brought up. A dashing English woman of thirty, named Margaret Jane Davis, wife of James Sennett, was up on the charge of dressing in male attire. When the name of the prisoner was called she stepped promptly to the front and removed the large broad-brimmed hat which hid her features. Her appearance was the signal for a general roar of laughter, even the court being compelled to share in the mirth, when it was observed that the pretty prisoner was decked in male attire. A pair of tight fitting trousers worthy the admiration of any Halifax dude encased her lower limbs, while a coat which had evidently seen better days was closely buttoned around her waist. The regulation stand-up collar and a smile that would have melted the most hardened heart completed the prisoner's attire.

Sub-constable McDonnell, who made the arrest, stated that he was on Notre Dame street east last night when he was attracted by the peculiar gait of a supposed young man who was wending his footsteps towards the wharf. Closer investigation and a peep at the face of the anxious pedestrian led him to believe the occupant of the male attire was a woman. The constable immediately arrested the person who had caused him so much speculation, and on reaching the station his doubts were speedily dissipated. The prisoner gave her name, and said she had a relative on board one of

[121] From IN PANTALOONS. (1879, September 26). *Montreal Star,* p. 3.
[122] From Napanee girls. (1879, November 27). *Ingersoll Chronicle,* p. 2.
[123] From OUT ON A LARK. (1884, November 12). *Montreal Star,* p. 4..

the steamers in port, and always entertaining a great love for the sea, had determined to quietly leave her husband and follow the adventurous life of a sailor.

Her husband appeared in court and was apparently much displeased to learn of the masquerading of his wife. It was shown that the former had been drunk the previous night. His wife admitted to taking advantage of his condition to quietly disappear. After lengthy evidence, including many interesting points, had been heard, his honor decided to dismiss the case, as it was shown that this was the first offence of the prisoner.

When leaving the box she proceeded about ten feet through the court room, but being exposed to the curious gaze of the court, turned and made a precipitate flight to the other prisoners in the waiting room. She was driven home in a cab.

"To see the sights"[124] (Toronto, 1885)

Two ladies respectably connected, one of whom is married, undertook to see the sights on Thursday night in male attire. Accordingly they procured two suits of clothes, and accompanied by a gentleman friend proceeded to King street, where they entered several saloons and cigar stores, partaking liberally of "pop" and cigarettes. The cigarettes they smoked on the way home, and seemed highly delighted with the result of their frolic.

The same evening a young man holding a good position procured some female clothing, and having had his face liberally powdered undertook to make "mashes" on Front and York streets. He was threatened with arrest by one gentleman whom he accosted, and speedily took to his heels.

"A female stowaway"[125] (North Sydney, N.S., 1887)

The barque Napoleon III, Olsen master, from Norway, arrived at this port yesterday. The captain reports when four days out a stowaway was discovered, dressed as a man, and giving a man's name, but the captain suspected otherwise and, as it proved, his surmises were correct – it was a female. What her motive was cannot be found out, but it is suspected that she is the wife of one of the sailors. She was treated as a passenger the rest of the voyage, and will likely be left here and put in the hands of the Norwegian consul, who will assist her.

"They had a picnic"[126] (Hamilton, 1888)

William Spence was remanded at the police court Saturday morning on the charge of housebreaking and larceny, and Thomas O'Hara is held on suspicion of knowing something about it. It appears that a new hotel is being erected on the corner

[124] From In Male Attire. (1885, March 21). *The Toronto World,* p. 1.
[125] From A Female Stowaway. (1887, May 20). *Moncton Daily Times,* p. 3.
[126] From THEY HAD A PICNIC. (1888, May 7). *Hamilton Daily Spectator,* p. 4.

of Bay and Barton streets, and a quantity of beverage had been temporarily stored in one of the apartments. A few nights ago a gang of young men, accompanied, it is believed, by the mysterious young woman who is masquerading in male attire, broke into the premises and held a grand festival. The bacchanalian banquet lasted all night. Corks and ribald jests flew, and then the gang flew. The police believe they are on the right track, and that the picknickers will be brought. To account on this morning. The mysterious young woman begged a supper at a respectable private dwelling in the east end one evening last week.

"The unsuspecting yeoman"[127] (North Arm, BC, 1888)

A couple of apparently well-dressed young men called at the house of one of the farmers of the North Arm, Westminster district, a few evenings since, and made enquiries concerning the right road to Mr. Y's. The unsuspecting yeoman good-naturedly and courteously took special pains to give the desired information, but on learning a few days after that his "callers" were a couple of young ladies in male attire, his surprise and chagrin can easily be imagined, and he has ever since been very suspicious of strangers.

"The Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight"[128] (Toronto, 1891)

It is said that several women witnessed the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons [boxing] fight. They were dressed in male attire. One woman – an actress – was arrested.

"Going to Gibson"[129] (Moncton, 1891)

A young woman in male attire, who stated she was going to Gibson, boarded the cars at Caribou a few days ago, and was pointed out to conductor Burpee by one of the passengers. The pseudo man, the latter said, was wanted on a charge of stealing horses. No steps were taken to arrest her and she left the train at Newburg junction.

"She wore male costume"[130] (Halifax, 1893)

A young lady well known at the north end for her beauty and musical accomplishments was seen Monday night on the street masquerading in male attire. She carried the regulation dude cane and pretended to smoke a real Havana. The lady resides near the corner of North and Lockman streets.

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[127] From In Male Attire. (1888, December 21). *Victoria Weekly Colonist,* p. 3.
[128] From SPORT OF EVERY SORT. (1891, January 19). *The Toronto World,* p. 3.
[129] From IN MALE ATTIRE. (1891, February 26). *The Herald* (Moncton, N.B.), p. 3.
[130] From SHE WORE MALE COSTUME. (1893, February 23). *Halifax Herald,* p. 2.

"She was from the country"[131] (Halifax, 1893)

Sir – About two weeks ago a paragraph appeared in your columns announcing that a young lady had been masquerading in male attire in the vicinity of North and Lockman streets. As many innocent young ladies have been named and blamed in connection therewith, I think it only just to them to inform the public generally, that the trick was not performed by a resident of the locality above mentioned, but by a young lady from the country, visiting friends in that neighborhood. Hoping that this will be the last time that sensitive persons are made to suffer aspersions through the indiscretion of your reporter.

Yours very truly,

One Who Knows.

"Putting the intruders to flight"[132] (Plattsville, ON, 1895)

Some interesting stories are in circulation about a certain pair of young ladies at the south end of the village, says the Plattsville [Ontario] Echo, who, clad in male attire, set out to call on one of their lady friends. When they arrived at the house, their friend greeted them at the door, but was horrified to see what appeared to her to be two ugly-looking tramps. Her terror and alarm became intense, but just then a bright thought crossed her mind that she would call her gentleman friend who was calling upon her that evening, and with his timely aid they succeeded in putting the intruders to flight across gardens, fields and fences till they discovered by their waddling that they were no more than a couple of girls who were bent on enjoying an outing in their papa's pants. Now, some may think this singular conduct for young ladies to be indulging in [sic.], but we quite approve of their foresight and prudence in trying on a long pair of trousers before they adopt the bloomer costume, which may be the attire of the "new woman" we read so much about. However, pants or no pants, our sympathy is with the ladies.

"Seen perambulating the streets"[133] (Newcastle, NB, 1898)

There are many adherents of the feminine sex who believe in bloomers, and in some sections of the world they walk about dressed in clothing which smack of masculine tastes, but to find any such exponent in Newcastle, the shire town of the county, which is and ought to continue the sociological [sic.] centre, as proved by the many successful dances the past few weeks, is something *mirabile dictu.* Yet it is true, for even admitting we do not know the names of the fair one or ones, last Wednesday night, although the storm was anything but propitious for the feminine member or

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[131] From ONE WHO KNOWS. (1893, March 8). SHE WAS FROM THE COUNTRY. *Hal. Herald,* p. 2.
[132] From Masqueraded as Men. (1895, December 5). *Ingersoll Chronicle and Canadian Dairyman,* p. 10.
[133] From The New Woman or Women. (1898, February 23). *Union Advocate* (Newcastle, N.B.), p. 2.

members to venture forth in the cold, dreary, snowy town, that a young lady or ladies dressed in male attire was or were seen perambulating the streets, and it is needless to say that those who saw her or them were in duty bound to smile at the peculiar appearance she or they presented as she or they passed along and called at a house or houses. Our information is meagre, but it can truly be said that the chaperone was also one of the fair ones, and if some of our dignified, strict-living people had seen her or them, there is no doubt but what consternation and disapproval would have been plainly stamped on their benign countenances at this most uncommon spectacle of bold effrontery.

"Unusual and enjoyable"[134] (London, ON, 1898)

When walking up Talbot street the other evening, and just as I had arrived near Albert street, I had a rather unusual and enjoyable experience. It is not often that ladies are seen in male attire, especially on the public streets. On this occasion there were two couples under the glare of the electric light. It was plainly noticeable that two of the four persons were females clad in men's suits. They were, however, unable to conceal all of their hair under their hats. As I caught up to them and having discovered what has just been related, I politely said "Good evening, boys." It was laughable to see those four fair damsels scamper off at a lively rate towards their home, which, by the way, was not far distant. It was a good piece of fun for all concerned.

"Great was her surprise"[135] (Hull, 1898)

A remarkable case came before Recorder Champagne, of Hull yesterday. A charge of assault was proffered by Miss Rose Anna Gervais against Mrs. John Fortin and Miss Ledia Paradis. The complainant stated that on Saturday night, while strolling down Wellington street he was approached by two persons who used insulting language and assaulted her. At first she thought that she had fallen into the hands of some ruffians but great was her surprise when she recognized the voices of the accused, who were dressed in male attire. The alleged assailants were arrested and taken to the station. Yesterday they were not ready to go on and a remand was granted.

"Two very gay girls"[136] (Ottawa, 1898)

It is not often, in a staid city like Ottawa, that we find members of the weaker sex masquerading about in male attire. But this was the unusual spectacle that greeted residents in Somerset street on Saturday night. Two bright, happy-faced,

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[134] From THE MAN ABOUT TOWN. (1898, July 8). *The London* (Ontario) *Advertiser,* p. 4.
[135] From A DROWNING FATALITY. (1898, August 2). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 7.
[136] From TWO VERY GAY GIRLS. (1898, August 8). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 5.

good-looking girls – full of life and spirit and joy – were out for a lark. One was attired in garments of sombre hue and Christy, while the other wore white flannels with a cap to match. One was, in the disguise, a Dr. Harris from London, don't you know; her companion was a Mr. Arthurs. And arm in arm they walked with elastic step down the street, unobserved by some, noted by many. On the way they flirted with the girls and jollied the old boys [as] to the manner born. Someone who penetrated the disguise warned them that they were liable to arrest. This slightly perturbed their otherwise nonchalant air. Meeting a prominent alderman, well known in that neighborhood, they said they expected him to go to their rescue if they got into trouble. But nothing embarrassing happened, and they were seen shortly afterwards, clad in ordinary habiliments and radiantly happy. They had created a slight sensation – provided the locality with considerable amusement – and were consequently well pleased. Girls, have a care!

"Slippery Jack"[137] (Kingston, 1898)

The "Slippery Jack" agitation is said to be used by many parents as a means of keeping their daughters off the streets in the evening.[138] Some people are making it an occasion for mischievous pranks. The other night two girls assumed the role of the disturber, and frightened two young lady friends so badly that they were in a serious condition for several hours. The girls dressed themselves in their father's clothes and went for a walk. They waited at a point which their friends would pass. When the latter came up, the girls in male attire followed them, and a lively chase ensued. The young women who were frightened do not know yet the cause of their alarm. Such capers increase the apparent magnitude of the evil. However this may be, the police officers are determined to put a stop to the practice of frightening women, whether it is done in fun or in earnest. It is hoped that an example will be made of someone who is guilty.

"Risky and questionable"[139] (Cornwall, ON, 1901)

Several young ladies were masquerading in male attire on Tuesday night and called on a number of their friends. They appeared to take a great deal of amusement out of a very risky and questionable prank.

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[137] From Slippery Jack. (1898, November 19). *Kingston Daily News,* p. 1.

[138] "[S]ome misguided man, known as 'Slippery Jack,' insists on pursuing Kingston girls on the streets." INCIDENTS OF THE DAY. (1898, January 15). *Kingston Daily Whig,* p. 1. "It seems that young women around the city have the 'Slippery Jack' craze. Every man they see on the street after dark conveys to their minds visions of the horrors of Jack the Ripper, etc." He Was Not Slippery Jack. (1897, December 15). *Kingston Daily Whig,* p. 2.

[139] From BRIEFLETS. (1901, June 7). *Cornwall Standard,* p. 5.

"Celebration of Hallowe'en"[140] (Winnipeg, 1905)

There is a phase of Hallowe'en fun that prevails in Winnipeg and probably nowhere else that was much indulged in last night in neighborly disregard of conventionality. Many young girls and more mature maidens sought the license supposedly given on the eve of All Saints' day and dressed themselves in the male attire of their brothers, and there could be seen flitting from house to house numbers of these youthful fun-makers emancipated from the thraldom of skirts, disporting themselves in the homes of intimate friends. Some, more daring, ventured farther afield and one of the not the least surprising features of Winnipeg's Hallowe'en was the occasional glimpse of quaintly dressed figures hurriedly passing along the street in costumes that from the muffled laughter and the evident awkwardness of the young people so dressed was a party of young girls, on innocent mischief bent, chaperoned by brother or cousin en route to a neighbor's hom for Hallowe'en fun.

"Dressed as male mashers"[141] (Chatham, 1906)

Dressed as male mashers, and with their hair hidden under closely fitted caps, two well-known local young women have been having a high time masquerading [on] some of the principal city streets the past few nights. They apparently thought that no one was wise to their little escapade, and after their first night's fun they decided to try it again.

The young ladies who took part in the masquerade are very pretty, and they did indeed make a handsome pair of young men in their false, but becoming attire. Perhaps, though, they were unaware that their coats did not fit as well as they might have around the chest. It was this peculiar feature of their attire that led to them being found out.

The first masquerade was made Thursday evening, when they did up the southern portion of the city.

One of the young ladies resides on Lacroix St. and the other on Gray, and they both belong to good families. They probably were not aware that their little escapade might have ended seriously. A girl masquerading in a man's clothes, would be liable to find herself in a rather embarrassing position if unscrupulous young men were to become aware of the fact.

The young ladies, so it is reported, intend to try the stunt again, but they would do well to desist, as there is a very heavy penalty for masquerading. The offense comes under the criminal code, and is punishable by a heavy fine, not to speak about the scandal such an affair would create if ventilated in the Police Court.

The young ladies simply took part in the affair for the fun they got out of it, but they should have thought of the consequences had they been caught. They started out arm in arm, and first paraded Queen St. and did up many of the adjacent

[140] From CELEBRATION OF HALLOWE'EN. (1905, November 1). *Winnipeg Tribune,* p. 1.
[141] From MASQUERADE AS YOUNG MEN. (1906, September 24). *Chatham Daily Planet,* p. 8.

thoroughfares. They had a swell time flirting with all the other pretty girls they met with, and it was their intention to make a "catch" the next time they went out and have some fun, just to find out what it was like to be a man and pay court to ladies.

The fact that the young ladies were masquerading became known to a number of persons, who greatly enjoyed watching their maneuvers.

"The ultra-masculine woman"[142] (Alberta, 1907)

She jumped on the car while it was still moving and plumped herself down heavily into a side seat, so that her feet extended half across the aisle. When the conductor came for her fare she pulled a ticket out of her pocket and, regardless of the attention she was attracting, nonchalantly asked how near the car went to Pemberton street. When her street was reached she jumped off the car as she had jumped on and walked away with a pronounced stride.

Her dress conformed entirely to her actions. The only part of her attire which could not have been worn with perfect propriety by a man was her skirt, and that was as short as possible. Her coat was an ordinary man's raglan, in a light tan; her hat a man's gray crush hat, whose only concession to custom was one very small and inconspicuous hatpin. Her hair was parted and gathered into a tight knot at the back. Her white shirtwaist was as near to a shirt as it could possibly be and still remain a shirtwaist. She wore a high white linen stock, and from one pocket of her coat produced a large handkerchief; from the other a pair of heavy dogskin [sic.] gauntlets. Her shoes were thick, and the soles extended half an inch all around. And, to crown it all, she wore a seal ring on her little finger.

Fortunately, this woman is by no means typical; it would be lamentable indeed if she were.

"Won gloves"[143] (Hamilton, 1909)

Miss Clare Romaine, the popular actress, who is playing at Bennett's this week in male attire, made a bet of a box of cigars against a box of gloves with Manager Jack Apleton that she could walk around the streets of Hamilton dressed in her stage costume without anyone discovering her sex. The trial was planned to come off this morning, and about 9 o'clock Miss Romaine walked into the theatre, fitted up in her masculine duds, and asked Jack if he was ready. "Sure," he replied, and the story told to the reporters of the adventure follows:

"Well, I looked her over as soon as she stepped into the office, and, says I to myself, it's a cinch. I might as well go out and buy those gloves now, for she sure did look the part, with a cane in her hand and an unlighted cigar in her mouth. I proposed walking to the Royal Hotel and playing a game of billiards. She consented and we started off up King Street and turned down James towards the Royal. Everything

[142] From The Ultra-Masculine Woman. (1907, September 20). *Didsbury Pioneer,* p. 5.
[143] From WON GLOVES. (1909, February 18). *Hamilton Times,* p. 10.

went lovely. She got a start, though, as we were turning the corner, for one of the news kids yelled: 'Hey! Pipe de spoit wit de kangaroo walk.' Well, to make a long story short, we walked into the hotel, played billiards for about a quarter of an hour, and then walked back to the theatre, without anybody getting wise."

True to his promise, Jack made out an order on R. McKay & Co. for six pairs of gloves, which he presented to Miss Romaine, with his compliments.

"A family of seven tourists"[144] (Bala, ON, 1913)

For the past week or ten days a family of seven tourists have been doing the snows of our Lady. Every day snow or shine, has seen them going on skis or snowshoes, until the surrounding country is paddled over. Two of the girls wore their hair in braids, which we would not have noticed had they not worn tight trousers. No Harem skirts for them, the male garb or nothing, and they certainly made the most of the casual liberty afforded by the absence of our police, and the rest of us took it out in staring at the innovation. If they had only put the braids inside their caps, they would have passed muster for boys anywhere. They left today by the Vancouver express, wearing skirts. Good luck to the happy family.

"Dancing along the street"[145] (Montreal, 1913)

Clad in a man's garb, Nelly Crone, giving her address as 36 St. Urbain Street, was arrested last night together with Tony Frenadi, an Italian, who gave no address, for masquerading, being drunk and creating a disturbance on Lagauchetiere Street, at shortly after 9 o'clock.

Constable Belac, of the Chenneville Street station, was walking on Lagauchetiere Street in civilian garb, when he saw Frenadi and the girl Crone abandoning themselves to a carnival spirit and dancing along the street. Frenadi's voice was raised in song and both seemed oblivious to the fact that their behavior was likely to lead them into trouble.

The constable could not ascertain whether it was a false step caused the argument, but it ended in a fight between the dancers, and the constable decided to take both in charge. But both the culprits put up a strenuous resistance, and Nelly Crone, not encumbered with skirts, displayed agility and freedom in attempting to kick the constable. Finally two passersby went to the aid of the policeman and both Crone and Frenadi were led to the Chenneville Street station.

In the scuffle the woman's hair had become somewhat tousled and as the two were marched to the lock-up the ringlets, switches, and hairpins gradually shattered themselves in disorder, and this combined with the nattily cut suit of clothes caused a crowd to gather which, augmented as the procession proceeded, soon numbered over a hundred noisy youths who screamed and shouted advice to the female prisoner.

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[144] From ADOPTED MALE GARB. (1913, January 15). *Sault Daily Star,* p. 6.
[145] From GIRL WORE MALE ATTIRE. (1913, February 6). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.

At the station Frenadi was searched and a razor and a knife were found upon him, and directed to a quiet apartment the woman was ordered to shed her disguise, and shortly she appeared dressed in her natural garb, over which she had worn the man's suit. She was then taken to the Central Station, and both will appear before the Recorder's Court today on a charge of being drunk, masquerading, and creating a disturbance.

"Jack the Grabber"[146] (Fredericton, 1913)

Reports of a Jack the Grabber about town have been widely circulated again throughout the city during the past few days and it is claimed that women have been frightened by men coming out from alleyways. It was reported that a Jack the Hugger had been chased on Friday evening by a young man and several young ladies, but investigation showed that the party who was being chased was none other than a young woman in male attire, who was out on the streets with several other young ladies for a lark. They started to go to a restaurant and ice cream parlor, but the young woman in male attire got faint-hearted and turned back when she was seen by the young man and the other ladies, but she outfooted them in a lively race over the slushy streets and escaped.

"She had been having a spree"[147] (Edmonton, 1914)

As Constable Allen was ringing a police signal box last night, he was passed by a young girl arrayed in male clothing. A soft felt hat, under which her hair was carefully concealed, was pulled down over her eyes, and her clothes fitted her to perfection, her disguise being so excellent that even the officer at first believed his suspicions to be unfounded. A large crowd gathered with Constable Allen arrested her. At the station she explained that she had been having a spree. She was afterwards allowed out on bail.

"Quite a bit of fun"[148] (Harrowsmith, ON, 1914)

Two of the village ladies who were masquerading in male attire, caused quite a bit of fun this evening, calling on a few of their friends.

"A quiet Hallowe'en"[149] (Kingston, 1916)

Several masquerade parades were held last night while numerous parties were also held to celebrate Hallowe'en. The principal streets were promenaded by girls in

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[146] From Jack the Grabber Stories. (1913, March 29). *Fredericton Daily Gleaner,* p. 1.
[147] From Masqueraded as Man. (1914, March 23). *Edmonton Daily Bulletin,* p. 10.
[148] From Harrowsmith Happenings. (1914, November 25). *Daily British Whig* (Kingston), p. 11.
[149] From A Quiet Hallowe'en. (1916, November 1). *Kingston Daily Standard,* p. 8.

male attire and young boys rigged up in the latest Parisian modes. No damage has been reported.

"Tired of life at home"[150] (Halifax, 1920)

A young girl from St. John was taken into custody by the C.N.R. police at Halifax on Tuesday evening when the Maritime Express arrived. The officer at the station gate noticed a peculiar-looking "gentleman" of color dressed in a grey suit and wearing a fedora hat, alight from one of the cars. The passenger appeared to be confused and when he proffered assistance he was answered in a low and rather sweet contralto voice.

The "gentleman" was conducted to the police station to explain why she was arrayed in male attire. She said her name was Bessie McIntyre and that she belonged in St. John. She had tired of life at home and had decided to take a trip. She dressed in male clothing so that she would not be recognized when she left St. John.

The young woman is being held in Halifax pending further investigation.

"A downtown pool room"[151] (Edmonton, 1922)

A woman dressed as a man went to a downtown pool room Monday and according to the evidence in the women's police court got hopelessly drunk. She was arrested by city police to whom she is well known and when brought before Magistrate Murphy was convicted of the offence of being intoxicated while in a public place and fined $10 and assessed the costs of the case.

"Loitering under the balcony"[152] (Montreal, 1922)

Alice Martin, a twenty-year-old girl who claims she is from Winnipeg, was arrested by the Westmount police last night for masquerading in male attire in the company of two Ottawa men, who gave their names as Peter Trudeau, aged 22, and Rene Ouilet, aged 26. When apprehended they were loitering under the balcony of a house on Prince Albert Avenue.

Brought before Magistrate Raddon in the Westmount Court this morning, the masquerader received a thirty-day sentence, while her companions, neither of whom had a cent, were sentenced to fifteen days in jail, with the option of a fine of $20.

The girl's sex was not discovered until her strenuous objections to being stripped and searched at headquarters aroused the suspicions of the police. Westmount authorities described her as "the bummest of the three bums."

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[150] From ST. JOHN GIRL WAS IN MALE ATTIRE. (1920, February 12). *St. John Telegraph,* p. 10.
[151] From WOMAN DRESSES IN MALE ATTIRE AND MEETS WITH TROUBLE. (1922, March 23). *Edmonton Bulletin,* p. 12.
[152] From MASQUERADES AS MAN, GIRL IS SENT TO JAIL. (1922, November 28). *Daily British Whig* (Kingston), p. 3.

"Happily disregarded"[153] (Hamilton, 1932)

The fervor of a southern Mardi Gras was displayed on Hamilton's thoroughfares last night when the citizenry, young and old, masquerade through the streets in fancy garb to celebrate their Hallowe'en. […] The law of the land which makes it an offense for a girl to assume male clothing was happily disregarded by hundreds of wolves who decided to play sheep for the night. Many a hefty youth, on the other hand, walked the streets in his sister's party gown.

"Must take medicine like man"[154] (Peterborough, ON, 1936)

When a local couple decided to change clothes all in the spirit of Hallowe'en, it led the girl into difficulties which she will not soon forget.

So realistic was her get-up that when the girl accosted another of her sex on George Street on Saturday and was mistaken by the latter's escort for a boy she received a powerful sock on the nose which sent her reeling through a plate-glass window.

On instructions of the Chief of Police, a constable drove the pair to their respective homes. First he stopped at the girl's home and waited while she divested herself of her boy friend's clothes; then drove the young man to his home and similarly waited while he struggled out of his corsets, and other items of female attire.

Later they were haled before the Chief, who told the girl that, as she had chosen to accost another of her sex while masquerading in male attire, she must be prepared to take her medicine like a man.

"Left two days ago"[155] (Brockville, ON, 1937)

While patrolling his beat in King Street this morning at four o'clock, Constable E. Forsyth took into custody a girl about 16 years old who was attired in men's clothing. The attention of the constable was attracted by her efforts to avoid the latter who found her hiding in the doorway of a store. She gave a masculine name when apprehended but was unable to keep up the disguise.

At the police station she revealed she had been living with her grandmother in Prescott and left that place two days ago. She claimed to have had trouble with her parents who reside in Moulinette. This morning the girl was placed in the custody of C. A. Winters, superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, and later in the day was transferred to the Cornwall branch of that organization.

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[153] From RAIN DID NOT MAR CELEBRATION OF HALLOWE'EN. (1932, November 1). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 9.

[154] From GIRL MUST TAKE MEDICINE LIKE MAN. (1936, November 3). *Daily Sun Times* (Owen Sound), p. 6.

[155] From Girl in Male Attire Taken Into Custody. (1937, October 20). *Ottawa Evening Citizen,* p. 16.

Perceptions of mental health

"An unfortunate"[156] (Kingston, 1863)

On Sunday last, a young woman who gave her name as Mary Marner, and said she belonged to Mallorytown, was found sitting on the lake shore at the west end of the city, dressed in full male attire, and surrounded by a crowd of idlers. The rain was falling heavily at the time, and the unfortunate girl, who proved to be of unsound mind, was drenched to the skin. The Mayor happened to be in that direction, discovered her condition, and kindly offered her food and shelter if she would accompany him to his residence, but she refused to go with him. She was subsequently conveyed to the local hospital, whence she was taken in the evening to the Police cells, and was yesterday morning sent to gaol for fourteen days, in the hope that in the meantime some information might be obtained as to the whereabouts of her friends.

"Lost their mental faculties"[157] (Victoria, 1896)

The city police station received two new inmates yesterday whose only offence is that they have lost their mental faculties. One of the two, a highly respectable woman resident of Victoria, has become possessed of the fancy that she has been changed into a man and when taken into custody for her own protection was walking the street in complete male attire.

"The unfortunate woman"[158] (Victoria, 1896)

The unfortunate woman who was arrested on Government street on Wednesday evening, while clothed in a man's apparel, is still held at the city police station until a decision shall have been reached as to whether it will be absolutely necessary to send her to the asylum. Dr. George Duncan made an examination yesterday into her mental condition, but no definite step in regard to the final disposition of the patient will be made for a day or so.

A strange coincidence in connection with this distressing case is disclosed in the appended special dispatch to the COLONIST from Vancouver, received yesterday evening. The circumstances of the two cases, it will be noted, are in many respects exactly parallel:

"A respectable woman, who recently arrived in Victoria, appeared on the street here to-day in male attire and was at once taken in charge by the authorities. Medical investigation disclosed the fact that the poor woman was temporarily insane from illness, her chief hallucination being that she was of the male sex."

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[156] From AN UNFORTUNATE. (1863, August 21). *Ingersoll Chronicle,* p. 2.
[157] From PERSONAL. (1896, March 5). *Victoria Daily Colonist,* p. 8.
[158] From The unfortunate woman. (1896, March 9). *Victoria Semi-Weekly Colonist,* p. 8.

"Female enigma"[159] (Sarnia, 1900)

A mild sensation was caused in town on Friday upon a report being circulated that a woman in male clothing was a passenger on the Monarch from Windsor. As near as could be learned the facts are as follows:

The young woman, probably thirty years of age, had left New York some days ago to join her husband in Duluth. In order to elude the vigilance of her parents, who, it appears, were opposed to her leaving them, she had put on the male attire, and reached Windsor before her identity was revealed. She had purchased her ticket for Duluth at Windsor, and on arriving at Sarnia it was intimated to her that her masquerade was illegal, and she forthwith donned her own clothing.

She stated that she was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and would give no information with reference to her reasons for assuming the costume she did, who she was, where she came from, or where she intended going. She was traveling second-class, and the officers of the Monarch made her as comfortable as possible in the steerage of that vessel for the trip to Duluth, which she undertook on Friday afternoon.

To the agent selling the ticket she simply gave the name of Mr. Card, and though she appeared to be a little nervous and constrained when questioned, there was nothing to indicate that anything serious was the matter, and her nervousness could be attributed very readily to the unusual character of her position and costume during the trip.

Provisional Detective Yorrell interviewed her, thinking perhaps she might be an escaped lunatic or a fugitive from justice, but did not consider it necessary to detain her.

[159] From FEMALE ENIGMA AT SARNIA. (1900, July 28). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 7.

Borrowing a hat, c. 1905 (Probably near Tavistock, ON.)
Anonymous photograph in the curator's collection.

Husbands and Lovers

"A woman scorned"[160] (Hamilton, 1880)

A few days ago Waterdown witnessed one of the most exciting scenes that has taken place there for some time. About four years since Eliza Gibbs, a young girl living in the neighborhood, accused Patrick Carson, of that place, of having seduced her, and wanted him to marry her to save the character of both. Pat refused to do so, claiming he was not the guilty party, whereupon Eliza became enraged, and instead of shooting herself shot him in the thigh. She aimed higher, but Pat caught her hand while in the act of shooting, and thus frustrated her aim. She left the place and went to Hamilton, where she has been residing ever since.

On Wednesday she received a note written by Pat, or some fellow wishing to have a joke, asking her to meet him at Rock Bay in the afternoon. Eliza, accompanied by one of her pals, went over to Rock Bay, but to their surprise Pat was not on the grounds at all. They looked for him until they became tired and mad with their exercise and disappointment and Eliza said unto her friend, "I will arise and go unto my lover and say unto him, I have been over to Rock Bay but you was not there; I will shoot you again."

They went back to Hamilton where her friend engaged a rig while Eliza clothed herself in male attire wearing also a large black moustache. When all was ready they drove for Waterdown, stopping at several hotels on the road and imbibing too much for their own good.

On arriving in town they chanced to see Carson and asked him to have a ride. He thought the request rather strange, but accepted the invitation, nevertheless. To his surprise he found that the fine looking driver was no other than Eliza Gibbs, and he soon jumped out and disappeared.

The girls, baffled, in their project, concluded to go to his house and have a jamboree. They accordingly visited Pat's domicile, and getting inside, they proceeded to make things lively, paying very little respect to the rights of property.

A crowd soon gathered round to see the fun, and in a short time Constable Graham was summoned. He took both the unruly females into custody and brought them before Magistrates Sealey and Stock, who on hearing the evidence fined each of them $4 and costs. There was considerable excitement over the affair, and it was not till three o'clock in the morning that normal quietness was restored.

[160] From A WOMAN SCORNED. (1880, July 29). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 5.

"Bound to get even"[161] (London, Ont., 1883)

Mr. George Grace, barber, on Dundas Street near Wellington, is responsible for the following story. He says that a dashing young person clothed in black oat and vest, dark striped pants, and broad trimmed white straw hat, alighted form the street car opposite his shop last evening about 7 o'clock, entered the shop and asked to be waited on at once. On the hat being removed the customer was discovered to have hair fully a foot and a half long which hung in graceful folds down her back.

It was at once apparent to the artist that the customer in his chair was a lady, and on the man with the scissors expressing his astonishment, the lady, Mr. Grace states, explained that she had just arrived from Point Edward and that on the expected eve of her marriage her was-to-have-been husband deserted her and left for a land unknown. She was on his trail and would make his immediate locality very warm if she met with him, and find him she would. She said the papers had already given the matter publicity and she proposed to furnish them with at least another chapter.

Mr. Grace asserts that he asked her if she was not aware that she could be punished for masquerading in male attire, but she said she would take care that it would be all right with her in that particular. She is also said to have stated her intention of leaving London this morning.

"Determined to gain access to him"[162] (Victoria, 1885)

Considerable excitement was caused in police circles recently by the discovery that one of the prisoners in the city jail, who was attired as a man, was a female. The name of the prisoner is Henrietta Hix. Her husband deserted her in Boston a few months ago. Learning that he had come to Richmond, the wife donned male attire and shipped on board of a vessel [from] Boston as a cook about two weeks ago. Upon reaching here Mrs. Hix discovered that her husband had been arrested and committed to jail for robbery. Determined to gain access to him, and share his prison cell, the woman stole an amount of money. She was arrested, and without arousing the suspicion of the authorities as to her sex she was placed in the same cell with him. The ruse was discovered today, and the husband and wife placed in separate cells. Hix confirms the woman's story, and says they were married in Boston about two years ago. It is possible that Mrs. Hix will be pardoned by the governor. She is young and good looking.

[161] From BOUND TO GET EVEN. (1883, June 28). *Hamilton Evening Spectator,* p. 1.
[162] From IN MALE ATTIRE. (1885, September 12). *Victoria Daily Standard,* p. 3.

"What a time they had"[163] (Toronto, 1894)

"Yes, something happens around here occasionally," replied the night clerk of the Palmer House, Toronto, as he glanced up at the face of the clock and noted that the hour was 12:30. "Something happened a few weeks ago and I don't mind giving you a few particulars. You have heard of Hamilton, perhaps?"

"Yes, in a roundabout way," replied the interviewer.

"Well, one day a middle-aged man walked in here and registered as from Hamilton. There was nothing peculiar about the man, and nothing exciting about his having come from there. He had his wife with him, and remarked that he might stay three or four days. On the evening of that day a young man arrived from Whitby.

"Well, there you are – a man and his wife and a young man. Nobody around here gasped for breath or turned in a fire alarm. I saw the young man around the office here and took him to be a drummer. He was a natty little chap, but had no peculiarities to attract attention. He had a room on the fourth floor, but after the first day changed to the third and right opposite the Hoosier and his wife. On the third night of his stay he came in from the theater right behind the married couple. One of the headquarters detectives was standing here chinning to me, and as the young fellow passed through to the elevator the officer whispered that he'd bet his reputation against a cent that it was a woman dressed in man's attire."

"Well?"

"Well, I laughed at the idea, but it was a pointer. I put the bell boys and chambermaids on to it, and next day I had reasons to believe the detective was right. It was a chambermaid who got the first clue, and how do you suppose she got it?"

"Couldn't guess."

"No, I don't believe you could. When you get out of bed in a hotel in the morning what do you do?"

"Dress and wash and hustle for the dining room."

"Just so. But a woman doesn't. In eighteen cases out of twenty she spreads up the bed and tidies up the room a bit. It was so in this case. She had combed her hair, of course, and of course she had left the long hairs behind. A man would have flung the towel on the floor after using, and one of the pillows might have been on the floor. There were a dozen pointers to be picked up in five minutes. I gave the thing away in the office and was delegated to pursue the thing to the end. The next step was to see the head waiter."

"What could he do?"

"Watch her while she ate, or have one of his waiters. A woman will give herself away at the table in spite of all she can do. She sits with one foot over the other. She uses the napkin differently from a man. She sips her coffee or tea with a spoon and cuts her meat into smaller pieces. It's a wonder that Sherlock Holmes, observing as he was, never referred to this matter. At the next meal all of us were satisfied that the young man was a woman in disguise, and it became my duty to follow him to his

[163] From WHAT A TIME THEY HAD. (1894, July 26). *Kemptville Advance,* p. 2.

room and ask him to vacate. The idea, of course, is to get around such things without creating a row. I waited about half an hour after lunch and then went up. The Hoosier and his wife had preceded me by ten minutes, and I found a lively scrap taking place in their room. The wife, with hair flying, collar hanging by one end and her face badly scratched, was hiding in a corner, and the husband and my young man were rolling about on the floor and indulging in lots of hair pulling and clawing. I stepped in, locked the door and pulled them apart, and then explanations were in order."

"Begin with the Hoosier," said the interviewer.

"Well, he was not a talkative man. The most he said wouldn't make two lines in your paper."

"And the woman in the corner?"

"She didn't seem inclined to talk, either. She tried hard to faint away, but when she couldn't do it she began crying."

"And the young man?"

"He talked enough for all hands. He called the Hoosier 'Will,' and said he had long mistrusted him and had now found him out and would apply for a divorce. She was his true and lawful wife, of course, and she had the straightest kind of a case against him. By George! But how she did go for those two people! She had a ready tongue by nature, and being all worked up she turned loose and made the dose a bitter one. I tried to quiet her by saying she had broken the law and might be arrested for masquerading in male attire, but she turned on me and defied me, and evidently ached to get her fingers into my hair."

"And how did it all end?"

"I gave them all notice to be out in an hour, and they went. The surplus woman went over to Detroit, I believe, while man and wife left for Hamilton on the same train, but not in the same car. She paid her own bill and he paid his. Just before they left the house, and while waiting in the parlor for the bus, the woman broke loose again and clawed his face and tore off his collar and tie. She brought a trunk with her and a proper outfit, and when she went away she was dressed as a woman. It was a good thing she didn't have a pistol or a knife, for she was furious enough to do murder. She left in such a hurry that her suit of male clothing was forgotten – and is here yet, waiting her order."

"And no newspaper feller got on to the racket?"

"Not a one. A reporter for one of the afternoon papers was in here just at the height of it, and the day-clerk got a drummer to show him a trick with a burned match to blind him. If he reads this he may remember it. It was afterwards remarked that we never need be afraid of him catching on to anything we were trying to cover up."

"To join her husband"[164] (Sarnia, 1900)

A mild sensation was caused here today upon a report being circulated that a woman attired in male clothing was a passenger on the steamer Monarch from Windsor. As near as could be learned the facts are as follows:-

The young woman, probably thirty years of age, had left New York some days ago to join her husband in Duluth. In order to elude the vigilance of her parents, who, it appears, were opposed to her leaving them, she had put on male attire and reached Windsor before her identity was revealed. She had purchased her ticket for Duluth at Windsor, and on arriving at Sarnia it was intimated to her that her masquerade was illegal, and she forthwith donned her own clothing.

She stated that she was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and would give no information with reference to her reason for assuming the costume she did; who she was, where she came from, or where she intended going. She was traveling second class, and the officers of the Monarch made her as comfortable as possible in the steerage of that vessel, for the trip to Duluth, which she undertook this afternoon. To the agent selling the tickets she simply gave the name of Mrs. Card, and though she appeared to be a little nervous and constrained when questioned, there was nothing to indicate that anything serious was the matter, and her nervousness could be attributed very readily to the unusual character of her position and costume during the trip. Provincial Detective Yorrell interviewed her, thinking she might be an escaped lunatic or a fugitive from justice, but did not consider it necessary to detain her.

"By George, it's a woman"[165] (Victoria, 1908)

It was a dainty picture she made in her male attire, and had it not been for a stray wisp of unruly golden hair which floated jauntily from beneath her boy's cap over her shoulder, it is very doubtful if she would have been discovered. Her masquerade, however, proved insufficient to elude the keen glance of a Government street cigar store proprietor, and later brough the police upon her track.

About 9.30 o'clock last night the cigar man was standing behind his counter attending to his usual duties when, what at first appeared to him as a remarkably handsome youth, passed and entered a saloon, the entrance to which was a few feet away. At first he paid little attention to the other until his startled gaze encountered a long wisp of fair hair floating from beneath the cap.

"By George, it's a woman," he ejaculated and without a moment's hesitation dodged around the end of the counter and followed the "youth" into the saloon. The latter, however, had apparently passed straight through the thirst emporium without

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[164] From Masqueraded as a Man. (1900, July 28). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 9.

[165] From IN MALE ATTIRE WIFE SEARCHES FOR HUSBAND. (1908, May 30). *Victoria Daily Colonist,* p. 11.

delay and though the cigar man hurried there was no sign of the other who seemingly had vanished into thin air.

The whole occurrence smacked of mystery, and having but lately finished the complete series of Raffles and his exploits, the proprietor of the cigar store felt sure that the police ought to be put upon the trail of the fair, but perhaps dangerous, incognito.

Police are proverbially inquisitive, and within an hour the two plainclothes men in search of the would-be male found their quarry. Then it was that what appeared to contain all the elements of a joke, or possibly even a hint of crime, proved to be pathetic in the extreme.

At first the woman, when confronted by the officer and asked where she was going, endeavored to escape by gruffly asserting that she was minding her own business, but seeing that she would have to confess her identity she stopped. Her story, told with a certain defiant air, convinced the officers that, however unusual was her conduct, she was justified therein. She stated that of late her husband had been drinking heavily, that he was under the ban and not allowed to buy liquor, but in some manner he succeeded in getting it, and plenty of it, and helpless as most women would have been in like circumstances, she determined to find out who it was who supplied her husband with drink. As she could hardly enter saloons in her proper attire, she hit upon the scheme of disguising herself in male clothing, and when first seen by the cigar man she was making her round of the saloons in search of the erring husband. She told the police officers that she had visited some twenty saloons and that she was determined to visit them all before she gave up the search. She was allowed to proceed on her way with the assurance that should the officers hear anything of the sought-for husband they would aid her in getting him to return to his own home and family.

"Girl eloper in male attire"[166] (Hamilton, 1910)

A man named Buckingham, who was at one time employed in a restaurant in this city, was arrested in Cobalt on the charge of having run away with a young girl named Barrett, of this city. The pair were found near Cobalt, it is alleged, the young girl being attired in male apparel. She was taken back to this city by a lady. Buckingham will be tried in Cobalt.

[166] From GIRL ELOPER IN MALE ATTIRE. (1910, July 29). *Vancouver Daily World,* p. 9.

Crimes and Tragedies

"Puss in Pantaloons"[167] (Port Hope, 1858)

Yesterday a young girl who gave her name as Zilla Scoble, was brought before His Worship the Mayor, and John Might, Esq., on the charge of habitually appearing in male attire, and leading a dissolute life. She acknowledged the charge and was fined $10, and in default of payment to be committed to jail for thirty days. She is about seventeen years of age, has led a wandering life for about three years and hails from the neighborhood of Peterborough.

"Mary Bell"[168] (Guelph, 1883)

On Saturday afternoon a well dressed young man drove into town with a horse and buggy, which he put up at a hotel stable and, after making enquiries, went to see a horse dealer, who was thought likely to purchase the animal. The price asked was reasonable enough, but the dealer declined to buy. The animal was offered to several others, and finally at such a low figure as to arouse suspicion as to the young man being the owner of the rig.

The chief of police got word of the affair, and after interviewing the young man, decided to detain him until he could ascertain something further about the matter. The young man gave his name as James Murray and stated that Dr. Wynn from near Acton owned the rig and commissioned him to take it to Guelph and dispose of it to the best advantage, as he was about removing to Manitoba.

The chief was about to let the individual go when it struck him he was rather robust about the chest. The chief took him into his private office and in answer to questions he said that he had to wrap up well because of an affection of the lungs. Finally the chief accused the alleged young man of being a woman in man's clothes. The prisoner then owned up and, bursting into tears, acknowledged the truth.

Her name was Mary Bell. She said she lived in Toronto and had run a knitting machine over Corrigan's gentlemen's furnishing store at the corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets for the past five years. She dressed in men's clothes last Friday morning and left Toronto on the noon train for Acton. She stopped at a farmer's house over night and going into the village in the morning hired a horse and buggy, telling the livery keeper that she was going a few miles into the country, instead of doing which she drove to Guelph, and here endeavored to dispose of the rig.

The horse and rig have been identified by the owner and taken home. The girl was detained in custody and appeared before the police magistrate this morning. She was still dressed in male attire and had her hair parted at one side. That she felt her position keenly was apparent. She gave as her reason for trying to sell the horse and rig that a mortgage on some sewing machines fell due on Saturday, and she wished

[167] From "PUSS IN PANTALOONS!" (1858, April 9). *Ingersoll Chronicle*, p. 2.
[168] From FOOLISH MARY BELL. (1883, November 27). *Toronto World,* p. 1.

to raise money to pay it off. She said she wished to be punished but did not want her family to know of it. The magistrate committed her for trial. As she was conducted from the court she cried bitterly.

When this dispatch arrived last night Mr. Corrigan's store was closed, but enquiry of some near residents revealed the fact that Miss Bell was a young lady of about 20, who with another young lady rented a room over Mr. Corrigan's store and there carried on the knitting business. At one time Mr. Corrigan proposed to take Miss Bell into partnership, but subsequently abandoned the idea. Those who knew her say Miss Bell was a decent, well-behaved girl, and would never have been suspected of the hair-brained trick of which she has been guilty.

She was about 20 years of age and decidedly good-looking. Unfortunately, her business had not paid so well as it might, she having lost several hundred dollars. It is supposed she concocted this way of raising money in order to pay off the mortgage on her sewing machines and then intended to return to Toronto and carry on business as usual. She had only been missed from her usual haunts for a week or so, having given out that she intended to visit her parents, who live a short way from the city. The poor girl had always been honest – as far as her dealings in Toronto were concerned – and industrious, and was much respected by those with whom she did business.

"Further particulars"[169] (Guelph, 1883)

The Guelph papers of yesterday evening contain some further particulars concerning miss Mary Bell and her remarkable adventure. The girl told Dr. McPhatter, who had been her school teacher in Nassagaweya township, that she was owing $216 on machines, $25 for rent and some other debts which she could not meet. The doctor says she always appeared to be a clever girl at school. She was of a most sensitive disposition, and he supposes [she] resorted to the extraordinary means of getting out of the difficulty for which she has been arrested, rather than admit her inability to pay her liabilities. She admitted to him that she was engaged to be married to a well-to-do young man in Toronto, who would have come to her assistance had he known her trouble. She asked the doctor on leaving to telegraph for this young man now.

Miss Bell is a daughter of the late James Bell, who lived on 5th and 6th concessions of Nassagaweya, Halton county. Mr. Bell died about seven years ago from the effects of taking poison in mistake for medicine. His family still live on the farm and are reported to be in comfortable circumstances and highly respectable.

[169] From MARY'S MASQUERADE. (1883, November 28). *Toronto World,* p. 1.

"Ordered to leave the city"[170] (Toronto, 1887)

May Foster and Lucy Burly were arrested early on Saturday morning while coming out of men's apartments in Richmond street, London, in male attire. They were ordered to leave the city, which they did, going to Port Huron.

"Twenty-three months"[171] (Guelph, 1888)

Lillie Davey, an 18-year-old girl who has been masquerading in male attire, was arrested last night, and the Police Magistrate to-day sent her to the Mercer Reformatory for twenty-three months on a charge of vagrancy.

"A dissolute woman"[172] (Calgary, 1887)

A dissolute woman was […] arrested for masquerading in male attire but the Mayor allowed her to go without coming into court.

"A bold, bad young man"[173] (Madoc, ON, 1889)

Miss Sybil Smith is evidently a bold, bad young man. She came from Belleville on Monday and put up at Moon's hotel. Tuesday she engaged a horse and buggy from Alexander Allt to go to Trenton, via Marmora, and would be gone several days. On Tuesday Charles Caverly and Frank Morrell came in from Millbridge and casually mentioned to Mr. Allt that they had seen his rig at the latter place, going through to Rathbun, in charge of a young man.

Suspicions were at once aroused, and Mr. Allt and Constable Huff drove to Rathbun, where they found the horse and buggy, and learned that the naughty Miss Smith was safely in bed at Stanlick's hotel, having reached that place in male attire and passing herself off as a young man. She was returned to Madoc and charged with fraudulently obtaining the horse and rig.

The magistrate committed her to stand her trial. She appeared before the magistrate in male attire, her feminine gear being packed in a valise, as when arrested. It is not known where she comes from. She was brought before Judge Lazier and elected to be tried without a jury. She says she was born in Renfrew county, and that her home is in Troy, N. Y. It is believed that the girl is a prostitute and was going into the lumber camps for the winter.

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[170] From OUR OWN COUNTRY. (1887, April 12). *The Toronto World,* p. 2.
[171] From Train-Robbers Jailed at Hamilton. (1888, May 8). *Guelph Daily Mercury,* p. 4.
[172] From From Wednesday's Daily. (1887, August 19). *Calgary Weekly Herald,* p. 8.

[173] From A NAUGHTY GIRL. (1889, November 14). *The Weekly British Whig,* p. 3.

"In the Special Sessions"[174] (Montreal, 1893)

Yesterday morning's session of the Court of Special Sessions was a brisk one, and a number of sentences were meted out. The first to be brought up was Rosalie Lebeau, 16 years of age, who was masquerading in male attire near Verdun. She was given six months in jail.

"A well known character"[175] (Halifax, 1894)

Sergeant Dillon found what were apparently two man-of-war sailors having a jollification on one of the upper streets. A second glance convinced the wily old sergeant that one of the "tars" was a woman masquerading in male attire. He arrested her and took her to the station. She is a well known character. The suit she wore was a Buzzard sailor's uniform.

"There is no law"[176] (Halifax, 1894)

Ida McDonald, a sixteen year old girl, was arrested at Halifax, for being on the street in a sailor's suit, and was subsequently fined $20 on the quiet. J. T. Bulmer, a lawyer who has been consulted, says there is no law against a woman appearing on the street in male attire, despite Stipendiary Motton's decision.

"Agreeing to die together"[177] (Toronto, 1895)

Memories of the Middle Road tragedy have been aroused in the little village of Port Credit by the mysterious death on the roadside three miles west of that place of Robt. Hamilton and Nellie Why, two characters well-known to the city police.

The two were found on the roadside just west of Lorne Park Sunday evening by Dr. Stuart, 197 Spadina Avenue, who was driving eastward from Oakville, where he had been spending the day.

Dr. Stuart, who was accompanied by a friend, saw the pair, whom he thought to be men, lying as in great distress. Walking over to them he found they were both unconscious. He was successful in reviving Hamilton for a short period, but not long enough to give any coherent story of the cause of their sufferings. In his dying rambles he spoke of having drank something and of having cramps in the stomach. Went to a farm house to obtain something to relieve him. He was given a quantity of electric oil, a portion of which the bottle lying beside him still contained.

While endeavoring to tell his story, the old man gradually sank and died. His companion, who proved to be a woman in male attire, died ten minutes later.

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[174] From In the Special Sessions. (1893, June 14). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.
[175] From THIS MORNING'S NEWS. (1894, May 17). *The Evening Mail* (Halifax, N.S.), p. 6.
[176] From AROUND THE WORLD. (1894, May 19). *The Herald* (Fredericton, N.B.), p. 2.
[177] From LIKE DOGS ON THE ROADSIDE. (1895, June 18). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 7.

County Constables Sharp and Shaver took possession of the bodies and notified Coroner Heggie, of Brampton.

Every circumstance pointed to death by poisoning. Both suffered intense agony before death, the man's tightly clenched hands showing that his sufferings were especially severe. Besides the bodies were found, in addition to the bottle containing electric oil, a bottle, the previous contents of which could not be ascertained at the time, and a number of old umbrellas and umbrella fixings. On the body was found a paper on which were written a number of addresses. On a letterhead of A. A. Alexander, hatter and furrier, 486 Queen Street, Toronto, was written this note:

"You miserable little cur; did you ever do any work for me that you did not get paid for? I will manage to get even with you for your action in this matter."

The name of William Garratt, 115 Palmerston Avenue, is attached. Twenty cents, which had been given him Saturday evening by a charitable villager, remained unspent.

A flask which had contained water and a small bag containing a few scraps of bread and meat were also found.

A search of the clothing worn by the woman revealed nothing. The bodies were moved to Port Credit, where a shed was turned into a temporary morgue.

A thorough inquiry in the neighborhood into the actions of the deceased during the 36 hours immediately preceding their death, leads to the belief that the unfortunates had become tired of existence, and, agreeing to die together, procured a quantity of poison and drank equally of it. Where they got the poison is a mystery. Their first appearance in the neighborhood was on Saturday evening, when they called at Hamilton's general store and asked for methylated spirits. Mr. Hamilton did not keep it in stock, and on being so informed the man asked to be directed to a drugstore. He was told that Cooksville was the nearest point at which he could procure the drug.

They called at several village houses soliciting alms, and about 9:30 stopped at the house of Mrs. Miller, half a mile west of the general store, and were given a drink of water. Mrs. Miller also filled the flask which the man produced from his coat pocket.

They were not seen again until Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, when the man called at the house of Samuel Brass, near where they died, and, complaining of severe cramps in the stomach, asked for something to relieve him.

"I have nothing but electric oil," said Mr. Brass.

"That will do; I will be glad to take anything," said Hamilton.

Five minutes later, Alexander Durie and his wife saw the man get over the fence just west of Lorne Park, and stooping over, take the head of the woman on his arm and endeavor to compel her to take the contents of a bottle which he held to her lips.

It is thought the poison had been previously taken, but the pain produced being greater than had been anticipated, brought the man to a realization of the consequences of their act, and sent him in search of a means of averting them.

That the woman feared death less than he was shown in her struggles to prevent the man from administering the medicine. Mrs. Bertie Albertson also passed a few moments later and saw them in the position in which they were when Mr. Durie drove by.

When the same lady returned from church, they were then lying outside the fence, having since managed to climb over. She passed close enough to them to hear the man say: "Emma, I am dying." "Oh, my God!" returned the woman, who then fell back as though she, too, were under the throes of death.

It was immediately after this Dr. Stuart arrived, as already described.

Dr. Heggie empaneled a jury at the town hall yesterday afternoon to hold the inquest. After taking the evidence of Constables Sharp and Shaver an adjournment was made till Thursday evening.

Dr. Heggie, Jr., of Brampton, and Oldright, of Toronto, held a post-mortem examination of the bodies last night.

The dead man is Robert Hamilton, and until recently he lived at 254 Victoria Street. He was a hatter by trade, but has been an umbrella mender and general tinker. At one time he was employed by Strachan & Hay, hat manufacturers, Esplanade. He was known to the police, having been arrested several times for drunkenness. He formerly lived in Hamilton, where his brother William now resides. He has a sister, a Miss Hamilton, who lives in Black Rock, near Buffalo, N.Y. She is supposed to be in easy circumstances, as she frequently supplied deceased with funds. He also has a nephew residing at Toronto Junction. He has a wife supposed to be living in Rochester, N.Y. On Saturday last he told persons in Toronto that he was going away, that he would first go to Hamilton to see his brother William, from whom he expected to raise some money; that he was going to take a woman with him, and would dress her as a boy, as it would be too much trouble for her to get along in women's clothes.

The woman is Nellie Why, who has been a source of trouble to the Toronto police for the past 15 years. She was arrested here about five weeks ago. She was once a mistress of the notorious Jim Daly, who is now serving a term in Kingston penitentiary, and previous to taking up with him consorted with Charlie Why, a well-known character who used to peddle pigs' feet around Toronto saloons. Her age was about 35, and the police state that she was one of the worst characters in Toronto. When last arrested she claimed to be an American by birth. She had been living with Hamilton for some time in different streets in the city.

"Stole a brother's clothes"[178] (Montreal, 1895)

It is seldom that the Police Court has so sad a case as the one on the list to-day, when a father appeared as prosecutor against his daughter, whom he charged with the theft of a quantity of clothing belonging to her brothers. The girl, whose name was Marie Louise Duchesne, daughter of Mr. Louis Duchesne, wept bitterly,

[178] From STOLE A BROTHER'S CLOTHES. (1895, June 28). *Montreal Daily Star,* p. 8.

but her tears had little effect, as it is not her first offence of this nature, and she served six months for masquerading in male attire.

The father stated that the girl went to his home at No. 83 Aylmer street, while he was engaged in his store, and stole the clothes, which she pawned. The girl pleaded not guilty, and will be tried on Wednesday.

"Alma Lavallee"[179] (Montreal, 1895)

In the Recorder's court yesterday a girl named Alma Lavallee was led weeping in before the Deputy Recorder in man's attire. She was arrested on Amherst Street by a constable whom she had asked for a match with which to light a cigarette which she held in her fingers. Her voice betrayed her in the first place and her figure in the second. Mr. Bourgouin inflicted a fine of $10 and costs or one month in jail on the new woman. She did not pay her fine.

"Both found guilty"[180] (Montreal, 1895)

The young woman, Annie Thomas, alias Mitchell, the woman arrested for masquerading in male attire on McCord Street, while in a state of intoxication, as already reported in the *Gazette*,[181] was brought before His Honor, the Recorder, on Saturday morning. As it was proved the prisoner had previously borne a good character, she was sentenced to one month in jail, and a fine of $10, or two months more.

"Mrs. May Murray"[182] (Hamilton, 1897)

Hamilton, Aug. 18 – Mrs. May Murray, of Bartonville, was arrested at 8:40 o'clock this evening by Sergt. Pinch on the charge of masquerading in male attire, she being caught at the corner of Jackson and Spring streets after a chase of a block or two. A man alleged to be her husband was with her when the sergeant put in an appearance, but he disappeared when the sergeant gave chase.

"The wages of sin"[183] (Rossland, 1899)

On Monday evening Alice Gordon donned male attire, and with three companions, started out to have a jolly time. The flowery path of pleasure traversed at an express train rate, and towards midnight the pace was furious, with Alice acting as the pace-maker. Chief Ingram appeared upon the scene and saw the situation at a

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[179] From A Girl in Male Attire. (1895, October 10). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.
[180] From BOTH FOUND GUILTY. (1895, November 11). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.
[181] I could not find the earlier report. -CW
[182] From WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHING. (1897, August 18). *Toronto Evening Star,* p. 3.
[183] From THE WAGES OF SIN. (1899, November 9). *Rossland Miner,* p. 1.

glance. Accordingly he gathered the masquerader Gordon in. She was in the police court yesterday to answer the charge of appearing in public with men's attire, which is contrary to the statutes. She pleaded guilty and was fined $25 by Judge Boultbee, which sum she paid.

"His customer was a woman"[184] (Montreal, 1906)

Marie Louise Labelle, forty-two years of age, was arrested last night in a saloon in Commissioner's street by Patrolman Guyon of the Central Police Station for masquerading in male attire. The garb of the woman attracted the attention of the bartender who served a glass of beer to her. At first he thought she was a Chinaman, but it suddenly dawned on him that his customer was a woman. The bartender called in Patrolman Guyon, who took the woman to police headquarters. She would give no information to Lieut. Holland concerning herself, or how long she had been wearing male attire. She gave her name as Marie Louise Labelle, and her age as forty-five, but beyond that would furnish no information to the police.

"Deliberate suicide"[185] (Hamilton, 1906)

Supposedly temporarily demented through ill health, or brooding over personal matters, Miss Eva May Harris, adopted daughter of William Jarvis, confectioner, 353 Burton Street East, made good her threat of a month ago to commit suicide, by drowning herself in the lake off Fitch's Hotel early Saturday morning. Circumstances point strongly to the theory of deliberate suicide, as the young woman settled up her affairs before leaving home.

It is a very pathetic case. Miss Harris, only 20 years of age, bore an exemplary character. She was of a quiet, retiring disposition. Years ago her parents died, and when she was a little tot, five years of age, she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis. She was employed in her benefactor's office and had a splendid home.

Lately, however, it was noticed she acted strangely. To the neighbors she confided she was not in good health, complaining of severe headaches. In fact, about one month ago, Miss Harris threatened to jump into the lake and take her life. About the same time she gave to her sister a bundle of old letters, which between three and four years ago, she had received from a schoolmate, now far away. In handing over the missives, she gave instructions that they were not to be opened unless something happened. In case something did happen, they were to be read and destroyed. Her headaches continued intermittently, and the young woman was brooding over her condition. On Thursday she went to the public library and procured a book on swimming.

On Friday night, according to the result of investigations made since the tragedy, the young woman closed up the work of a church organization of which she

[184] From CITY AND DISTRICT. (1906, February 21). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.
[185] From HER BODY WAS FOUND IN LAKE. (1906, July 3). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 3.

was secretary-treasurer and went to her room about 9:30. There were no lights on Barton Street for hours on Friday night, and the supposition is that in the dark she went to her foster brother's room and procured his coat and trousers. She was heard later in her room, and although she had acted strangely nothing was thought of it.

Mr. Jarvis remained in his store until 8:30 Saturday morning, and then went to bed. His son arose at the usual time, and went to call Miss Harris. She did not answer, and then it was found she had not slept in her bed. As the hours passed and she did not return, the confectioner became anxious and reported the matter to the police.

Early Saturday afternoon, about one quarter mile from Fitch's Hotel, the young woman's body was found floating by two ladies who were out for a row. It was not far from shore, and David Fitch and Joseph Lutz rowed out and brought it to shore. There were no marks of identification and it was not known who this girl in male attire was. The body was removed to Dodsworth's morgue and the police telephoned Mr. Jarvis. Relatives saw the body and identified it.

In the darkness Miss Harris had taken a pair of trousers and a coat, which she put on over her underclothes. There was a certain method in her madness, as this would enable her to walk t the beach. People would mistake her for a man and would not molest her, whereas the sight of a young woman walking along a lonely road in the darkness would probably lead to interference. After she donned the male attire, it was an easy matter for her to reach the street by the side entrance, on the door of which is a spring lock. She took care not to be seen by Mr. Jarvis. Out on the lonely street, she started on her long walk to the beach. She apparently followed the road to the filtering basin, where she took to the water, and, wading beyond her depth, was drowned. Her body had been in the water only a few hours when it was found. A string was tied to one of the buttons of the coat, which was buttoned up. This led to the belief that she had tied a stone to the string, but the more probable supposition is that she used the string to keep her unusual garments about her.

Coroner Thompson, of Stony Creek was notified, but he and Crown Attorney Washington decided it was a clear case of suicide.

Spoken to on Sunday, Mr. Jarvis told a reporter that he felt the young woman was temporarily deranged. He declared she took no powders or tablets for her headaches, and was firm in his statement that the letters had nothing to do with the rash act. He thought the letters were too old to have any influence on the girl's action, whereas the police say that one received a year ago gave Miss Harris the impression that the young man was growing indifferent to her.

What makes the case more sad is that Mrs. Jarvis is in Oklahoma, and the funeral arrangements will not be made until she returns. It is a very sad case, and to her and Mr. Jarvis the sympathy of all will be freely given.

"Regard their arrest as a joke"[186] (Montreal, 1907)

Two sisters, Elzina and Corinne Forgue, 23 and 27 years of age, were arrested in Montcal street at 11.45 o'clock last night by Constable Laverdrieux of the East Craig street police station, for masquerading in male attire, and being under the influence of liquor.

When brought to the East Craig street station they gave their address as 167 Montcal street, and Elzina, the younger, said she was the wife of Emile Trudel. When they were first brought into the presence of Lieut. Sullivan, he thought they were Chinamen.

The women seemed to regard their arrest as a joke, and told the police that they had been so very good for the first half of Lent that they "just had to go out on a good time."

They were sent to police headquarters to be put in the women's ward, and will be arraigned this morning before the Recorder's Court.

Unless friends come to their rescue this morning and bring their proper attire to police headquarters before the court opens, they will appear in the garb which led to their arrest.

"Female hold-up artist"[187] (New Westminster, 1907)

Annie Hooly, a negress arrested in Winnipeg a few days ago for holding up people on the streets, has a local record, and is well known to the police of Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane and several other cities. The woman is supposed to be the most dangerous colored female crook on the continent. She is at present waiting trial in Winnipeg.

In company with two men, one of whom claimed to be her husband, the woman, then known as Mary Turner, came to this city about three months ago from Montana, and was rushed out of town by the police. The party went over to Vancouver, where they soon got into trouble for stealing. The two men were convicted, but the woman became insane about this time, and was removed to the provincial asylum, where she remained until the day after her husband was liberated from the jail, when she escaped from the women's quarters, receiving outside assistance.

The occurrence book at the asylum gives the following details of her movements since her escape on May 28. Seen at Cloverdale at 5.45 a.m. the following morning, at Blaine on May 30, in Seattle the following day. Later she turned up at Spokane, where she served a month in jail for robbery, being sentenced on June 22. After her release she made her way to Winnipeg.

The negress had been operating in the prairie capital several weeks before she was capture, the police refusing to credit the stories of a female hold-up artist.

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[186] From CITY AND DISTRICT. (1907, March 8). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.

[187] From FEMALE HOLD-UP ARTIST HAD RECORD ON COAST. (1907, August 24). *Victoria Daily Colonist,* p. 5.

Sometimes the woman wore male attire while conducting her operations, on other occasions she disguised herself by wearing a thick fringe of false hair. In case any of her victims resisted, Annie Hooly would flash a murderous knife as an incentive to separating from the roll of greenbacks.

She is credited with having held up nearly fifty citizens in less than three weeks. She was formerly a snake charmer.

"Girls played footpads"[188] (Montreal, 1907)

In the Recorder's Court on Thursday a young man named Hugh Reid was tried on a charge of assault, preferred against him by three young lady friends. On Thanksgiving night these three dressed in male attire, blackened their faces, and started out for a frolic. Seeing Reid coming up a dark street they decided to make him believe they were holding him up. They grabbed him, but he did not catch on to the joke, and started defending himself with his fists, and gave one of the girls a black eye. The girls then started to explain who they were, but the damage was done. Reid pleaded not guilty to the charge. Reid admits that the girls were acquaintances of his, but claims they did the hold-up business so well that he did not recognize them.

"Hugger was a woman"[189] (Ottawa, 1909)

The Eastview Jack-the-Hugger has taken on a new aspect. "He" no longer has his alarming look which to the police and some of the officials of the village he at first had.

The change has been brought about by information which puts beyond a doubt that Jack-the-Hugger is none other than one of the married women of the village, who, dressed in man's attire, has been devoting time to surprising ladies as they come from the Ottawa cars at night.

"I guess we won't have any more hugging around here for a while," Reeve W. R. Cummings said when asked about the situation. "Newspapers gave the hugger such a scare that I don't think she will want to come back again."

Mr. Cummings alluded to the story which laid bare the scheme for a bold youth to assume the guise of the maiden and confront the offensive "hugger."

The whole plan of the vivacious woman was let out the other evening when, to escape detection, she took refuge in a friend's house. The hostess, of course, did not tell many about the escapades of her guest, but she told a few, and they, of course, told others, until the story reached the ears of the authorities. Now the husband of this young woman comes forward and has confirmed that Jack-the-Hugger was a woman.

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[188] From GIRLS PLAYED FOOTPADS. (1907, November 14). *Glencoe Transcript,* p. 3.
[189] From OTTAWA "HUGGER" WAS A WOMAN. (1909, November 23). *Moncton Transcript,* p. 1.

"Mildred Bontier"[190] (Edmonton, 1914)

Mildred Bontier, the young woman who escaped from the cells of the police station on the night of January 5th and who was again taken into custody Friday night by Deputy Chief of Police Davis, came up for trial today and was remanded until Wednesday. The police now believe that she had assistance in escaping from custody and in remaining hidden during the two weeks of her liberty, for during nearly all of that time she lived with friends at Battenburg and wore men's clothing in order that neighbors would not suspect that anything was wrong. Ostensibly a young man out from the city for a few weeks' shooting, she successfully remained concealed until last Friday, when the police received information which assisted them in tracing her to the house.[191]

The police believe that she was remaining in concealment until the search for her had somewhat abated, after which she intended to go to Toronto. When captured she had a complete outfit of boy's clothing.

In spite of all the efforts of the police to induce her to tell who assisted her, she steadfastly refuses to do so. Miss Bontier has now two charges against her – that of breaking custody as well as the original theft charge.

"Girls broke windows"[192] (Chatham, ON, 1926)

City police are investigating several cases of belated Hallowe'en pranks, which were staged last night by parties of younger girls dressed in male attire. Windows in a North Chatham garage and a residence were broken by the merry-makers.

"Nell Walker"[193] (Vancouver, 1928)

Seeing two persons, whom he thought to be men, in a doorway at Homer and Cordova streets shortly after 3:30 a.m. Sunday, Sergeant W. Shirley succeeded in capturing one of them and found that he had in custody a woman dressed in male attire. Taken to police headquarters, she gave her name as Nell Walker, 40, and her address as the Stirling Hotel. She is held for investigation.

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[190] From OUTSIDE ASSISTANCE. (1914, January 20). *Edmonton Daily Bulletin,* p. 9.

[191] "Mildred Bontier, who escaped from the city jail two weeks ago and was recaptured Saturday morning by Deputy Chief Davis and Detective Coleman, went around the country dressed as a man during the time she was a fugitive from justice. This information has been given to Deputy Chief Davis by the female prisoner herself and she said that during the time she was hiding in the Battenburg shack she often went out shooting dressed as a man and that other hunters always thought she was the sex represented by the clothes she wore." EVADES POLICE BY DONNING MALE ATTIRE. (1914, January 19). *Edmonton Journal,* p. 1.

[192] From Girls Broke Windows. (1926, November 3). *Kitchener Daily Record,* p. 15.

[193] From Woman Arrested Sunday Dressed in Male Attire. (1928, January 9). *The Province,* p. 20.

"Chased by police"[194] (Oakville, ON, 1920)

Chased by police in an automobile and a speed boat, six persons, among them two Hamilton girls disguised as men, were arrested here yesterday afternoon by Chief David Kerr and his officers as they jumped from a freight train at the station here. The girls were Isabel Schroder, King St. W., Hamilton, and another Hamilton girl, aged 14.

Notified by wire that ten persons were on the freight, Chief Kerr and his men left court, where he was giving evidence, and went to the station. As the train pulled in all ten dropped from the train and went north, with police in pursuit. Two were overtaken and captured, delaying the police in the chase, so a car was obtained and the chase started anew. The fugitives, however, turned along the banks of the Oakville creek, outwitting the car. Police then took to a speed boat, overtaking four of the gang in a short time. The other four made good their escape.

The four men arrested gave their names as Joseph Boyd, Niagara Falls; Bert Royonowski, Hamilton; John Davis, Oxford St., Hamilton, and Thomas Bartlett, Halifax, N.S.

When seen by *The Star* today in their cells, the two. Young girls appeared to be enjoying the lark, and were busy combing out their curls.

Chief Kerr ordered a substantial breakfast brought in for his prisoners from a nearby café. The menu consisted of egg sandwiches and coffee.

Apparently unperturbed by their adventures, the girls were singing some snappy dance tune, while one of them contentedly smoked a cigarette. They swept the floor and tidied the bed.

The Schroder girl told the chief that she had been out with Davis in Hamilton on Sunday night and they had met her mother, who promptly gave Davis a wound thrashing. The upshot of the affair was that they decided to run away. Hamilton police stated that Davis had planned similar ventures with girls before. The juvenile was accompanied by Bartlett, whom she said she had met in Hamilton.

Last night eh Schroder girl suffered an attack of hysteria and the chief called in Dr. J. H. Stead and the public health nurse to attend her.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the chief received a telegram from the conductor of the way freight at Burlington Junction informing him that there were ten or twelve passengers hiding in one of the box cars and that two of them were girls.

The chief was in court at the time, but, summoning the two constables, he rushed to the station here. The train ground to a stop, but the hoboes had apparently detected something was amiss and jumped out as the freight was slowing up. Scattering quickly, they made for the wooded section west of the station.

Constable Barnes managed to capture the juvenile almost immediately. She is alleged to have put up a fight, screaming and kicking. The others kept going. Constable Roser overhauled Royonowski.

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[194] From GIRLS IN MALE ATTIRE CAUGHT AT OAKVILLE. (1931, June 5). *Toronto Star,* p. 20.

Rushing the two prisoners to the police station, Chief Kerr jumped into Kemp's sea-boat [sic.] and tore up the river as far as the Old Mill. On sighting Boyd at the water's edge Kerr grounded the boat and gave chase. Bood was caught after a stirring foot race. Meantime Bartlett and Davis had also been taken into custody.

The Schroder girl was still at large and police were puzzled until a resident of Pine Ave. telephoned to the police station that a girl disguised as a man was acting suspiciously in the neighborhood. She had climbed up the almost perpendicular east bank of the river, coming out on to Dundas St.

Police found a light tweed overcoat and a red slicker belonging to the girls in the box car. There was a lunch in one of the pockets. A dress was found wrapped in the slicker.

"Gee, I wish you would give me more than that," smiled pretty Isobel Schroder when Magistrate McIlveen fined her $5 and costs or 15 days in jail on a vagrancy charge in police court today. She said she had no money and will be taken to the county jail at Milton. Her companion was allowed to return to her home in Hamilton in company with her father. She was quite defiant and expressed a desire to accompany the Schroder girl to jail. Her father wanted her sent to the reformatory, but was told to take the case to Hamilton.

Strutting out of the magistrate's office, she flung herself in a back seat of her father's car and promptly hoisted her feet on the back of the front seat.

The men captured at the same time were given the option of paying $1 and costs or 30 days. They took the 30 days.

Chief Kerr has found no trace of the other six hoboes who were riding in the box car at the time of the capture.

"To cash a cheque"[195] (Tillsonburg, ON, 1932)

Olive Kohl, aged 18 years, who has been acting as a housekeeper in Tillsonburg the last month, and James Scott, aged 20 years, Brantford, appeared before Magistrate Patterson Friday afternoon on charges of vagrancy, and were remanded to Woodstock until June 2. The girl, dressed in men's clothing, attempted, the police allege, to cash a cheque for $25 at the Royal Bank ,but payment was refused by the teller, who says he became suspicious. Her male companion waited outside the bank for her, the authorities say, and when bank employees noticed the girl enter a store nearby they telephoned a warning against cashing the cheque. Miss Kohl, the police say, acknowledged serving ten months in the Mercer Reformatory on a vagrancy charge from Simcoe two years ago, while Scott, it is declared by the officers, admitted serving time in 1929 for stealing a car, and was sentenced on a second charge of car stealing in Collingwood and served 18 months in Guelph. Chief of Police Reynolds made the arrests.

[195] From GIRL ARRESTED IN MALE ATTIRE. (1932, May 28). *Brantford Expositor,* p. 8.

"Breaking and entering"[196] (Toronto, 1935)

Dressed in men's clothing, Irene Crabtree, 19, appeared in county police court today charged with breaking and entering a home on Silverthorn Ave., York township, and stealing $22 in cash, was remanded until June 5. Unable to provide $500 bail, she was taken to the Don jail.

The girl, her counsel, Lewis Raxlen, said, was putout of her home last week by her father because she came in late at night. She determined to leave the city and "ride the rails" to Halifax, he stated.

She was arrested by police after she allegedly entered the Silverthorn Ave. house by breaking in at a side window. With her was a juvenile girl who, she told police, was "just a chum."

Irene refuse to speak to reporters. She was dressed in a red blazer over a blue windbreaker with navy blue trousers, black running shoes, and sockettes. A string of imitation pearls was around her neck, and a navy blue ribbon, tied in a bow, was in her jet black wavy hair. She stood with her head bowed before the court while the charge against her was read. Magistrate Davidson was not present and a remand was given by Clerk Brimston.

"Female pickpocket"[197] (Vancouver, 1946)

A [Black] girl in male attire was suspected of picking Pete Chewchuk's pocket Saturday night, in front of the victim's rooming house at 316 Powell. "She" got away with $20. Later, Chewchuk saw "her" enter rooms at 234 Powell, and his empty wallet was found in a washroom at that address.

"With an eight-inch knife"[198] (Winnipeg, 1947)

A 20-year-old girl whom police said "just doesn't like policemen" was remanded in city court today on charge of carrying an offensive weapon.

She was arrested last night by a constable after she had struck at him with an eight-inch knife when he tried to detain her for questioning.

Police said today that the girl, dressed in male clothing, had not intended to harm the constable but merely wanted to show "how tough she could be."

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[196] From GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE FACES THEFT CHARGE. (1935, June 1). *Toronto Star,* p. 1.
[197] From FEMALE PICKPOCKET. (1946, August 26). *The Province,* p. 8.
[198] From Girl Shows Policeman 'How Tough' She Is. (1947, September 19). *The Albertan,* p. 1.

"Shoplifting"[199] (Montreal, 1952)

A 27-year-old woman, dressed as a man, was arrested by police on a charge of shoplifting yesterday.

Officials of a downtown department store notified police they were holding a man who they alleged was stuffing jewelry into a shopping bag.

When the accused was taken to police headquarters police discovered the suspect was a woman, dressed in a man's black shoes, grey suit, white shirt and bow tie. Her black hair was cut in male fashion.

[199] From Dressed As Man, Woman Arrested. (1952, December 9). *Evening Times-Globe* (Saint John, N.B.), p. 1.

Vagrants and Hoboes

"Lillie Davies"[200] (Ottawa, 1888)

Lillie Davies, an 18-year-old damsel, who hails from Rochester, N.Y., and whom the police have been looking for the past week for masquerading in male attire, was arrested by a detective at Hamilton and yesterday sentenced to 23 months in the Mercer Reformatory as a vagrant.

"Marie Louise Labelle"[201] (Montreal, 1906)

Marie Louise Labelle, charged with vagrancy, appeared in private yesterday before Mr. Recorder Porter and sentence was suspended.[202]

The accused, who is forty-two years of age, was arrested last night in a saloon on Commissioners Street, by Patrolman Guyon, as she was masquerading in male attire. The garb of the woman attracted the attention of the bartender, who served her a glass of beer, and who first took her for a Chinaman. It soon dawned on him, however, that his customer was a woman, and he called in Patrolman Guyon, who took the woman to police headquarters.[203]

"West in the freight train"[204] (Toronto, 1923)

Floyd Franklin and Dorothy Jones pleaded guilty to a charge of trespassing on the property of the C.P.R. at the foot of Simcoe Street. The girl was attired in male clothes when they were apprehended and they stated that they had intended beating their way west in the freight train. Dr. Patterson fined Franklin $10 and costs and remanded Dorothy Jones for sentence until August 20.

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[200] From Canadian Briefs. (1888, May 8). *Ottawa Evening Journal,* p. 3.

[201] From Woman Dressed in Male Attire. (1906, February 22). *Montreal Star,* p. 3.

[202] Marie Louise Labelle died "In Montreal, on 5th March, 1915, at the age of 51years, 11 months, […] wife of Francois Boucher, coachman." DEATHS. (1915, March 8). *Montreal Star,* p. 3.

[203] "Marise Louise Labelle, 42 years of age, who was arrested on Tuesday night in a saloon in Commissioners Street, for masquerading in male attire, was arraigned before Mr. Recorder Poirier yesterday morning. The woman explained that she had only "dressed up" as a joke, and had no intention of doing anything wrong. She was allowed off on suspended sentence." WOMAN SAID IT WAS A JOKE. (1906, February 22). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 3.

[204] From MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE LAID AGAINST AUTOIST. (1923, August 13). *Toronto Star,* p. 2.

"Girl hobo on probation"[205] (Amherstburg, ON, 1923)

Helen Jacques, 17-year-old "girl hobo," received a suspended sentence and was placed on probation for two years today when she appeared before Magistrate McCormick charged with the theft of a diamond ring. Helen has doffed her boys' clothing, which she wore while working in a barber shop in Amherstburg, and appeared in court in more suitable garb. The Magistrate passed sentence, and ordered Helen to keep out of Amherstburg henceforth.

"Turned back by the U.S."[206] (Niagara Falls, 1924)

Anna Jones, twenty-five-year-old colored woman, was taken into custody at the Upper Bridge by City Police Officer John Hughes at two-thirty o'clock this morning, when she was turned back by the U.S. Immigration official. Ann was attired in male garb and was reluctant to tell anything concerning her acquaintances in Bangor, Maine, where she said she resided before coming to Canada. Her story is that she left the United States two weeks ago and since then has visited St. John's, N.B., Toronto, and other places. According to her statement she came to Niagara Falls last Thursday and had been sleeping out of doors, in the vicinity of the Hydro camps at Queenston. Twenty-five cents was all the money she had on her at the time of arrest. A wig, another suit of clothes, and an old plush coat were in a suitcase. Mr. C. E. Willox of the Immigration Department questioned the woman, but only learned that she had been born at Calais, Maine, and lived recently at Bangor. Magistrate Fraser committed her to Welland jail for thirty days on a charge of vagrancy, and in the meantime efforts will be made to have her deported. She told the Police officers that she had been in jail before.

"From place to place on trains"[207] (Regina, 1925)

Erma Jones, 18, who said she ran away from Arnprior, Ont., six weeks ago, and her cousin, Ernest Isbister, of Humboldt, Saskatchewan, are in jail serving seven months' imprisonment after she left her grandmother's home to come west.

Isbister and she met on July 1, and started out together. They have been beating their way from place to place on trains; have broken into various stores in at least five towns; have broken arrest twice and have been living outdoors under whatever temporary shelter they could make.

At Wakaw, the provincial police chief, becoming suspicious of them, conducted a search through the railway yards. Isbister sprang on him from a box car and hit him over the head with a stick. The constable quelled him by a show of revolver, and

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[205] From GIRL HOBO ON PROBATION. (1923, November 1). *Niagara Falls Review,* p. 1.
[206] From Colored Woman in Male Attire. (1924, August 18). *Niagara Falls Review,* p. 4.
[207] From ARNPRIOR GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE. (1925, August 19). *Kingston Daily Standard,* p. 1.

then another figure crawled from the car. This was the girl, dressed as a man. Both were taken into custody and sentenced for vagrancy and resisting arrest. It is probable that charges of theft will be laid against them subsequently, and the man also has to answer charges of assault and breaking custody.

"Living the life of a hobo"[208] (Port Arthur, ON, 1928)

Picked up by C. P. R. police while masquerading as a man and living the life of a hobo along the line in company with a male companion, a girl giving her name as Bernice Burk, of Winnipeg, and 20 years old, was sentenced in police court here on Saturday for six months for vagrancy. The man, Maurice Doyle, of Montreal, was similarly sentenced.

"From the head of the lakes"[209] (Port Arthur, ON, 1930)

The harvest of "hoboes" gathered in by the railway police today was varied by inclusion of three young girls who are described as having been residents of Fort William. They were picked up on a train at White River, masquerading in male attire and told a story of having beaten their way from the head of the lakes. Magistrate Depew sentenced them to thirty days in jail. Their ages are 15, 17 and 10.

"From Montreal to Calgary"[210] (Calgary, 1931)

A nineteen-year-old Scottish lass, who had traveled in box cars from Montreal to Calgary in eight days, faced Mrs. Alice J. Jamieson, magistrate of the women's police court, Saturday morning, clad in the first female attire she has worn for more than a week.

Her name was Elizabeth McWhinne, and her parents lived in Scotland, she told Mrs. Jamieson. The case was remanded until Monday in order that she might be assisted to Vancouver, where she said she was going to stay with relatives.

The girl, in male attire, could readily have passed as a boy. She answered the magistrate's questions in a deep, resonant voice that might easily have belonged to a lad. A shock of straw-colored hair and a pair of thin horn-rimmed spectacles aided the appearance of masculinity. When she was arrested she was in a box car with a number of men.

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[208] From Girl in Male Attire Is Held As Vag. (1928, Nov. 26). *Border Cities Star,* p. 15.

[209] From Three Girls in Male Attire Gathered in By Railway Police at White River, Ont. (1930, September 2). *Manitoba Free Press,* p. 1.

[210] From GIRL ARRESTED IN BOX CAR TO BE SENT TO FRIENDS AT COAST. (1931, June 27). *Calgary Herald,* p. 13.

"Joining her former sweetheart"[211] (Moncton, 1931)

Donning a man's clothing and joining her former sweetheart who had been made jobless by the depression seemed to solve the home-going problem for a Toronto young woman, who was in Saint John and "homesick." But she forgot to take into consideration the vigilance of Moncton police in their campaign to rid the city of "hoboes" and as a result she and her companion are at city police headquarters charged with trespassing on railway property. They will appear in court this morning to face the same charge about fifty men have faced here during the past three days.

According to the story told police this particular young woman resided formerly in Toronto, but some six months ago went to Saint John, where relatives reside, and obtained work in a hotel there. Finding she was unable to obtain enough money to purchase her fare back home, she left the hotel position for a similar one in a restaurant there, but her savings failed to show any appreciable increase.

So it developed that when her sweetheart from Toronto met her a day or two ago, she decided to don man's clothing and together they would "beat" their way home. The plan worked well until they stepped off a C.N.R. train here yesterday afternoon. They were promptly taken into custody by a C.N.R. police officer.

The young woman is about twenty-one years of age and after being given the opportunity to change the rough togs in which she was traveling, for her own gowns which she is carrying with her, presented a more attractive appearance.

"Sharp eyes"[212] (Ingersoll, ON, 1933)

Constable Martin Lang is well up on his anatomy. He's difficult to fool. His suspicions were aroused when he saw what appeared to be three strange young lads loitering about the business section at an early hour this morning. On crossing the street he knew his hunch had been a good one. One of the "lads" was a girl in male attire.

"I knew it the minute I spotted you," said the officer as he placed the 16-year-old lady in the cells for the night. She left Kitchener yesterday morning, intending to go to Normandale to a camp, but got in with two London youths and had joined them in a "thumbing" expedition into this part of Western Ontario. She's being held for advices from Kitchener. Copious tears streamed down her comely face this morning when police suggested breakfast. She had only an apple or two since leaving home yesterday morning.

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[211] From YOUNG WOMAN IN MALE ATTIRE FOUND AMONG WAYFARERS. (1931, August 28). *Moncton Daily Times,* p. 8.

[212] From Has Sharp Eye. (1933, August 4). *Border Cities Star,* p. 11.

"Stealing a ride on a train"[213] (Toronto, 1934)

Looking like a husky lumberman, Barbara Westwood, aged 19, was in Saturday's police court charged with stealing a ride on a train. She pleaded guilty and was remanded until March 9. In the meantime her relatives in Vancouver will be communicated with. James Chisholm, her elderly companion, was given five days in jail. The girl was in male attire.

"She came from Toronto"[214] (Hamilton, 1935)

A girl, attired in men's clothing, and giving her name as Mazie Ferguson, was arrested and is being held on a vagrancy charge. She said she came from Toronto.

"Patricia Blake"[215] (Regina, 1939)

Drinking down by the railway tracks accounted for most of the docket in city police court, Tuesday. Dennis Moore and John Patrick Casey, transients, were cautioned for being drunk but their companion in men's clothes, Patricia Blake, was sentenced to 30 days in jail for vagrancy.

"The matrons scoffed"[216] (Montreal, 1939)

Talk about red face: last night police arrested a prisoner whom they thought was a woman dressed in male attire. Off to the women's jail they went. The matrons scoffed. So back to headquarters went the prisoner for the night. Today, "he" was identified in court as Gerryline Anderson, 21, a girl. She pleaded guilty to a charge of vagrancy and was ordered to stand trial next month.

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[213] From HUSKY B.C. GIRL. (1934, March 5). *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 11.
[214] From GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE. (1935, February 11). *Kitchener Daily Record,* p. 8.
[215] From Woman in Male Attire Goes to Jail. (1939, June 27). *Regina Leader-Post,* p. 3.
[216] From GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE. (1939, November 30). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 18.

"Do you know?"[217] (Edmonton, 1914)

Who gives the orders as to whom the police should arrest?
The other night they stopped a girl, whose "crime" was that she dressed
In male attire, and just for fun, went out upon parade,
And just for this, locked up all night, within a cell she stayed.

Last Monday morning, as I walked down Jasper Avenue,
Near the east end, a sick'ning sight was thrust upon my view.
Supported by a lamp post, and surrounded by a crowd,
A "lady" (?) stood, with painted face, and costume known as "loud."

'Twas evident she had imbibed much more than she could stand,
But, she was not arrested, tho' a patrol was at hand.
She staggered up towards the west, and it grieves me to tell,
That policeman looked on, whilst she, reeled into an hotel.

Why should one man arrest a girl, for just a harmless jest,
And why should one make no attempt to stop a shameless pest?
These are two questions which I asked, without any replies,
Which makes me wonder if police are paid to close their eyes.

[217] From TOUCHANDGO. (1914, April 7). "DO YOU KNOW?" *Edmonton Bulletin,* p. 4.

Henrietta Noval

"One of the most revolting cases"[218] (Montreal, 1876)

A young girl, dressed in male attire, was yesterday arrested in Lachine by Detective Fahey. A morning paper relates the following story, which has rather too much the flavor of romance about it to be received as truth, without some further corroboration:-"

Franky's story is a most horrible one, and, if true, of which there is little doubt, reveals one of the most revolting cases of ill-treatment on record, and that is saying a good deal just now in this city. It appears that the correct name of the young girl is Henrietta Noval, and she is a native of St. Francis, a short distance from Quebec. She is an orphan, only 16 years of age, and a short time ago, after the death of her parents, went to New Hampshire on a visit to her sister. Here she worked in one of the cotton mills for a time, but longing for her native land, she eventually started for Canada. She endeavored to obtain employment as a domestic at Point Clare, but failing, journeyed on to Montreal, arriving about the 30th August.

She went from door to door, asking employment as a domestic, and was finally taken in by a female friend, who told her she was in need of a servant. The poor girl suspected nothing, except that she had found a home in a family which, judging from the luxuriant surroundings, might be one of the first in the city, but her bright visions of future happiness were soon changed to remorse and longings for death.

After partaking of a good repast, in company of several "ladies," she was conducted to a sparsely furnished apartment and stripped of all her clothing. What followed during the six following days is too horrible to relate. The poor girl says she resisted the approaches of male fiends with might and main, but no aid was near.

Whilst she remained vicious, no food was given her, and she eventually made up her mind "to be good" and watch her chances. The fiends of the house thinking her subdued, after three days' misery, or rather brutal torture, allowed her to parade around the house, but did not allow her clothes. She had to clothe herself in her bed quilt. On the night of September 5th, hearing parties leave an adjoining room, she entered, and found what she had long hoped to find – clothing – it was not of the kind suitable for her sex. That, however, was of little consequence to her, and she attired herself in a pair of men's pantaloons, a linen coat, a straw hat and a pair of boots, large enough for a dozen feet the size of hers. After she was attired she cut off her hair, which, she says, was very long, and then, going to the window, opened it and jumped out on to a shed, about seven feet below, and then climbed over a wall and into the street. During that night she hid away in alleyways, and, when morning came, wandered about the city until the stores opened.

When taken into the infamous den she had money, which the fiends placed in a bureau drawer in the room in which she was imprisoned. She did not forget this in her flight. When the stores opened she purchased underclothing and put it on in the

[218] From A STRANGE STORY. (1876, September 29). *Montreal Star,* p. 1.

outskirts of the city. She then went to a barber shop and had her hair "trimmed" – the very word she used – and walked, she knew not whither.

She escaped from her prison on the night of the 5th, and on the afternoon of the 6th accosted a gentleman in Lachine and asked him if he could give her a job. In answer to questions, "Frank" said he (she) could do anything. Becoming interest with the frank and manly address of "the little fellow," the gentleman in question took him (her) to Mr. Gariepey, and from that time "Frank" was engaged to do chores around Mr. G.'s store and on the section of the Lachine canal which he has under construction.

No one ever suspected "Franky" was "Henrietta," so boyish was she in appearance, though so effeminate in address. Her effeminacy often caused remark, but never aroused suspicions, nor ever would have, but for a fact terrible to think of, but which cannot be mentioned, except that almost simultaneously with Fahey's suspicions, a kind Christian lady who had made a discovery, set to work in the interest of the poor creature she had known as "Frank." Fahey's suspicions were verified by this lady's discovery, and caused the detective to act.

Henrietta was brought to the city by the evening train, and though suffering from disease of the most revolting nature, Dr. Picault, who was called in to see her, refused to give a certificate to enable the poor creature to get into the General Hospital for treatment. At nine o'clock last evening she was caged in one of the loathsome cells at the Central Police Station, but was made as comfortable as possible with the appliances at the command of the police. Detective Fahey, not satisfied with Dr. Picault's certificate, was taking other steps to get the girl into the hospital.

"Henrietta identified them all"[219] (Montreal, 1876)

Detectives Fahey and Riche, on information received from Joe Vincent, proceeded yesterday to Barrack Street, and arrested the following persons in a house of ill-fame: Joseph Denis, the keeper of the house; Albina Labelle, 28, his wife; Joseph Brazeau, 18, laborer; Amanda Perrault, 25; Matilda Miller, 22; Amanda Laurin, 23; Margaret Charbonneau, 22, and Marie Louise Charbonneau, 29.

The last-named was arrested in another house in the same street, and stated that she remembered Henrietta Noval coming to the house in search of employment; witness advised the keeper not to allow the newcomer to remain in the house as it might bring trouble to them all, upon which she was told to shut up, and not interfere. The witness then left the house and went to board next door.

On being brought face to face with the prisoners Henrietta identified them all, and pointed out Joseph Brazeau as the one who had, at the instigation of Mrs. Labelle, aided in affecting her ruin. A charge of seduction will be brought against Joseph Denis and Joseph Brazeau, and one of accessory before the fact against Mrs. Denis. The victim is in the General Hospital.

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[219] From IMPORTANT ARRESTS IN THE CASE OF HENRIETTA NOVAL. (1876, September 30). *Montreal Star,* p. 1.

"Had to be dropped"[220] (Montreal, 1876)

Henrietta's story was discounted and the charges altered, without satisfactorily addressing many of her claims.

Albina Labelle, keeper of a house of ill-fame, and the girls Perrault, Miller and Larin, inmates of the same, were brought before Mr. Brehaut, Police Magistrate, for examination in connection with the recent alleged outrage on the girl, Henrietta Noval.

The complainant having arrived from the General Hospital, was sworn, and related her story, which, as a matter of fact, fails to prove that she had been the unwilling victim of a diabolical outrage. On the night that she had submitted she gave as an excuse for consenting that the mistress of the house had told her that there was a *voyageur* in the house, and that she would have to share her room with him as there was no accommodation in the house. Therefore, not to displease her mistress, she consented, and the case, which our morning contemporary, not the *Gazette,* made a first-class sensation, has dwindled to *une affaire sale,* with no redeeming feature about it.

The miserable object of the sensation is a stout, dark-haired, dark-eyed countryfied looking girl, by no means good-looking, evidently of Indian extraction, and of very masculine appearance. When dressed in men's clothes she would easily be taken for one of the sterner sex.

The charge, as first laid, had to be dropped, and a new charge substituted, the complainant this time being Detective Fahey. He stated that the defendants were loose, idle and disorderly persons, ,and the mistress, Albina Labelle, was fined $30 or three months, and the girls $10 or one month. Joseph Brazeau and Joseph Davis, who were connected with the above *fiasco,* were condemned as vagrants, the former to $6 or 20 days, the latter to $8 or one month.

[220] From THE ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON A YOUNG GIRL. (1876, September 30). *Montreal Star,* p. 3.

Clara Wortman

"Salisbury's missing girl"[221] (New Brunswick, 1891)

Moncton, N. B., June 15 – Clara Wortman, Salisbury's missing girl, has been found, dressed in boy's clothing, working as a farm hand in Kings county. Reports have been in circulation for some days that a strange looking boy dressed in ill-fitting clothes and with hair roughly cut had been seen at various points along the Intercolonial railway, between Salisbury and Sussex. Yesterday morning J. E. Foster, of Salisbury, drove to Penobsquis and about two miles below the station found Clara working as a farm hand with Byron McLeod. She had been there a week. She did not say much, but alleged that she was dissatisfied with things at home. She was dressed in a pair of pants and [a] coat belonging to her brother. Her own clothing, a pair of scissors and a looking-glass were found near her home in the woods, where she had cut her own hair and changed her make-up. The first day she worked on the farm at Penobsquis she helped to load twenty loads of manure and was afterwards set to hoeing potatoes.

"The mystery unveiled"[222] (New Brunswick, 1891)

A Moncton despatch of yesterday states that Clara Wortman, the missing Salisbury girl, has been found, but not in the woods. Between 200 and 300 men have been tramping the woods around her home for over a week without getting the slightest trace of her, and latterly suspicions have been around that she was not in the woods at all, but had run away from home. This proves correct, though it is said the girl had no reason for going away.

It has been learned that a boy dressed in ill-fitting clothes stopped a few days ago at the house of Byron Freeze of Penobsquis, a relative of the Wortman family. Mr. Freeze did not know at the time that Clara was missing, but since hearing of the fact, this suspicion was aroused on account of some enquiries made by the boy in regard to the Wortman family.

The clue was followed up and Clara was found working as a farm laborer on the farm of Byron McLeod, near Penobsquis. She was wearing her brother's clothes and the name she gave was that of a hero of a story she took with her when she started for school on Monday of last week. It is supposed the girl's head was turned by reading trashy stories. There is great indignation among the hundreds of men who have been searching the woods for her, large parties having gone from Moncton, Petitcodiac and other places to assist the residents of the district.

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[221] From In Male Attire. (1891, June 19). *The Listowel Banner,* p. 1.
[222] From THE MYSTERY UNVEILED. (1891, June 13). *The Herald* (Moncton, N.B.), p. 2.

"The exploit"[223] (New Brunswick, 1891)

The exploit of the Salisbury, N. B. girl, Clara Wortman, who was supposed to be lost in the woods, and had between two and three hundred men searching for her for a week, must have proved very trying to the tempers of her friends.

The young woman was not lost, but had donned male attire and hired out as a laborer on the farm of Byron McLeod, near Penobsquis. She had been reading trashy stories, which excited her mind, and she assumed the name of the hero of one of the books. Miss Wortman appears to stand badly in need of correction – a sound spanking would be likely to remove all further desire for romance of the kind she has just been indulging in.

The rage of the searchers must have been unbounded when the girl turned up all right. Parents should have some oversight over the literature allowed their children, but in many cases the mothers at least, if not the fathers, are just as fond of sensational stories as the children are.

[223] From The exploit. (1891, June 19). *The Critic* (Halifax, N.S.), p. 4.

Clara Ford

"Is she Frank Westwood's slayer"?[224] (Toronto, 1894)

Clara Ford, a mulatto, who has been employed as a tailoress with Samuel Barnett, 154 York-street, off and on for the past eight months, and who has boarded for that period in the adjoining house, 152 York-street, with Mrs. John Dorsay, was arrested last evening on a charge of being the murderess of Frank Westwood, who was shot down at the door of his father's house, at the foot of Jameson Avenue, on Saturday night, Oct. 6.

The girl gives her age as 33 years, but looks more like 25. She is best described as a "yaller" girl, and would almost pass for a white woman. She was born and raised in this city, and until two years ago lived with Mrs. McKay, a white woman, in a cottage in rear of the Salvation Army Industrial Home, which immediately adjoins the Westwood residence on the north. Early in 1892 the cottage was converted into a stable, and Mrs. McKay and Clara went to live at 107 Fern Avenue. Mrs. McKay was removed to the Home for Incurables, where she died, and Clara continued to live in the house alone, and rumor did not give her a good reputation. Even then she is supposed to have been addicted to parading in male attire and carrying a revolver, as frequent complaints were made to the police that a colored girl in male garb had stopped different young women in the streets. About this time Clara disappeared, and it has been ascertained that she went to Manitoba, returning about eight months ago, when she went to board at Mrs. Dorsay's, 152 York Street, where she has resided ever since, working at her trade as a tailoress in the various Hebrew tailor shops in the vicinity. When her room was searched, after her arrest, a suit of men's clothing, several men's white shirts and a 38-calibre revolver, with two empty chambers, were found.

THE FIRST CLUE

Detectives Slemin and Porter never ceased working on the case since the shot was fired. Three weeks ago a pointer was obtained through words dropped in conversation by a woman. Then the officers went on a still-hunt for Clara Ford, but not until yesterday did they succeed in locating her.

THE ARREST

At 4.30 yesterday afternoon Detectives Slemin and Porter entered the store of Samuel Barnett, 154 York Street, and enquired the name of a young girl who was working at a sewing machine. When told it was Clara Ford, one of the detectives said:

"The Inspector of Detectives wishes to see you at headquarters."

"All right," replied Clara, "I will go with you. Wait till I go upstairs and get my things on."

"No; we will go with you," was the reply, and Clara, accompanied by the detectives, went upstairs to the room occupied by the girl in Mrs. Dorsay's boarding

[224] From IS SHE FRANK WESTWOOD'S SLAYER. (1894, November 21). *Toronto World,* p. 1.

house adjoining. There they found a 38-calibre revolver with two chambers discharged and a full suit of men's clothing, besides two men's shirts.

They escorted the girl to Headquarters, where she was told the charge upon which she had been arrested. She received the intelligence very cooly. She was afterwards interviewed by Inspector Stark, and as a result of the interview was locked up and a charge of murder registered against her.

MRS. DORSAY'S STORY

When The World saw Mrs. Dorsay at an early hour this morning she was not aware upon what charge Clara had been arrested. She was told that it was upon suspicion of murdering Frank Westwood.

"Oh! My God!" she cried, "It's not true! It can't be. She was an industrious, hard-working girl, and never went out at nights."

Mrs. Dorsay knew very little of the antecedents of Clara, except that she was an orphan with one sister. She was born and raised in Toronto, but both her parents have been dead for some years. Some time ago she went to Manitoba, returning eight months ago. Since her return she has boarded with Mrs. Dorsay, working for the greater part of that time with Mr. Barnett. Mrs. Dorsay could not tell from memory what time of night Clara returned to her boarding house on Saturday, October 6, the evening Frank Westwood was shot, but was sure she couldn't have been out till 11.30 o'clock.

"I don't give my boarders latch keys," said Mrs. Dorsay emphatically, "but let them in myself. Clara always came in between 9 and 10 o'clock, and if she came in that night late, I certainly would have remembered it."

ALWAYS CARRIED A REVOLVER

"There's nothing in the finding of the revolver," continued Mrs. Dorsay. "Clara owned that revolver. I've seen it often. She always carried it when she went out nights to protect herself, and slept with it under her pillow."

She also wore men's clothes sometimes. She was very masculine, and frequently went out in male attire, often wearing a pair of men's pants under her dress.

"During the eight months she has been with me she has worked for different Hebrew tailors in York St. I have never heard her talk much about the Westwood case, but of course she discussed it, as the rest of us did."

HER EMPLOYER

Samuel Barnett, the girl's employer, also said that Clara was steady and industrious.

"She had worked for me on three different occasions during the past eight months," said Mr. Barnett, "coming here the last time on Saturday, Sept. 15. Since then she has been working continuously, often until 9 and 10 o'clock at night. I am sure she worked on the day of the Westwood shooting, and also the Monday following, because I remember her remarking that morning, when we were reading the account of the shooting, that 'it wouldn't be safe for anyone to go to the door after this.' She never spoke much to the other girls, but attended to her work. Her little 14-year-old sister used to come and see her occasionally; and once when she came at night Clara

told her never to do it again, that it was not safe to go along York Street nights, and always to come in the day-time. We have been very busy of late, working nights, and Clara has always been here. Only this afternoon she said, 'I guess we'll have to work on Thanksgiving Day and try to catch up, but I don't mind.'"

When the detectives took Clara away they did not inform Barnett as to the crime with which she was charged, and he knew nothing of the suspicion against her that she was the murderess of Frank Westwood until told by The World. There were several tailoresses in the shop at the time, and they were dumbfounded. The girl had certainly made no confidant of any of them, nor let drop anything that would lead them to suspect her in connection with the tragedy.

FRANK KNEW THE GIRL

Ed. Lennox, poor Frank Westwood's chum, told The World last night that he used to live about two years ago at the rear of the Clarks' home, on Jameson Avenue. He believed Frank Westwood knew her also by sight, but he could not ay whether Frank had an intimate acquaintance with her.

THE EVIDENCE TO DATE

The evidence upon which the young mulatto was arrested is briefly as follows:

The girl lived for a long time in the immediate vicinity of the Westwood place, and was consequently familiar with that locality. She is known to have been acquainted with Frank Westwood; two witnesses swear to having seen her on more than one occasion prowling in Jameson Avenue in male attire, and her landlady says she was in the habit of going on the streets dressed in men's clothes; a 38-calibre revolver, the same sized weapon with which Frank Westwood was killed, was found in her room with two chambers discharged, and it is known that she carried it with her when she went out, as she said, "to protect herself."

THE THEORY OF THE TRAGEDY

The theory of the detectives is that the girl deliberately killed young Westwood for revenge. That it is the old story, but with a different ending. They were working on the hypothesis that when Clara Ford lived in Mrs. McKay's cottage, which was only a few yards distant from the Westwood house, she and Frank were intimate. Then the girl disappeared, and according to the story told to Mrs. Dorsay she had been in Manitoba until she arrived at the York Street boarding house eight months ago. Since then, they believe, she has been plotting the crime which was carried into effect on Oct. 6.

She has short curly hair, and, dressed in men's clothes, would readily pass for a young man, as she has a masculine walk and carriage. Her presence in the vicinity of the Westwood home thus attired would indicate that she was watching for a favorable opportunity to carry her design into effect, and finally hit upon the expedient of calling the young man to the door, having first watched the family retire upstairs.

Her escape is easily accounted for. Familiar with the locality, she could readily have run from the front door across the Westwood lawn to Hawthorne Street, a fence a foot high alone dividing the street from the grounds. She would emerge just about

the spot where Mrs. McKay's cottage stood, and could cut across the vacant land to Victoria Crescent and easily escape.

Whether or not Frank Westwood knew who it was who shot him, and went to the grave with the secret locked in his breast is, of course, unknown. If he did, and Clara Ford shot him, this may explain his remarks in his ante-mortem statement that "Mum's the word," and "You can't pump me."

"Immediately changed it"[225] (Toronto, 1894)

TORONTO, November 21. – Clara Ford, arrested last night on the suspicion of being the slayer of Frank Westwood, was arraigned in the Police court this morning. When asked what she pleaded she said, to the astonishment of all around her, "Guilty," but immediately changed it, as if she had made a slip, to one of "Not guilty." The case was remanded for a week at the request of the Crown.

Clara Ford is probably a mulatto, though she has herself claimed to be of Spanish extraction, and her age is given as thirty-two years. She was apprehended yesterday afternoon at a quarter to 4 o'clock by Detectives Slemin and Porter in the shop of a Jewish tailor named Samuel Barnett, at 154 York street. She made no attempt at resistance, and quietly walked over with Slemin and Porter to the offices of the detective department, where she was detained for several hours before she was finally and formally charged with the awful crime of murder.

During this time she was questioned upon many of the points bearing upon the case, and further steps were taken to verify or disprove the belief that it was she who shot down Westwood. The officers found that she had been working in the capacity of tailoress with Barnett, and that she had rented, and was occupying, a room in the upper storey of the same premises. This was searched, and two most remarkable discoveries made. In the first place a "bull-dog" revolver, a six-shooter of 38 calibre, was found there with two chambers empty and four loaded. It was with a 38-calibre revolver that young Westwood was shot. And in the second place a suit of male attire was also found, and it must be admitted that, taken in conjunction with the information gathered by the detectives, these form exceedingly startling features of the case, although the prisoner may be able to give a satisfactory account of why she possessed both.

The strangest part of the case is that pertaining to the motive which impelled the woman, as it is alleged, to commit the crime. She had been masquerading in male attire in Parkdale during the summer, and knew young Westwood well. It was simply a passing acquaintance, and he, no doubt, recognized her in her strange garb. Some time before the shooting a paragraph appeared in the newspapers stating that a young woman had been seen in Parkdale masquerading in man's clothing, and a description was given, which to some extent corresponded with the clothing worn by the prisoner. It is said that she accused young Westwood of giving her away, and was very indignant over the affair. If the police theory of the crime be correct this is the

[225] From IS SHE WESTWOOD'S SLAYER. (1894, November 22). *Montreal Gazette,* p. 1.

only motive for the deed. Many doubted the story told by young Westwood to the effect that he did not recognize the assailant in the darkness, but if the woman Ford is, as the police claim, guilty, his story will bear the closest scrutiny.

Edward Lennox, who was Frank Westwood's bosom chum, was asked last evening if he knew anything of the girl, and replied that he had known her some time ago, but only slightly, and he was quite sure Frank was not intimately acquainted, or had ever had anything to do with her, though he had probably just known her to speak to.

That the police attach the greatest importance to the arrest goes without saying, and that it appears to justify their original theory, to which they have tenaciously held from the start, viz., that there was a woman at the bottom of the mystery, is also evident. It will be noticed that the ante-mortem statement of the murdered youth, that his assailant wore a black fedora hat and dark clothes, but that he did not recognize him, fits the conditions of the present case.

"Clara has confessed"[226] (Toronto, 1894)

Clara Ford, the mulatto tailoress, murdered Frank Westwood. To Inspector Stark and to Sergeant Detective Reburn she made a full confession of her guilt.

The extent and nature of the confession will be made public when the preliminary trial takes place on the 29th inst.

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS

There were some interesting developments yesterday. The girl was arraigned in the Police Court and pleaded guilty, but subsequently withdrew the plea and entered one of not guilty.

The World also learned some facts which show the murder to have been premeditated, and found at least two witnesses who saw Clara in the vicinity of the Westwood place the day before that of the murder.

It was also learned that for two years the girl masqueraded as a man in Chicago, where she was employed in a livery stable, that she was a choir boy in an Anglican church there and was confirmed as a boy, her sex subsequently being revealed to the minister by a former Toronto lady.

The motive of the crime has not transpired, for the reason that the detectives have not yet established by evidence corroboration of the prisoner's story in that respect. It certainly did not arise from any liaison that had existed between the murdered boy and his slayer. This theory has been indisputably refuted. Everything points to the fact that the murderess was suffering from what is called sexual perversion, and that she shot down young Westwood simply because of some remark he had made to her respecting her appearance.

The discovery of the perpetrator of the crime came about in this way. Gus Clark said to his mother that he believed Clara Ford shot Frank Westwood. Mrs. Clark

[226] From CLARA HAS CONFESSED. (1894, November 22). *The Toronto World,* p. 1.

repeated it to a neighbor, who informed the detectives, which neighbor will probably receive the $500 reward offered by the Ontario Government.

SEXUAL PERVERSION

The World is not yet in a position to give a definite motive for Clara Ford's crime, and the police refuse, so far, to divulge anything of which they may be possessed. But from the facts that have come out so far, there is considerable reason for believing that this young woman is a sufferer from what the medical authorities call homo-sexuality – in other words, that she was suffering from what is called sexual perversion. The books which are the authorities on the subject cite any number of cases of men who thought themselves women, or wished to be thought women, and women who desired to be considered as men.

Women who are affected this way show an intense desire to be considered masculine. There is no doubt as to the sex physically, but the perversion is on the mental condition. Such women go about in male clothing. They prefer masculine work, and show an unusual skill in it. They eschew female occupations, and often show a weakness for smoking and spirits. With this perverted condition there often go pronounced outbreaks of passion and jealousy, which drive the unfortunate victim at times to crime. This girl, Clara Ford, had all this desire to be considered a man, to possess men's clothes and to wear them, and to follow men's occupations. She was also possessed with this intense feeling of hatred or jealousy which manifested itself from the interview published above on the day previous to the perpetration of the crime.

It may be mentioned that it is a coincidence borne out by the authorities that sexual crimes are progressively increasing, and within the last week the people of Canada have had brought to their notice the murder of Jessie Keith by Chattelle[227], who seems to have been suffering from this sexual perversion, and the murder of young Westwood by Clara Ford, who also seems to have been similarly perverted.

A medical man stated last night that if it was so that young Westwood had in any way interfered with Clara Ford in her masquerading as a man, to her, sexually perverted as it appears to be, it would be an interference with what she considered one of her dearest pleasures, and it would create in her a feeling of jealousy and rage sufficient to instigate the murder of the young man of itself and requiring no other incentive whatever.

IN THE POLICE COURT

Clara Ford was arraigned at the Police Court yesterday morning and formally charged with having on Saturday, Oct. 6, wilfully shot and killed Frank Westwood. When asked to plead, the girl in a low voice said "guilty." She quickly changed the plea, however, to one of "not guilty," and at the request of the crown the case was charged for a week.

There was an immense crowd in court when the girl was arraigned and she was to all appearances the most unconcerned person in the room. She wore a black

[227] Almede Chattelle, referred to as male in the press, was hanged in 1895 for the Jack-the-Ripper-style murder of Jessie Kieth. It was considered a 'lust murder'.

dress, a black coat trimmed with beaver, [a] black fedora hat with duck's feathers and [a] bow of bons [sic.] on the side. Her strong masculine face indicated how readily she could pass for a man if attired in man's clothes. During the reading of the indictment charging her with the murder, she fixed her gaze on the magistrate, and there was no sign of nervousness. Her plea of not guilty was given in a firm, clear, unfaltering voice.

Mr. W. G. Murdoch has been retained to defend the girl.

JUSTICE TO THE WESTWOOD FAMILY

In the light of these developments, it is clear that the surmises which obtained a certain amount of credence that members of the Westwood family knew something about the cause of the tragedy, are thoroughly foundationless. These developments also exonerate young Westwood from any suspicion that he had in any way committed himself as to supply the girl with a motive for her crime. The sympathy which has already been so generally shown the Westwood family, will be augmented in view of the above statements, which have every appearance of being a true explanation of the murder. Frank Westwood was cut off in his youthful prime by a sexually perverted girl.

A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY

Woman's dress seems to have been ever distasteful to Clara Ford. Her first experience as a man is one which was impelled by force of circumstances, and since then male attire has apparently had an irresistible fascination for her.

Her life story is one that has been full of romance and unknown history. Adopted by Miss McKay while yet a child, she did not know who her parents were. Thrown on the world, her ideas hardened by her own rough contact with the thorns of existence, she speedily struck out for herself a path. Life in prosaic measure was not for her, and like a knight errant of old she started looking for adventure.

Her kind benefactor, Miss McKay, tried to reason with her, but Clara was determined to see the world. Chicago was her first objective point. In 1888 she reached the big city on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Work was looked for in vain. Colored girls were not especially in demand outside of the regions [sic.] of Polk Street. Driven to desperation, she donned male attire and searched for a situation at anything. A livery stable had a vacancy and the good-looking mulatto boy secured a place as hostler and man-of-all-work. Her manly form was such that there was not the slightest suspicion of her sex. Gradually the new man rose to the position of hack driver, and frequently clad in coachman's attire, she answered the call for a cab, and soon was completely assimilated to her position.

A CHOIR BOY IN AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Her color was not noticeable and her voice was so extraordinary that she was sought for as a choir boy. The Anglican Church, which she attended, secured the supposed young man, and, clad in [a] surplice, the soi-distant girl helped to sing the praise of the Lord. The minister asked her to be confirmed and Clara consented. She attended confirmation class regularly and was to all appearances a model young man. Soon the time came for confirmation and Clara was to be one of the class.

Then a Toronto woman, Mrs. Stole, living in Chicago, recognized Clara and told the pastor that his supposed young man was a woman in disguise. The pastor was naturally astonished and called the candidate for confirmation to him. He told what he had learned and Clara frankly admitted her sex. She said that being unable to obtain employment as a woman she had donned man's apparel and had been successful in getting work. Since that time she had continued to wear male attire and had conducted herself exactly as one of the superior sex.

WHY SHE DONNED MALE ATTIRE

She did not attempt to excuse her masquerade, thinking it was completely justified by two circumstances. Her experience of two years as a man was not flattering to the males, and she declared that she had no use for men. Her close communion with them had destroyed all illusions and she considered that men were not necessary in the scheme of nature. As she expressed to the minister, she "had no use for men."

Her experience in Chicago was no doubt a precedent for the donning of the trousers in this city. Her masculine manner could not be hidden by petticoats, and she was frequently seen on the streets wearing a stand-up collar and white shirt and disporting herself much as the advanced woman.

Mr. Samuel Shaw, general insurance agent at 9 Toronto Street, who lives in Jameson Avenue and who had often noted her masculine appearance, as he passed by his house, is well acquainted with the woman's history, and confirmed the story of her Chicago experience.

SAW CLARA THE DAY BEFORE THE MURDER

It has now been proven that Clara Ford was in the vicinity of the Westwood house the day before that on which the murder was perpetrated. She was seen on the Friday afternoon by the little daughters of Arthur M. Rice, who lives at 17 Starr Avenue.

The Misses Rice, bright, intelligent little girls, about 11 and 13 years of age, were seen by The World last night. Their story is that on the afternoon in question they were walking home along with Mrs. Westwood and her little daughter Emily, who was a friend of theirs, when they saw in front of them a colored woman, whom they knew by the name of Clara, and a girl of about 14 years of age. They overtook these people, and as they passed the woman cast an angry glance at Mrs. Westwood and muttered some remark.

Prior to this, when the children were playing ball, they had seen this colored person and her girl companion sitting under a tree in a vacant lot, eating lunch. Emily Westwood told them that they had better keep away, as she had heard that the woman carried a revolver.

The description that the little girls gave of the colored woman tallies with the appearance of Clara Ford in every particular. "She had big feet and walked exactly like a man," said one of the little girls. "I should know her again if I saw her," she added.

With considerable pride, the youngsters shoed the reporter a plan of the places where they had first seen the colored woman and subsequently passed her in company with Mrs. Westwood.

"I shot Frank Westwood"[228] (Toronto, 1894)

Ford said [to this reporter]: "There is no use my misleading you any longer in the matter." I asked what she meant and [...] cautioned her. "I don't care," she said, "If you had a sister and she was treated in the way I was treated you would do the same. I shot Frank Westwood."

I asked her the reason and she replied:

"About the end of July or the first of August he caught hold of me on Jameson Avenue and tried to knock me down and take improper liberties with me. The boys in the neighborhood were always teasing me. I was in the habit of sitting at the boat home reading, and you know the way these people call you names."

"Clara Ford not guilty"[229] (Toronto, 1895)

Toronto, Ont., May 5. – The Clara Ford murder trial concluded shortly after 9 o'clock and resulted in a verdict of "not guilty." In last October young Frank Westwood was shot on his father's doorstep, in Parkdale, and a mystery resulted as to the author of the fatal wound. The detectives followed with a clue which led to the arrest of Clara Ford, who was said to have disguised herself as a man, and shot Westwood out of jealousy.

W. C. Murdoch, the eminent criminal lawyer, who had the conduct of the case, brought forward evidence to-day showing that on the night of the murder Clara Ford was at the Toronto opera house. The jury, after a long absence, brought in a verdict of not guilty, and Clara Ford was given her freedom.

In giving evidence in her own behalf Clara Ford declared she was bulldozed into making a confession by Detective Reburn, and denied the confession made at the time of her arrest.

[228] From I SHOT FRANK WESTWOOD. (1894, November 29). *Toronto World,* p. 1.
[229] From CLARA FORD NOT GUILTY. (1895, May 9). *Manitoba Free Press,* p. 2.

Sacket

Had she lived in the twenty–first century, Sacket would probably be considered a transgender woman. She was assigned male at birth, and initially self–identified as a boy. One night, a powerful spirit appeared to her in a dream and told her that from that moment on, she was a woman. Sacket self–identified as a woman after that dream, and her nation accepted her as such. Victoria's legal authorities had more difficulty understanding the situation.

"Thou art a woman"[230] (Victoria, 1895)

Among the witnesses brought down from Quatsino on the steamer Mischief to give evidence against the Japanese whisky pirates who were convicted in the provincial police court Thursday[231], was a [woman] named Sacket. Dressed in a blue figured print dress, a bright colored shawl over her shoulders, and her long hair dangling down her back in a couple of pig tails, Sacket was, from her towzled head to her pigeon–toed brown feet, an ordinary looking every day [woman][232] of apparently 23 or 24 years old. Yesterday, however, it was discovered to the surprise of everyone that Sacket was not a [woman] at all but a man. At first the supposed woman protested vigorously, but at length owned up to the fact that though a man, for years [she] had posed as a woman, and among the tribe at Quatsino had associated with the [woman] and acted as if [she] were one of them.

Sacket told [her] story yesterday. [She] is a member of the Quatsino tribe, [she] says, and an orphan.

"Many years ago, when I was a little boy," [she] related, "I fell into a deep sleep. And to me as I slept there came a mighty voice. I looked and was afraid, for before me appeared the Saghalie Tyee (God).

"'Sacket,' said the mighty voice, from this night thou art a woman. Never shalt thou appear but in a woman's dress and with long hair after the fashion of women.'

"Then I promised the Saghalie Tyee that I would obey his words, and hid my face. Again when I looked he had gone and I was alone. From that day to this I have been a woman wearing women's clothes and letting my hair grow long."

Sacket, though apparently quite sane, seems to thoroughly believe that the "Saghalie Tyee" did appear to [her] and that his orders had to be carried out. On this point Sacket appears to have a hallucination. Sacket will likely be examined as to [her] sanity. In the meantime [she] says [she] will consent to disobey [her] spiritual orders and get [her] hair cut if [she] is furnished with a man's clothes.

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[230] From A "MAN–WOMAN." (1895, March 23). *Victoria Daily Colonist*, p. 5.

[231] "When the steamer Mischief reached port yesterday she brought as deck cargo a fine new sloop, seized with its Japanese crew for peddling whiskey to the Indians in Quatsino sound." THEIR SLOOP SEIZED. (1895, March 22). *Victoria Daily Colonist*, p. 5.

[232] The original article used a now-offensive term for 'Indigenous woman'. Below, I have also corrected the misgendering of Sacket by the original reporter.

"Strange and romantic career"[233] (Victoria, 1895)

A foreign article based on 'a Victoria B.C. telegram' includes details not in the original Colonist report.

The strange and romantic career of "Sacket the woman priestess of the Quatsinos," has been brought to a sensational close by Supt. Hussey[234], of the provincial police, and Sacket now awaits the sailing of the first coasting steamer in order to return to the tribe, says a Victoria, B. C., telegram. For years this person has been held as little short of a tribal deity along the west coast[,] has rendered great assistance to missionaries, and has held the unique distinction of being the "only woman ever admitted to the councils of tribe." It now turns out that Sacket is not a woman, although passing as one among both whites and Indians for a quarter of a century. Sacket was among the witnesses brought down from Quatsino Sound to give evidence against a party of whisky pirates convicted here yesterday. Dressed in a blue–figured white dress, with bright–colored shawl over [her] shoulders, and [her] long hair dangling down [her] back in two neatly braided "pigtails," Sacket was, from towseled head to pigeontoed brown feet, an ordinary–looking woman of apparently thirty odd years of age. The bogus woman was, during the necessary detention prior to the trial, given a room in the Provincial police station, and it was there that the detection of her sex came, because "she" had no opportunity to shave, and in the course of two days a stubby beard made its appearance. Sacket, when accused of masquerading in false attire, at first protested indignantly in shrill soprano voice, and then burst into truly feminine tears.

Afterward [she] explained that, though a man, [she] had always lived as a woman, and been accepted as such, assuming [her] role of religious guide and mentor partly because the "Saghalie T[y]hee" (God) had commanded, and because it facilitated the masquerade by permitting [her] to separate [herself] from the tribe, as [she] otherwise could not have done. [She] is a good–looking S———[235], an orphan of the Quatsino tribe, and tells the following remarkable story in explanation of [her] life–long masquerade:

"Many years ago," [she] relates, "when I was a very little boy, I fell into sleep by the side of the great water, and to me, as I slept, there came a mighty voice which instantly awoke me. It was not of the wind, nor of the sea, nor of the thunder. I looked and was afraid, for before me appeared the Saghalie Tyhee. 'Sacket,' said the mighty voice, 'from this night thou art a woman and my priestess, to do my service and mine alone. Never shall thou appear but in a woman's dress and with thy hair uncut, after the fashion of woman.' Then I promised the Saghalie Tyhee that I would obey and hid

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[233] From PRIESTESS IS A MAN. (1895, May 31). *The Pontiac Gazette Supplement*, p. 1. I have again corrected the article's mis–gendering of Sacket. My alterations are in [square brackets].

[234] Frederick S. Hussey, born in 1852. As of the 1901 census, he lived in Victoria with his wife Eleanor (b. 1875) and 'Ah Chin' (b. 1881), a Chinese cook. Superintendent Hussey reported income of $1,800 in 1900. Ah Chin earned $260 in the same year.

[235] An offensive term for an Indigenous person.

my face in the sand. And I slept, and when I awoke once more I was alone. From that day I have been a woman and the 'good worker' of the Quatsinos."

Sacket, though apparently sane, seems to thoroughly believe that the Saghalie Tyhee did appear to [her] and that his[236] wish had been carried out. On this point all arguments were useless and an examination as to [her] sanity will in consequence be made.

In the meantime the police have overruled the great spirit command and cut the "priestess'" hair, besides insisting on [her] donning man's attire. [She] has submitted to the change, but says [she] will surely die of shame if compelled to go out among men in such garments."

"Now dressed in male attire"[237] (Victoria, 1895)

Sacket, who was suddenly transformed from a [woman] into a man on Friday, is now dressed in male attire, and yesterday his long flowing locks were cropped off close to his head. When told at the provincial police station that he would not be allowed to masquerade in woman's clothes any longer he gave in with good grace, and as he somewhat mournfully gazed upon his shorn tresses and made them up in a little bundle he remarked that though he would have to suffer in the next world for turning to a man again he would take his chances.

[236] The Saghalie Tyhee's

[237] From THE CITY. (1895, March 24). *Victoria Daily Colonist,* p. 2. I have given the article the benefit of the doubt and retained the original pronouns referring to Sacket, as the report suggests that at this point he was a man, by his own account.

Louisa Ford

"A peculiar condition of affairs"[238] (Toronto, 1907)

Toronto, Dec. 6. – A peculiar condition of affairs was brought to light by the police tonight, when the police arrested John Ford in the street on a charge of drunkenness.

Mrs. Ford was attired in men's clothes, and the policeman who made the arrest was not aware of her sex until she disclosed it at the police station.

It has developed that Mrs. Ford works in the brickyards at the Humber as a laborer, doing the hard kind of manual labor, and always wears male attire.

Her fellow workers are aware of her sex, but it has ceased to be a matter of wonder among them.

"A strange man"[239] (Toronto, 1907)

Just as Jim McCaffery was closing his grill room at the Bay Tree Hotel, Adelaide and Bay streets, shortly before 9 o'clock last night his attention was called by one of the waitresses who said, "There is a strange man going upstairs."

"Here, old man," called the Boniface, "you can't go up there."

The short squat figure turned itself around. It was clad in a dark, gray, tweed suit. The trousers were a trifle lengthy and fell in wrinkles over a pair of stout gaiter boots. The head was topped by a mud splashed driving cap pulled well down over the ears, and the peak shrouded a flat, masculine German face. The hand upon the bannister was short and square, but the voice that asked, "What's the matter?" was a woman's, and when requested to leave, the visitor insisted that her husband was upstairs and she was to meet him there.

On the street a policeman took charge. At the station Inspector Davis was for some time puzzled as to the sex.

The tales that she told at the police station were weird. Her first was that she was a Russian spy. Then she declared that her husband had gone off with all the money and another woman to the theatre, wherefore she had collared his clothes to follow.

She is Mrs. John Ford and works in male attire as a common laborer at Butwell's brickyard, a quarter of a mile west of the Humber. She and her husband recently moved to Ontario Street.

She is charged with being drunk.

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[238] From DRESSES LIKE A MAN. (1907, December 7). *London Advertiser,* p. 9.
[239] From DRESSED AS A MAN. (1907, December 7). *Toronto World,* p. 7.

"She had a perfect right"[240] (Toronto, 1907)

Mrs. Louisa Ford, who was arrested Friday night while masquerading in male attire, was remanded until Friday next. Her husband wants her examined as to her sanity, though the woman declared she was "distinctly sensible."

The Fords are said to be respectable people. A daughter is a nurse. Mrs. Ford has been in the habit of working at Butwell's brick yards, dressed as a man.

Once when expostulated with, she stated that she had a perfect right to wear any kind of clothes she chose. At one time she lived in Leslieville, where her father still is. It is said that she was once a school teacher.

[240] From Wants to Wear Man's Clothes. (1907, December 8). *Toronto World,* p. 4.

Jack May

"The admiration of the countryside"[241] (April, 1906)

The appearance as a witness of a young woman dressed in boy's clothing created a surprise in the Bromley (Kent) police court recently.

Her name is Isabel May. Her hair is cut short, and she wears leggings and a cap. The only exception to the male costume is a sort of smock reading almost to the knees.

Miss May, or, as she prefers to be called, "Jack," is a most interesting young woman. Her ambition is to be a farmer, and with this end in view she has taken service with Mr. Smith at St. Mary Cray. She is handsome and stalwart, and in her farming garb presents quite a picture of strength.

Her experience in South Africa when she was a nurse stands her in good stead. For some time after her return from South Africa she attended Swanley Horticultural College, but found the work there devoted more to flowers, vegetables, and fruit culture, while she wanted regular farm work. She determined to get acquainted at first hand with the labor of the soil.

She "hired" to Mr. Smith for six months, but remained on much longer. She has done very well, and is spoken of in the highest terms by her employer. She does not go out to evening parties because she is working for her living. Even when at home in London she longs for the country.

Miss May is certain that women can succeed on a farm if they try, and it is much healthier than ordinary occupations. "Jack" is the admiration of the countryside, and no one there doubts her ability as a mower, reaper, or plougher.

"Attired in male costume"[242] (April, 1911)

St. John, N.B., April 14. – The C.P.R. liner Empress of Britain arrived shortly after noon today with 1,480 passengers – 180 cabin, 453 second cabin, and 847 steerage. Included were two special parties of farmers and ninety-four boys from the Fagon Home, London, bound for the home in Toronto. These latter were a fine-looking lot, ranging in age from 12 to 15 years. One of the parties of farmers, fifty in number, were for the C.P.R. ready-made farms in Alberta, and they were in charge of Mr. Jelte, of the colonization department of the C.P.R. A party of 115 were for New Brunswick, and were in charge of A. Bowder, provincial government agent in London.

A female second-cabin passenger, who gave her name as "Miss Jack May," was detained by the Canadian immigration officials, she being attired in male costume. She readily admitted that she was of the opposite sex, and said that she and her male companion worked on a farm in England. She had her hair cropped short, wore leggings and tan boots, and a short skirt that was not visible below a man's overcoat.

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[241] WOMAN FARMER. (1906, April 6). *The Victoria Daily Times*, p. 7.

[242] From MANY ON THE EMPRESS. (1911, April 15). *The Montreal Gazette*, p. 1.

Her age was about 30, and she was rather good looking. They had about eleven pieces of baggage, including a rifle, and were bound for the Canadian West.

"Within an ace of being enrolled"[243] (April, 1911)

(St. John Standard.) With hair cut short, leather leggings over tan boots, and a short skirt that was not visible below a man's overcoat, Miss "Jack" May, a second cabin passenger on the Empress of Britain arrived at Sand Point yesterday, and came within an ace of being enrolled among Canada's new male citizens. Her handsome face, however, attracted the attention of one of the immigration officials, who came to the conclusion that it seemed rather incongruous above her man's attire, and after watching her for some time decided to send her in to the matron for closer inspection.

Miss Jack, when she was informed that there was a suspicion that she was masquerading, readily admitted that her garb belied her sex. She said she and her male companion who accompanied her on the voyage had worked on a farm in England. Miss "Jack" is about 30 years of age, and rather good looking. She and her companion had about eleven pieces of baggage, including a rifle. They were bound to the west. The immigration officials decided to detain Miss Jack.

"I should think"[244] (April, 1911)

Miss Jack May arrived at St. John's Newfoundland by the "Empress of India," attired (Miss Jack – not the Empress) in "male costume, consisting of leggings and tan boots and a short skirt that was not visible under a man's overcoat." So says a contemporary – but it seems a curiously inadequate set of garments for the ordinary male bird. Where were the tr – never mind – she was stopped. The report says, she looked like a man, – but you don't often see a man walking around in the costume described, I believe. Pretty cold this weather without the – oh! Well, it's nothing to do with me. But:-

I should think a man would need 'em when 'tis cold as it is now,
Were they only of the pattern known as "harem,"
I know, at least, if I had but one single pair of tour-
Sers I should wear 'em – most distinctly I should wear 'em.

"Muscle, grit and ambition"[245] (April, 1911)

[Wetawiskin.] Miss Jack May and a traveling companion, Miss Wittrick, of Norfolk, Eng., passed through the city on Tuesday on her way to accompany one of the ready-made farms in the Sedgewick district. Miss May is a large property owner in the old country, and some six years ago adopted the male attire as a convenience

[243] From WOMAN DRESSED IN MAN'S GARB. (1911, April 16). *The Daily Gleaner, p. 3.*
[244] From CASUAL COMMENT. (1911, April 23). *The Toronto World*, p. 3.
[245] From DISTRICT NEWS. (1911, April 27). *The Edmonton Journal*, p. 16.

in her duties of managing her large holdings. When they reach their new home, Miss Wittrick will do the housekeeping and Miss May will do the farming. It is said that she is thoroughly proficient, and can ride a horse or handle a plow like an expert. She also knows live stock, and she has plenty of muscle, grit and ambition.

"At first mistaken for a man and wife"[246] (May, 1911)

Miss Jack May, a young farmer of Norfolk, England, who has purchased a big farm near Sedgewick from the C.P.R. company, arrived in Calgary last night. She was accompanied by Miss J. M. Wittrick, who will be her housekeeper on the farm. They will remain here for two days. At the Arlington hotel, where they are registered, they were at first mistaken for a man and wife, Miss May being dressed in a three-quarter-length overcoat, tweed cap, and leggings. Under her coat she wore a knee length tweed skirt jumper. She is about five feet four, and rather muscular. Any impression of mannishness is at once dispelled when she speaks, her voice being low and soft. She is the first woman to undertake farming on an extensive scale in the west. She is well connected, being the daughter of Admiral May, and has been engaged in every kind of farm work, having occupied the position of manager of a large farm in Norfolk. Certificates from farmers with whom she has been employed show that she has made a study of all branches, and is well equipped to make a success in this country.

"A decided acquisition to any country"[247] (May, 1911)

Jack May, a very prominent agriculturalist from Norfolk, England, will arrive in the city with the next party of C.P.R. ready made farmers, and will take up a farm in the Sedgewick district. For be it known that it is Miss Jack May.

A few days ago, an item appeared in one of the local papers, that the immigration authorities in St. John had held up a young lady who, garbed in male attire, had come over from Canada, and her name was Miss Jack May. This quite shocked the sober, solemn immigration agents, who had heard of no such thing in this part of the world, where there are no suffragettes or anything of that kind.

However, the immigration authorities waited a bit for further explanations, which they received, and then allowed Miss May to proceed. She is a lady farmer who dresses as a man, and is thoroughly efficient and practical. She is well connected, being the daughter of Admiral May, and has been engaged in every kind of farm work. She occupied the position of farm bailiff or manager of a large farm in Norfolk.

In the course of her labor she found that the dress of a woman was most inconvenient, and about ten years ago abandoned it for the more convenient form of male attire. And it was the use of that male attire that caused all the trouble with the good immigration agent in St. John.

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[246] From Celeste. (1911, May 2). OF INTEREST TO WOMEN. *The Edmonton Evening Journal*, p. 4.
[247] Provincial Notes. (1911, May 4). *The Gleichen Call*, p. 5.

Miss May produced certificates from farmers with whom she has been employed, which proved that she has made a study of farming in all its details, and that she is capable of making a success in Western Canada.

Accompanying Miss May is [another] lady farmer, who is also thoroughly efficient, but who retains her female attire. Both have sufficient means to enable them to commence farming operations on a considerable scale.

A woman with energy to study the science of farming and to work at it as Miss May has done, would be a decided acquisition to any country, and the fact that she adapts her attire to her work shows her good sense. The sight of a woman in man's attire and doing man's work may be novel; but it does not make her any the less a lady.

"The woman who never looks back"[248] (July, 1911)

"We speak of the man who has opened the door
Of the great teeming West, that he brought to the fore
The wealth of the prairies – so vast and so wide,
But how many think of the one at his side,
The one who has made him a home in the shack,
His comrade – the woman who never looks back."
-Mary I. S. Schaeffer

When No. 1 pulled up panting at the station in Calgary, a turbulent mass of passengers avalanched on to the platform. And amongst them was "The woman who never looks back." She was smart and well proportioned, and might have been taken for a college youth. Her face was pleasant, deeply bronzed, inclined to be square with a broad mouth and forehead, over which a thick mass of auburn hair struggled from beneath her tweed cap. Brown eyes twinkled at you. Probably five feet three or four inches in height, she gave the impression of strength and endurance. Her costume – about which so much publicity has ensued – was certainly unique. A cloth jumper over a shirt waist, a cloth skirt, knee length, brown leather leggings and a three-quarter overcoat completed it. And as she strode across the platform with a grip in each hand and her cap set jauntily on the back of her head, one certainly would have thought, "A jolly good-looking young fellow." I did.

A good deal has been written about "The man in the shack," but little about the woman – the strong, courageous, hard-working wife of the early homesteader, who in pioneer days, accompanied and roughed it with her husband, forty miles from nowhere. And in addition, there are hundreds of wives scattered across the broad prairies of the west, who have left comfortable, even luxurious, homes in the old country, "Down East," and across the border, who do more than a man's work, cultivating and improving the farms on which they live. But as yet, with the exception

[248] From Rankin, N. S. (1911, July 29). The Woman Who Never Looks Back. *Canadian Courier*, p. 16.

of the heroine of this article, Miss May, I have not heard of the out-and-out professional woman farmer.

And yet that's what Miss May is. Undoubtedly. And what is more, she is an expert at it. For the past ten years she has been following it, and has properly certified documents from farmers with whom she has been employed, which not only prove that she has made a serious study of farming in all its branches, but it eminently fitted to take it up in the west and make a success. And when the customs officials who held her up at St. John upon her arrival recently, on account of her male costume, learned this, they swept their gold-embroidered caps from their heads and bowed low.

Amongst the many applications received at the London office of the Canadian Pacific railway this past winter for Alberta's "ready-made" farms was one from Miss Jack May, of Norfolk. Miss May wrote that she had occupied every kind of farm position, from that of ordinary farm hand to bailiff, or manager, and that she wished to try her luck in western Canada. Her application was considered, her claims as a successful agriculturalist investigated, and a farm at Sedgewick allotted her.

Miss May is the daughter of Admiral May, and farms because she wants to. Also, she wears masculine garb because she wants to. One might wonder why she wants to, but it wouldn't do him any good, or bring him any nearer a solution. There's no argument open. She finds farming congenial, and male costume much more fitted to the work she does than woman's. And that's enough. Accompanying her is Miss I. M. Wittrick, a lady friend, also from Norfolk. Miss Wittrick will attend to the "housekeeping" end of the farm while Miss May superintends the farming.

"Conventions are not without meaning"[249] (August, 1911)

As most readers are aware, the C. P. R. has prepared for settlers a number of ready made farms in Alberta. A writer in the Canadian Courier says that one of the lately arrived applicants for a farm in this fertile district is Miss May, the daughter of a British Admiral. This young lady has chosen farming for an occupation and has occupied many positions at home, from that of a farm hand to a manager. The C. P. R. land office considered her credentials good enough to warrant her being entrusted with a farm. Miss May is accompanied by a friend, Miss J. M. Whittrick.

Most women would rather not have read that this handsome and enterprising young lady considered it expedient to travel in men's costume. If, at her work, Miss May found it necessary to dress as a man, she was certainly under no such compulsion while traveling. Few people consider it necessary to wear the uniform of the workshop on the street, but "Jack" May, wearing "a cloth jumper over a shirtwaist, a cloth skirt, knee length, brown leather leggings, and a three-quarter overcoat" may be a picturesque figure on a railway platform and make a good story for a reporter, but most women would prefer to see their daughters dressed less conspicuously. Conventions are not without meaning and no woman should lightly disregard them.

[249] From In Woman's Realm. (1911, August 4). *The Victoria Daily Colonist*, p. 8.

"Her application was successful"[250] (September, 1911)

News comes from Canada that Miss "Jack" May, about whose farm training and gardening exploits in England accounts have been published in this paper, is now getting in her first harvest on her own farm at Sedgewick, near Calgary, in Alberta, says the London Daily Mail. Miss May has adopted male clothing, or at any rate a compromise approach to male dress. A cloth "jumper" over a bouse, a short cloth skirt reaching to her knees, sometimes supplemented by a man's long overcoat, is her usual costume on her farm.

Before taking up a farm in Western Canada Miss May, who was a nurse in South Africa during the Boer war, always followed a business-like outdoor life, attended the Swanley Horticultural College for some time, but her ambition was real farming. In 1906 she took service with a farmer in Kent, and there did mowing, reaping, ploughing, and every kind of farm work. In 1907 Miss May worked a large flower and vegetable garden of several acres in Norfolk. Here, finding it impossible to work among plants and flowers in skirts, she adopted trousers and leggings.

Last winter Miss May, convinced that a woman farmer could be successful in western Canada, applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for one of their "ready-made" farms in Alberta, stating that she had done every kind of farm work, from that of ordinary farm hand to bailiff or manager. Her application was successful and she was allotted a farm.

"Farmer-Boy 'Jack'"[251] (November, 1911)

Though not a suffragette, Miss Jack May, an Englishwoman who has come to Canada to farm her own lands, is an example of what the twentieth century woman can accomplish, alone and unassisted.

Miss May, who is the daughter of Admiral May, of the British Navy, went through the South African war as a nurse, and on her return to England, decided to go in for scientific agriculture. She trained for two years at Swanley, the big horticultural college for women in Kent, and at the conclusion of her course, she secured a position as a manager of a dairy farm, where she looked after the cows, delivered milk, and did all the rough work incidental to such a situation.

After eight years of this, Miss May became working manager of a farm in Kent, where she took charge of all the work, grain-growing, vegetable garden, and stock. This position she held for three years, until her attention was attracted to the Canadian Pacific Railway propaganda for "ready-made farms in Canada." She investigated this proposition and decided that it offered her opportunities to own her property and be absolutely independent, such as she could never obtain in England.

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[250] WOMAN FARMER. (1911, September 18). *The Victoria Daily Times*, p. 14.

[251] From Love, C. (1911, November). Farmer-Boy "Jack". *The Lady's Realm*, *XXXI*(181), 101- 103. Written by Irene Currie Love (1881-1945).

In the early spring of this year, Miss May and her friend, companion and housekeeper, Miss Louie Wittrick, also of Kent, combined their resources and emigrated to Canada to take up a 160-acre holding near Sedgewick, in Alberta.

On a "ready-made" farm, a house and barn are erected, a well drilled, and sixty acres broken and sown to a crop before the British settler leaves his native land, so the two girls – for they are little more than girls – did not have any pioneering hardships to face, but were enabled to go straight to their own home.

Miss May is the first woman to take up a "ready-made" farm in her own right, and the authorities at Sedgewick say she is one of the best "men" they ever had on the land. The man in charge of the colony says: "Miss May isn't wasting any time talking about the difference between England and Canada. She's started right in to farm, with the result that she has everything in splendid shape, and her farm promises to be one of the best in the whole district."

Both Miss May and Miss Wittrick are most enthusiastic about their new home. Indeed, one month after they had arrived, Miss May began negotiations for the purchase of the quarter section immediately adjoining hers, with the result that to-day she is the owner of a 320-acre farm, on which she is doing all the outdoor seeding, reaping, and binding. She grooms her own horses, and Miss Wittrick looks after the cows and poultry as well as all the indoor work, which includes churning and butter making, and very excellent butter it is, too!

Miss May is a shrewd business woman as well as a good farmer. She knows the value of a horse or cow, how much she ought to pay for farm implements, and how much her winter wheat is worth in the market. She does all her own buying and selling, and she can drive as good a bargain as any man.

Out in the field, indeed, you would think her a man from her costume, which consists of riding breeches, stout boots and puttees, a man's shirt, and over all, a peasant's smock of blue denim, coming just to her knees. Her hair is cropped short and worn like a man's, and it is only when you hear her soft, cultivated voice that you realize you are talking to a woman of birth and education.

The two women live quite alone on their farm, and they are afraid of nothing. Why should they be, when all their neighbours thoroughly respect them, and do all in their power to be of service to them? The pretty farm house, which Miss May says is far above their expectations in comforts and conveniences, is the Mecca of a constant stream of visitors anxious to see the two women who have come thousands of miles from home to make a success of farming in Canada.

And when they see the sleek, well-fed cows and horses and the winter wheat which promises to produce thirty to forty bushels to the acre, they are filled with admiration for Miss Jack May, farmer, and her works.

"How Shocking! Woman Farmer Wears Trousers!"[252] (February, 1912)

"Jack," as a name, is generally found attaced to a boy, but in Edmonton to-day, is a young woman whose name is "Jack" – Miss Jack May, farmer. One feels like saying "gentleman farmer."

Miss May created quite a flutter among the girls in the Y.W.C.A. this morning, because, attired as she was in something very similar to a man's "outfit," and, with her [hair] clipped as close as any of the girls' brothers, she unwittingly led them to think that a member of the sterner sex had suddenly invaded the sacred precincts, and when, with jaunty cap in hand, she inquired for one of the feminine boarders, to whose boudoir she requested to be ushered, the last straw snapped. There was a general sound of alarm through the corridors until it was learned that the visitor was no less a personage than Miss Jack May, who has been the subject of many an illustrated article in the magazines.

TROUSERS AND LEGGINGS

Miss May's costume was very unusual; in spite of the fact that she herself declared it to be "oh quite ordinary!' in a very English voice and accent. She wears knickerbockers, overshoes, felt leggings to the knee and a sort of Norfolk jacket – belted of course – the skirt of which meets the leggings at the knee. The coat is made of stout serviceable tweed in mixed green shades. Her cap is very like a man's, topping light brown hair, cropped close and parted at the side, and her skin is bronzed as a mounted policeman's. She is below the ordinary height of a woman, perhaps about 5 feet 2 inches.

Miss May, in partnership with another Englishwoman, Miss Wittrick, is running a farm near Sedgewick; these two young women coming out to Canada last spring. Miss May had been farming in England for ten years, having taken a thorough course at the horticultural college in Kent. She says her costume there was not at all noticeable, 80 other women in her class adopting a similar uniform.

CLEANER THAN SKIRTS

"Spending half one's time in cowsheds, and around horses is not very conducive to cleanliness," said Miss May, laughing, and if a woman should wear a long skirt, she wouldn't be fit to mingle with other folks until she had changed her clothes."

These two plucky farmer-girls have 320 acres, and are carrying on mixed farming. Besides plowing and sowing and all that sort of thing, they have cows, horses, pigs and chickens.

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[252] From Oh, Dear Me Girls! How Shocking! Woman Farmer Wears Trousers! (1912, February 13). *The Edmonton Journal,* p. 16.

"The most efficient farmers"[253] (April, 1912)

In the preparation of the home-made farms for the 1912 contingent not a square inch of inferior work has been permitted to pass. But the colonists least able and least willing to fulfil their share of the contract were exactly those who were exigent in the claim of their pound of flesh; and in most careful and detailed examination of the results of this season it is apparent that the most efficient farmers, including the two lady farmers, Miss Jack May and Miss May Whittrick, have made the best of it[254], and that those colonists with little intention and little knowledge – including some of those who, when they found their wheat was frozen, neglected to gather their valuable crop of potatoes – made the worst of it.

"The happiest girl in all the world!"[255] (December, 1912)

"The happiest girl in all the world!" That is the distinction claimed by Miss Jack May, a slender bit of femininity, who owns and operates a farm in the wilds of Canada. Not many years ago Miss May, who is the daughter of Admiral May, of the British navy, was a frilly, frothy society belle, to whom the theatre, balls and card parties represented all that was worth living for. When the Boer war broke out and, along with scores of other aristocratic young English women, she went to the front as nurse, her eyes were opened to the smallness of the butterfly existence she had been leading. Upon her return home she at once entered the Swanley Agricultural College at Kent, and at the conclusion of her course amazed her former fashionable friends by becoming manager of a dairy farm. After a time she became working manager of another farm in Kent, where she took active charge of all the work, grain growing, vegetable gardening, and live stock. She went direct from that farm to the Canadian west, to a ranch of 320 acres near the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now all English society is interested in watching her career. Not a man is employed on Miss May's entire farm. Her only companion and helper is a Canadian girl of 18.

"Go back to society again? Not for worlds," declares this former London favorite. "I would rather plow than go to the opera. I would rather plant corn than attend a pink tea, and I much prefer currying my horses to arraying myself in an evening gown. What's a butterfly social life in damp and foggy England compared to real life in bright sunshine and bracing cold?" Miss May's success had made her views on agriculture much sought after, especially among the English immigrants.

Although this little English woman has sacrificed conventional feminine garb and has given up social life completely, she has lost none of the charm that made her

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[253] From HAVING TROUBLE ON READY-MADE FARMS. (1912, April 16). *The Victoria Daily Times*, p. 9.

[254] "While at Sedgewick Miss Meining called on 'Jack' May, the lady farmer and found her prospering marvellously. 'Instead of grumbling and finding fault with conditions, as many do, she went right ahead and farmed, and that is the secret of her success,' said Miss Meining." READY-MADE POULTRY FARMS VERY PROMISING. (1911, June 19). *The Calgary Herald*, p. 15.

[255] From WORLD'S HAPPIEST GIRL. (1912, December 13). *Redcliff Review*, p. 4.

a leader in British society circles. Her everyday costume consists of stout leather boots and leather puttees, riding breeches of heavy blue serge, a man's shirt, and a short khaki coat. When she desires to really "dress up" for special occasions, she wears a soft collar and tie, and a peasant smock of navy blue denim, which comes to her knees and is loosely belted around her waist. She is delightfully picturesque and her happy carefree laugh is a sure cure for the blues.

"I love the freedom of the life and the bigness of things here on the western prairies," she said, recently. "In England one is bound by conventions, as one's fields are girt with hedges. Here I can do as I choose. I would not go back to stay under any consideration."

"I would rather plow than go to the theatre"[256] (January, 1912)

A slightly different report of the same interview.

Edmonton, Alta., Jan. 13. – "I would rather plow than go to the theatre. I would rather plant corn than attend a pink tea. I much prefer currying my horses to arraying myself in an evening gown. What's a butterfly social life in damp and foggy England compared to real life in bright sunshine and bracing cold?"

These are the views of no less a personage than Miss Jack May, a slender and most charming young lady who owns and operates a farm in the "wilds" of Canada. She is a daughter of Admiral May, of the British navy, and has seen life in the highest English social circles from the inside. When the Boer war broke out she went to the front as a nurse, and there she awoke to the fact that there was something more in life than card parties and pink teas and theatres.

MANAGED DAIRY FARM

Upon her return home she at once entered the Swanley Agricultural College, at Kent, and at the conclusion of her course she amazed her friends by becoming manager of a dairy farm. After a time she became manager of another farm in Kent devoted to general purposes of agriculture, from which place she came to the Canadian West. She bought a ranch of 320 acres in Northern Alberta, near a railroad, and now English society is watching her venture with interest. Not a man is employed on Miss May's farm. Her only companion and helper is a Canadian girl of 18.

LIKES THE FREE LIFE

"Go back to society again? Not for worlds," she declared emphatically.

Although this little Englishwoman has sacrificed conventional garb and has given up social life completely, she has lost none of the charm that made her a favorite in select circles in the old land. Her everyday costume consists of stout leather boots and leather puttees, riding breeches of heavy blue serge, a man's shirt and a short khaki coat. When she desires to really "dress up" she wears a soft collar and tie and a peasant's smock of navy blue denim, which comes to her knees and is loosely belted

[256] From PREFERS PLOWING TO THE THEATRE. (1912, January 13). *The London Advertiser*, p. 10.

around the waist. She is delightfully picturesque, and her happy, care-free laugh is a sure cure for the blues.

"I love the freedom of the life and the bigness of things out here on the prairies," she said recently. "In England one is bound by conventions as one's fields are girt with hedges. Here I can do as I choose. I wouldn't go back to stay under any consideration."

"A home of their own"[257] (1912)

I made up my mind to go and see the lady settler, Miss Jack May. Miss May did a little farming in Norfolk before she came out here and took up her half-section.

As we drove up to the door we received a hearty welcome from Miss Jack and her lady friend. It must be admitted that her home was natty. The most had been made of the furniture. There were flowers arranged on the tables. Inquiries showed that Miss Jack liked her farm very much. She had cut plenty of hay, and without doubt she had the finest dairy cow that I had seen in that part of the country. She brought out a fine lot of butter, but I was surprised to hear that she could obtain only 7½ cents per lb. for it. (Later I learnt that this state of affairs was because they had not co-operated, thereby finding a distant and more remunerative market.) A tragedy has nearly occurred the day before, as during the storm the electric fluid had struck the windmill, and running down had found a metallic clothes-line, from which it had flashed into the hen-coop, killing twenty-two chickens and blinding the old hen. As to the coyotes, one of these had fallen to Miss Jack's steady aim, and she hoped to enjoy some sport in the fall when the crops were in.

By this time the rain was descending in waterfalls, and a drive over mere prairie trails under such circumstances was something to be remembered. Through miniature lakes knee-deep the sturdy horses splashed. One would have thought that such water on such roads would have lasted for weeks, but by next morning it was nearly gone; in fact, it is truly remarkable how these prairies absorb the moisture. The skill of the farmer is shown in assisting them to retain it. I had heard of the life of the Wild West, but it did not look as though life was so very wild when these two girls could make a home of their own all alone out on the open prairie.

"Ontario girl enquires for Miss Jack May"[258] (August, 1913)

Ethel Heyman[259], of 14 Victoria street, Stratford, Ontario, anxiously inquires of Acting-Postmaster Cairns the address of that charming young lady, Miss Jack May, who is located on a farm somewhere in the Edmonton district.

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[257] From Walker, E. G. F. (1912). *Canadian Trails: Hither and Thither in the Great Dominion*. Toronto: Musson Book Co., 1912.

[258] From ONTARIO GIRL ENQUIRES FOR MISS JACK MAY. (1913, August 28). *The Edmonton Journal*, p. 15.

[259] From the 1911 census: Ethel Hayman was 17 years old, and lived at 40 Victoria Street, Stratford with her parents and siblings. Baptist, born in Ontario in January 1894. Her parents were Edward

"Haymaking with Jack May"[260] (1914)

"Oh, yes," said the Sedgewick liveryman, "everybody hereabouts knows Miss May. Her farm is just about six miles south, and if you can wait till the boy gets breakfast he'll drive you out."

It was in Sedgewick, Alberta, and we had arrived on a very early train – before seven in the morning – and were anxious to get to our objective point, the farm of Miss Jack May, so immediately after the "boy" had had breakfast, we started off through the pretty, park-like country, with its wealth of underbrush and its abundance of prairie chicken and wild duck, three things which endear it to the hearts of British settlers.

"It was just a year ago," informed my companion, "that Miss May and her friend, Miss Wittrick, took up one of the C.P.R. 'ready-made' farms, and were so delighted with their purchase that they doubled their original quarter-section, and now they have 320 acres of as fine land as there is in the country. Miss May is a daughter of Admiral May, of the British Navy. She was one of that band of self-sacrificing British women who nursed throughout the South African War, and she returned from that experience with a distaste for ordinary social affairs which drove her into more practical lines of work. She took a course at the Swanley Horticultural College, Kent, and at its conclusion became manager of a dairy farm, where she looked after the cows, delivered the milk, and did all the rough work incidental to such a position. After eight years of this Miss May became working manager of a farm in Kent, where she took charge of all the work – grain-growing, vegetable garden and stock. It was direct from this farm that she came to Canada.

The brief sketch of the woman we were about to see aroused one's interest, and as we turned in at the gate of the neat little house of which Miss May is mistress, one saw a boyish-looking figure come forward to greet us. Miss May's ordinary costume consists of stout leather boots, leather puttees, riding breeches of heavy blue serge, a man's shirt, and a short khaki coat. When she is "dressed up" she wears a soft collar and tie, and a peasant's smock of navy blue denim, which comes to her knees and is loosely belted around the waist.

She doesn't possess a skirt. "Can't be bothered with the things," she says. "Besides, women's fashions change every minute, and I can't afford to keep pace with them. My first reason for adopting men's clothing is that they are comfortable and sensible, and the only safe costume for farm work. Imagine me on a plough in a hobble skirt! Wouldn't I be a fine sight? You're liable to be thrown off a plough every twenty

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Hayman (46, born February 1865 in England, emigrated 1874) and Clara (44, born in December 1867 in the U.S., emigrated 1877). Edward was a machinist at the railway shops, and in 1910 had earned $550 after working 52 hours a week, 46 weeks a year. He had a $1,250 life insurance policy, for which he paid $21. Ethel's siblings were Harold (12, born October 1911) and Olive (8, born February 1903). Both were born in Ontario.

[260] From Love, C. (1914). HAYMAKING WITH JACK MAY. *Quiver, 49*(11), 1075-1078. Written by Irene Currie Love (1881 – 1945).

minutes or so, and a skirt would be absolutely dangerous under those circumstances. From wearing men's clothes to work, I gradually adopted them for everyday wear, and now I should be most uncomfortable in conventional feminine garb."

A charming little eighteen-year-old English girl, Miss Grace Hanson, who is assisting on the farm, also wears men's clothes, and heartily corroborates Miss May's views on the safety and comfort of masculine dress for farm work. She occasionally dons skirts for social purposes, but corsets, never! The very idea of a corset makes her shudder with disgust.

"Nasty, stiff things," she says: "I wouldn't wear them for anything."

She looks like a small boy in her breeches and coat, and one has to look twice to be sure that she is indeed a girl.

"We were just about to start for the hay-field," suggests Miss May.. "Would you care to come with us?"

"Would we, indeed!" Nothing could please us better, so we climbed on to the great, rumbling hay wagon and started off to the fields. A big hay-rick testified to the activity of the previous days, and within a few minutes of our arrival, Miss May and Miss Hanson began with mower and rake to cut and gather the fragrant prairie grass.

At noon Miss Wittrick and Miss May's sister, who is on a visit to Canada, arrived with steaming tea, delicious sandwiches and cake, and we all sat down to consume a fine lunch, after which, much refreshed, the haymakers again started to work. But it was a windy day, and everyone knows that haymaking on a windy day is both irritating and futile, so at five o'clock we stopped, and, seated on top of a wagon-load of the sweet-scented stuff, we drove back to the house, stopping, on the way, to feed Plutarch, the bull, whose classic name and registered pedigree do not detract from a plebeian appetite.

Once back in the farmyard, we must inspect the stock, and an excellent stock it is. Six cows yielded 73 pounds of cream a week, together with unlimited milk for household use, and four pounds of butter for the house. Miss Wittrick sends her cream to the Sedgewick Creamery twice a week and gets 11½d. a pound[261] for it – practically three guineas[262] a week for cream alone. The cows are beautifully fat and sleek, and give evidence of care and attention, as do all the stock on Miss May's farm.

Six strong horses, three of the mares in foal, do the farm work. Miss May is proud of her horses, and with reason. She grooms and attends to them herself, and they respond to her least word of command. Six calves, seven cows, seventeen pigs, two dogs, a litter of puppies and some hens form the rest of the farmyard family, and a happy family it is, calves and puppies playing together with great friendliness. Miss Hanson has taught one of the calves to stand on his hind legs, and he follows her about like a dog.

One asked Miss May if she had formulated any farming theories for Western Canada, and she replied that it was hardly necessary, because with such rich, virgin

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[261] There are 240 pence (d.) in a pound (£), and 73 lb. x £(11.5/240) = £3.50. Adjusting for U.K. inflation, £3.50 is about £415 in 2021, or about $725 CAD in March, 2021.

[262] A guinea was worth 1*l.* 1s. (one pound, one shilling). There are twenty shillings in a pound, so this works out to £1.05 per guinea, making three guineas £3.15.

soil one did not need artificial fertilizers, as in England, but that if she were beginning again, she would put more of her money into stock and less into grain. She has now 150 acres in barley, wheat, and oats, and though at the time of writing the grain is standing and it is therefore impossible to tell what it will yield to the acre, it looks in splendid shape, and a couple of weeks of Alberta sunshine is all that is needed to make a bumper crop.

Miss May believes in fairly deep ploughing, and if prevented from ploughing in the fall, she would plough at the earliest possible moment in the spring. Mixed farming is, she avers, the solution of all farming problems. With plenty of good stock, crops may freeze and still be excellent food, and, moreover, stock is less trouble and less worth than grain cultivation. The dairy business is exceedingly profitable in Alberta; poultry yields a good income, and a good stock of pigs is enough to lift the mortgage off the most involved farm.

Miss May does all of her own work, ploughs, seeds, reaps, binds and sells her own grain; buys, sells and looks after her own stock. Last spring she not only did her ploughing, but was engaged by one of her neighbours to do some of his, for which work she received ten shillings an acre. She figured that while this work lasted she made about £1 16s.[263] a day.

The day before our arrival she and Miss Hanson had been working on the road allowance in front of the farm, and each of the two women do a man's work any day in the week. Brown and healthy as they look, you begin to wonder if farming is not an ideal occupation for women; but it requires physical strength, untiring energy, and business ability to run a farm as Miss May runs hers, and few women would be capable of the sacrifice of the conventionally feminine pleasures. There is little social pleasure possible for the woman who does her own field work. She must be up early in the morning, therefore she must go to bed at night. If she is not busy in the fields or with her stock there are any number of odd jobs to which she may turn her hand about the house. During the winter, which, by the way, these two Englishwomen thoroughly enjoyed, Miss May completed an excellent set of shelves for the living room, and built a barn and pigsty out of saplings from her own farm, planks and straw. She found the Canadian winter delightful, and the long days of bright sunshine and clear, bracing cold, so different from the damp fog of England, left her in the best of conditions.

"We had expected," she laughed, "to find an Alberta winter a terrible experience, but we liked it even better than the summer. Both climate and soil are excellent here, and if one goes in for mixed farming, works hard, and does not expect too much in the beginning, three years should find one on the way to a comfortable living, and to an independence which is not possible in the old country."

"You would not go back to England, then?"

"Not I," came the sturdy answer. "For a visit, yes. To see my people at home, but not to say. I like the freedom of life here – the bigness of things.

"No, I wouldn't go back to stay. I don't believe that Canada is a wonderland. I know you can't pick up gold off the streets, as some of the old-country people believe.

[263] £1.80, or about £213 (roughly $375 CAD) in 2021 after adjusting for U.K. inflation.

I don't think the climate is the best in the world, or that anyone who comes here is bound to become wealthy in a y ear. It has its drawbacks and its hardships just like any other country.

"But I do believe that Canada offers the greatest opportunity I know of to a man or woman with a little capital who is not afraid to work. I don't advise anyone to begin farming here on a capital of less than £500, unless they are prepared to wait a long time for returns. In farming, as in any other business, the man with the most capital will win out first, as long as he knows how to expend that capital judiciously. I don't advise people to come to the Canadian prairie if they want society, big cities, theatres and card parties. We have no time for these things. But if you want to work hard, have beautiful soil, your own farm and house, be your own landlord, and have a free, independent life, Canada is the place."

Jack's Legacy[264] (1923)

Jack May left Alberta about a year after arriving, but her story was still being used as an example in the 1920s.

A slim, youthful figure clad in riding breeches, leather leggings, a three-quarter coat, and a boyish cap set jauntily on the back of the head came round the corner of the barn whistling merrily. A boy? No, a girl! A girl farmer of Southern Alberta. When the Canadian Pacific Railway established its ready-made farm colony in Southern Alberta the officials encountered a situation they had made no provision for, when Miss Jack May, daughter of Admiral May, of Norfolk, England, applied for one of the farms. When they came to investigate her claim, however, as they did that of all applicants to judge as to their likelihood of fulfilling conditions and making good, they found they could not consistently refuse her claim, as she had farmed for many years in England and occupied every agricultural position from that of labourer to manager. She was accordingly allotted a little homestead near Sedgewick, and settled there with a friend, Miss I. M. Wittrick.

The arrangement between the two was an admirable one, and one which might commend itself to bachelors of the other sex similarly circumstanced. True to her name, Miss May was essentially the man about the place, whilst Miss Wittrick contributed the distinctively feminine element to the partnership and did the cooking and housework and presumably sewed on buttons and repaired the rents of her partner's garments. "Jack" wore man's garb, because she liked it, she said.

[264] From Chicanot, E. L. (1923, November 1). Women Pioneers in the Canadian West Have Made Goood in Many Varied Lines of Endeavor, Involving Even "Hard Labor". *MacLean's Magazine*, p. 61.

Mabel Joyce

"She was waiting for a show"[265] (Kingston, 1915)

A girl giving her name as Mabel Joyce from over the line and about eighteen years of age, so she says, was arrested this afternoon by P. C. Sam. Arniel on a charge of vagrancy. She was masquerading on the streets in man's clothing.

She told the police that she was waiting for a show to come to town called "The Man From Bear Creek." When arrested she had on a cowboy hat, tan shirt and corduroy trousers to her knees, tan boots and stockings and a heavy blue coat over all. According to her story she "blew in yesterday and is waiting for her show to come to town." Inquiry at the local theatres brought out the fact that no such show was booked for the city.

She was taken to the police station where a charge of vagrancy was placed against her and to this charge she will answer this morning.

"There is a man in that cell"[266] (Kingston, 1915)

"There is a man in that cell and I don't care to go into it."

Frances Patterson, a stranger in Kingston, who was given protection at the police station on Wednesday night, caused some amusement when she made the above remark.

Mabel Joyce, the "cow-girl," was in one of the cells, and, thinking that it would be better to have the women together, the two were given the one "room," but when the elder woman noticed the other with the wild west attire, she backed away, stating that she did not want to be put into a cell with a man. The constable in charge smiled, but the alleged man spoke, and the two were soon engaged in conversation, and in a few minutes one would have thought that they had known each other for years.

"The court was crowded"[267] (Kingston, 1915)

Mabel Joyce, alias Hilda Holland, arrested on the street yesterday in man's attire, appeared before the magistrate this morning and was sent up for a month on a charge of vagrancy. When her sentence expires she will be deported to the Old Country.[268]

The girl, who appears to be somewhat older than the eighteen years she confessed to yesterday when arrested, came out from England in January and was

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[265] From POLICE COP GIRL IN MAN'S CLOTHING. (1915, March 17). *Kingston Standard,* p. 1.
[266] From MISTAKEN FOR A MAN. (1915, March 18). *Daily British Whig* (Kingston), p. 2.
[267] From WOMEN ARRAIGNED IN POLICE COURT. (1915, March 18). *Kingston Standard,* p. 4.
[268] "Mabel Joyce, who has been spending the last month in jail for masquerading in male attire, was released this morning and taken to Montreal from where she was imported." MINOR NOTES OF CITY NEWS. (1915, April 26). *Kingston Daily Standard,* p. 5.

placed in the city as a servant. She left here some weeks ago and when she came back last Saturday, was all rigged out in her cowboy costume of a tan shirt, cowboy hat and corduroy trousers. An immigration official from Ottawa was at the police station and made arrangements for her deportation to the Old Country when she gets out of jail.

Frances Patterson, who states that she hailed from Campbellford last night applied at the police station for shelter and appeared before the magistrate on a charge of vagrancy. She admitted that she had no work to go to and asked the magistrate to send her back home. She was given transportation and left at three o'clock this afternoon for her home town.

Considerable interest was created in the cowgirl's arrest around the city and as a result, the court was crowded to have a glimpse of her.

Matilda Jardine, *alias* Jack Douglas

"She sauntered along"[269] (Fredericton, 1917)

The young woman who has been masquerading in male attire for the past few days made her appearance on Queen Street this morning and attracted quite a lot of attention as she sauntered along looking in the different windows as she passed along. People passing were attracted by the rather feminine look of the young boy who had on a jaunty little cap, with just enough of the hair showing at the back to give out the impression that things were not just right; a pair of sneaker shoes, short trousers and a khaki jumper. She wore a pair of dark-rimmed glasses and carried a book under her arm.

It was not long before the Chief of Police found that the "woman" who so successfully evaded him on Saturday evening when he was walking to the city was taking in the sights of the town and he immediately started out to lock "him" up. He did not have to go very far as the party he was after was admiring the stylish wearing apparel of the weaker sex which was on display in one of the uptown windows. He went up to the good-looking boy and was not long in placing him under arrest.

On Saturday evening when the Chief was questioning the young woman who had the idea that she could get through the world better in male attire than in the more delicate ones of the female, she told him that she came from Newcastle, but no further information could be obtained. This morning, when taken to the police station on the charge of vagrancy, she would say absolutely nothing and was remanded until the18th of July. In the meantime enquiries will be made to try and find out where her home is so that she can be returned to her home.

All sorts of rumors were current on the street as to the identity of the young woman. [270] A great many thought she was a German spy and still some others thought she might be the Fox fugitive, but it turned out that she was just a simple girl looking for adventure.

The young woman came to Fredericton about the fifth or sixth of June and was attired in a dark skirt, white coat and cloth top boots. She appears to be about 16 or 18 years of age, is a brunette with curly black hair.

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[269] From YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS MASQUERADING IN MALE ATTIRE. (1917, July 10). *Fredericton Daily Gleaner,* p. 12.

[270] As details in later stories will show, she is probably Matilda Jardine: "During his rounds of the city yesterday afternoon Detective Duncan placed in custody a girl by the name of Matilda Jardine, who was locked up in a cell at police headquarters and is detained as being an undesirable person. […] Matilda gained considerable notoriety in Fredericton last summer when she was caught masquerading in male attire. It is said that she cut off her hair so as to resemble a youth, that she worked on a farm at Springhill outside of Fredericton for a time, her employer thinking that she was a boy, and that she had hopes of enlisting as a soldier. The first clue that was gained as to her sex was her habit of continually reading the Ladies' Home Journal." MATILDA JARDINE, NOTORIOUS GIRL, TAKEN IN CUSTODY. (1918, January 15). *St. John Standard,* p. 10.

"Jack was very girlish"[271] (Fredericton, 1917)

Jack Douglas, aged fifteen years, appeared before [the] Police Magistrate this morning on a charge of vagrancy. "Jack" was very girlish in appearance and on being questioned about [her] sex, admitted to the Magistrate that she was a girl. When further questioned concerning her place of residence and reasons for wearing male attire she refused to answer and became very independent. Pressed for a reason why she refused to say anything "Jack" informed the magistrate that if she told him the whole thing would get into the newspapers and she did not want publicity of that kind. This produced a rejoinder that her picture could be taken and published in the newspapers and her identity soon established. "Jack" at once replied that she would not permit her picture to be taken, but the Magistrate said her resistance could be overcome. The girl was remanded to jail. In the meantime the authorities will try to find out where she comes from.

The young woman wore boy's clothing consisting of a dark peaked cap pulled well over her eyes, a khaki colored jacket of Norfolk cut, grey knickers, black stockings and brown "sneakers." Her sex was betrayed by her figure and general appearance to say nothing of her hair, which she evidently had cut herself leaving ringlets on the neck and a fringe under the cap about three inches long. She appeared to be some eighteen years of age, dark in complexion with brown hair.

The young woman tried to buy a ticket for St. John at the C.G.R. station in Gibson this morning, saying she wished to go by way of Minto. She was told that she would have to buy one at the C.P.R. station in Fredericton. Stories that a woman [was] masquerading in boy's clothing had been current and Chief Finley was informed that the girl had been in Gibson. He went to that place but the person [he] wanted had gone to Fredericton. Following up the trail the girl was arrested on Queen Street, while looking into a store window. She had a couple of magazines in her possession at the time.

As far as the police can learn the girl arrived here on Wednesday last by the Canada Eastern branch of the C.G.R. A ticket in her possession has on it the letters "Rens" followed by a blot. It is thought it was purchased in the vicinity of Blackville. The girl herself says she belongs to Newcastle. Last week she walked up the Springhill Road and on the roadside changed her attire to that of a boy and cut her hair, leaving her woman's clothing and hair in her suitcase. She then hired with a farmer but her sex being discovered left. Chief Finley investigated the case, but after he had met her walking towards the city she got away from him.

[271] From NEWCASTLE GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE? (1917, July 14). *Moncton Daily Times,* p. 6.

"Was anxious to take man's job"[272] (Fredericton, 1917)

The young girl who was arrested for masquerading in boy's clothing some time ago and has since been at the county jail has decided to don the wearing apparel of the weaker sex and return to her home at Weaver's Siding in the course of a day or two, when her father comes after her.

This young girl, with another friend, were anxious to do their bit in the present war when women are playing such a prominent part and wrote to the office of *The Daily Gleaner* asking where they could offer their services as they were willing to don male attire and take the part of some of the slackers who were afraid to go over and fight. Not being able to get an opening, one of them decided to start out and at least do the work of a man so that one more could be released for service.

About four weeks ago she came to this city and made her way to Springhill, where she engaged with a farmer to work in the field. She cut off her curly hair and donned male attire. All went well until a valise of girl's clothing and locks of hair were found in the bushes a short distance from where she was hired. It was at first thought that she was a German spy and all sorts of rumors were afloat. Finally the police were notified and the young woman was arrested on Queen Street and locked up for safekeeping until her family could be found and she be returned to her home.

The young woman has been an ideal prisoner and will go home with her father, prepared to assist in any way in the world war now raging.

[272] From YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS ANXIOUS TO TAKE MAN'S JOB. (1917, August 9). *Fredericton Daily Gleaner,* p. 12.

Eugénie "Venus" Côté, *alias* Xavier

"A sturdy lass"[273] (Quebec, 1918)

"Venus" Cote, a sturdy lass, living at Rimouski, Que., is today in the toils because she posed as a man, had her hair cut in military style, and went as far as donning man's attire, and worked in the log driving bee for the Chaleur Bay Pulp Company at Restigouche.

"Venus" was in jail at Rimouski when she escaped last week. After a widespread search for her through the bush and open country, a posse of sheriff's deputies and volunteers located her half starved in a barn at Ste. Angele de Merci, and she was brought back to Rimouski where she will serve her term on a charge of vagrancy and of impersonating a man.

She is 23 years old. She says she drove logs all spring in men's clothing, and was not detected till she was given away by a comrade on a spree, when the gang struck the civilized world after the log driving season.

"Indignation is expressed"[274] (Kingston, 1918)

"Venus" Cote, the sturdy Rimouski, Que., lass of twenty-three who was a few days ago sentenced to a term of two years in penitentiary because she posed as a man, had her hair cut in military style and went as far as donning man's attire and working in the log driving bee for the Chaleur Bay Pulp Company at Restigouche, is now in the Portsmouth penitentiary women's ward. She was brought here in male attire and the prison authorities did not know with whom they were dealing until they read the commitment. The young woman escaped from the jail at Rimouski and was finally located, half-starved, by a sheriff's posse.

Indignation is expressed at the treatment accorded this [person] over breaking an old law which says it is an offence for a woman to don male garments. The war has made changes and women are everywhere wearing male attire at work. The general opinion is that the penitentiary is no place for "Venus" Cote, who showed bravery and enterprise in helping in a national industry.

If the women's organizations of Kingston and other places do not secure her immediate release and give her aid, the Whig will be much surprised.

"Outraged public sentiment"[275] (Toronto, 1918)

If the facts are as represented in Press despatches from Kingston, the case of Miss Cote demands immediate action from the Minister of Justice. This young woman, whose home is in Rimouski, Quebec, is twenty-three years of age. According

[273] From GIRL MASQUERADED AS MAN; DROVE LOGS. (1918, May 29). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 9.
[274] ARRIVES AT PENITENTIARY. (1918, June 6). *Weekly British Whig,* p. 4.
[275] From COTE CASE CALLS FOR ACTION. (1918, June 10). *The Globe,* p. 4.

to published reports she responded to patriotic appeals for workers to take the places of men called to the colors by donning male attire in order to do her bit at a logging bee for the Chaleur Bay Pulp Company at Restigouche. In so doing she apparently contravened some old statute which makes it an offence for a woman to wear male garments. Some busybody took action, and some court sentenced her to two years' imprisonment in Kingston Penitentiary for her heinous offence! Her arrival at Kingston to serve this term is said to have occasioned amazement at the big prison, and, the despatch states, "the opinion is that the penitentiary is no place for this sturdy young girl who showed such enterprise in endeavoring to help her country."

This is no case in which the slow methodical process of judicial procedure should be permitted to crawl its course. It is a case for prompt investigation and immediate action. If the facts are as published, twenty-four hours should not elapse before this girl is honorably freed, recompensed for the injury done, and publicly commended for the spirit which found expression in her action. If a cruel injustice has been done, the Minister of Justice should deem it his peremptory duty to do everything in his power to right the wrong and deal with those responsible for its perpetration. An effort is already being made by earnest and enterprising women's organizations in Kingston to secure the girl's release. But the Minister should not wait until the humanity and patriotism of womanhood have to force his hand. In this case, called to his attention by publicity, he should act at once on his own initiative.

An outraged public sentiment wants to hear promptly from Hon. C. J. Doherty.

"Application made for girl's release"[276] (Ottawa, 1918)

An application for the release of Venus Cote from Kingston Penitentiary, where she is now under sentence for two years for posing as a man while working as a driver on the Restigouche River, was received by the Department of Justice this afternoon. The case has been turned over to Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Solicitor-General, to investigate. A report from the trial Judge as to the evidence on which sentence was imposed will be secured at once. Pending the receipt of this and of all the particulars in the case, no opinion as to the probability of extending executive clemency is forthcoming. It is intimated, however, that the facts in connection with the case indicate that sentence was not imposed solely because the girl masqueraded as a man, and that possibly some of the sympathy which her case has aroused may be misplaced.

[276] APPLICATION MADE FOR GIRL'S RELEASE. (1918, June 11). *The Globe,* p. 16.

"Incensed over the sentence"[277] (Toronto, 1918)

Prominent Toronto women are incensed over the sentence imposed on "Venus" Cote, the young Quebec girl who is now commencing to serve a term of two years at the Portsmouth Penitentiary, Kingston, because she posed in male attire in order to facilitate her to carry on patriotic work at a log-driving bee for the Chaleur Bay Pulp Company.

Considerable discussion has taken place in the past few days in the various women's organizations, and it is the hope of the women that the matter will be laid before the National Council, which meets in Brantford today, by Kingston delegates, who will be fully cognizant of all the facts surrounding the case. Other organizations also purpose taking the question up, with a view to resolutions being forwarded to the Department of Justice at Ottawa in order to secure the young woman's release.

In the opinion of the women, her sentence has been a harsh one. In looking over the annals of Toronto's police records, no such sentence has ever been imposed for such a misdemeanor.

"What have you done with similar cases which have come to your notice?" asked *The Star* of Inspector Kennedy of the Detective Department. With a laugh, in his Irish brogue the inspector responded:

"The most recent case which came before us was a young girl of 17. She had run away from her home in Montreal. One of our detectives found her in boy's attire on Yonge Street, and thought she had too fine features for a man, so brought her up on a charge of vagrancy. She had such a beautiful voice, she just sang like a nightingale, and we couldn't find it in our hearts to lay a charge against such a sweet young thing, so we notified her parents in Montreal, who were glad to get her, as she had been working in a factory here unknown to them. But she was just out for a bit of a lark, and there was no harm done. Sure! Girls in England are wearing men's clothing, and I think it is very commendable. We are living in a time when every woman is expected to work for the State and help bring the war to a successful conclusion. Girls must have their fun, too. At certain ages they have foolish ideas about adventure. Of course, if we caught one masquerading in male attire for a sinister purpose, or as a spy, it would be a different situation, and we would handle them without gloves, but this apparently is an entirely different case, and should be dealt with accordingly," concluded Inspector Kennedy. "We have never had any such sentence imposed in Toronto as far back as I can recollect."

"War has worked revolutions in women's attire. While in the eyes of the law it is wrong for women to parade in men's clothing, conditions have made it imperative that women not only in farm labor, but Red Cross vans and in munition factories, to [sic.] don similar dress to that worn by the male sex," said Mrs. A. E. Huestis, president of the Local Council of Women. "This girl's actions should never have been looked upon as a crime or an offence, but from the patriotic side of it, as every girl is striving to do her best to fill the men's places and carry on during their absence."

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[277] From SHE WORE TROUSERS, GOT 2 YEARS IN "PEN". (1918, June 11). *Toronto Daily Star,* p. 13.

"It is not a heinous crime," declared Mrs. Franklyn Johnson, president of the Big Sister Association. "In this day and age, when girls are filling all manner of positions and serving in a man's capacity, they have been necessitated to don different attire in order that they can accomplish the greatest amount of work possible, and it should not therefore be looked upon as a punishable offence. It is time the people who are not already educated up to the need should be. We intend taking the question up at our meeting today."

"The sentence was a most ridiculous one if the offence was as stated in the paper," volunteered Mrs. Willoughby Cummings of the National Council. "I was just wishing I could wear a similar outfit myhself when I was picking potato bugs the other day. Skirts are always getting in the way. If you want to fight potato bugs properly, skirts are a hindrance. When we look at the pictures of the W.A.A.C.'s and farmettes in Great Britain, and the splendid record they have made, there is no reason why Canadian women wishing to don the male attire in order to expedite their work should not be allowed to go their own way quietly."

"Sent to prison for theft"[278] (Kingston, 1918)

It transpires that the Cote woman, popularly known as "Venus" Cote, is not serving two years in Portsmouth penitentiary for wearing male attire, as was first reported. The story was that she was sent to the penitentiary for two years for posing as a man while working as a log driver on the Restigouche river and, on the strength of this, application has been made to the Department of Justice for her release.

The facts of the case are that the woman was sent up for five years for theft, she having broken into a house and stolen "silverware, clothing, etc." In addition she broke jail after her arrest and was not captured for several days. At present she is confined to the women's prison at the penitentiary and seems to be very quiet for one of her peculiar disposition. She will be taught to sew and do other feminine work, but at the present time she scarcely knows what a thimble is for.

"A very harsh sentence"[279] (Kingston, 1918)

Even if "Venus" Cote, the Rimouski, Que., young woman, did break into some cottages and also escape from jail, besides being guilty of concealing her identity by donning male attire, is a five-year[280] term in penitentiary justifiable? Is there no such thing as giving an unfortunate young woman a chance? It is said that "Venus" Cote is one of a very large family. Possibly she drifted and was not given the helping hand or the chance to make good, that all of us would like if we were in a similar position. In these days in Canada, have we advanced no further in reform than in deciding one guilty and then casting the stones?

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[278] "VENUS" COTE SENT TO PRISON FOR THEFT. (1918, June 12). *Ottawa Citizen,* p. 3.
[279] THE COTE CASE. (1918, June 14). *Daily British Whig,* p. 4.
[280] See the last article in this section for details. The five year sentence was for theft.

Five years in prison may make "Venus" Cote a saint, and perhaps it will make her bitter against society, as harsh imprisonment does to so many. In Kingston police court, persons who did perhaps quite as much as "Venus" Cote have been sent to jail or to reformatory for a few months. But a five-year sentence appears devoid of all mercy.

"The King versus Eugénie"[281] (House of Commons, 1919)

Hon. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX (Maison-neuve): Mr. Speaker, […] I now desire to direct the attention of the House to the case of the King versus Eugenie alias "Venus" Coté. I bring this question before the house because an inquiry was urgently asked by the Toronto Globe into the case. The facts are very simple. On June 8, 1918, the Toronto Globe published under flaring headlines the following:

"Young girl posed as man. Outrageous stenence upon her rouses a storm of indignation. Two years in Prison! Trying to help country. She contravenes some old statute."

The despatch is supposed to be sent from Kingston, and is dated June 7:

"Kingston, June 7. – Because she posed as a man, had her hair cut in military style, and went so far as donning a man's attire in order to do her bit in a log-driving bee for the Chaleur Bay Pulp Co., at Restigouche, "Venus" Cote, Rimouski, Quebec, aged twenty-three, is now a prisoner in the women's ward at the penitentiary here, having been sentenced to two years for this awful crime. The girl was brought here in male attire, and the authorities at the big prison did not know whom they were dealing with till they read the commitment presented by the officers who had her in charge. As a result of the bringing of the girl to the penitentiary, there has been a storm of indignation over the treatment given her. There is an old law which states that it is an offence for a woman to wear male garments, but the opinion is that the penitentiary is no place for this sturdy young girl who showed such enterprise in endeavouring to help her country."

There is a further despatch supposed to be sent to the Globe and dated Kingston, June 7:-

"An effort will be made by women's organizations to have "Venus" Coté, of Rimouski, Quebec, released from Portsmouth pentitentiary. Miss Coté arrived here yesterday to serve two years for posing as a man and wearing male attire while she worked at log driving."

The facts are thus very clear: A young girl, who, according to the Toronto Globe, in the month of June last was doing her bit in a camp on the Baie des Chaleurs, was arrested because she was posing in male attire. For the terrible offence of thus appearing in public, and at a lumber camp, she was cruelly sentenced by a Quebec judge to Kingston penitentiary for two years. Then the Globe said that an effort was being made by the women's organizations to have "Vnus" Coté released from the

[281] From Dominion of Canadaa. (1919). Official Report of the Debates of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada Second Session – Thirteenth Parliament, Volume CXXXVI. Ottawa: J. de Labroquerie Taché. The extracts are from May 26, 1919.

penitentiary. The Globe was not satisfied, and the editor, apparently to serve the end of justice, on June 10, published as a leading editorial [an article transcribed above as "Outraged public sentiment"].

As you will see, Mr. Speaker, this is a very strong indictment. First against the "busybody" who caused this unfortunate young lady to be arrested because posing in male attire, she was nevertheless doing her bit and taking the place of slackers; second, it is also a very strong arraignment of that judge in Rimouski who dared sentence a girl to two years in the penitentiary; and third, this article contains a very broad hint of disapproval to the Minister of Justice because forsooth he might not act promptly enough in dealing with the matter.

Mr. SPEAKER: Was it a judge of the county court, or a judge of the Superior Court of Quebec who imposed the sentence in this case?

Mr. LEMIEUX: It was a magistrate, but I am not myself passing judgment on the magistrate. I am drawing an inference from the article in the Globe. Not only is there an implied charge against the busybody who brought this young lady to justice, not only is there an implied charge against the judiciary, but there is an implied charge against the whole population of the district of Rimouski.

As I read the despatches published in the Globe, and the editorial comment on them, I became somewhat nervous, because you will remember, Mr. Speaker, that during the month of June last, war conditions seemed to call for unity in this country. We had reached a very serious period of the great conflict, and I did not think it was a proper thing that a young girl should be sent to the penitentiary for two years because, forsooth, she was "doing her bit," when according to the Globe there were so many slackers in the district of Rimouski. So I followed up on this case. I thought the request for an investigation should not be delayed at all and so I waited, waited and waited until finally, nothing having been heard from the Department of Justice, and no investigation having taken place, I said to myself, "It is in my duty as a loyal citizen of the province of Quebec to inquire into this matter." So I wrote to the Assistant Attorney General of the province.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I must confess my surprise when I found that instead of this young lady "doing her bit" and being cruelly sent to the penitentiary for contravening an old statute, information which had been laid before the magistrate at Rimouski showed that the circumstances were altogether different. First of all, the editor of the Globe should have understood at once that any girl named Eugenie alias "Venus" Coté must have something dubious in her record, and should have made a little inquiry before publishing all these innuendoes against the judiciary and the people of Quebec.

As I stated a moment ago, I wrote to the Assistant Attorney General of the province of Quebec, who sent me by the next mail the record of the case, and here is what I read in that record:

Copy.
Canada.
Province of Quebec, District of Rimouski
Justice of the Peace Office, Rimouski

Frederic Joseph Astle, Hotelkeeper in the village of Little Metis,
district of Rimouski, Plantiff.
Vs.
Eugénie Côté, spinster, from the parish of St. Angèle de Merici, Accused.

Be it publicly known that on the eighteenth day of May, 1918, at Rimouski, in the district of Rimouski, the said Eugénie Côté (and having consented that I would proceed with a summary examination and without a jury), has been found guilty by the undersigned for having malignantly, illegally and criminally, in the district of Rimouski, on or about the 14th of May, 1918–

You will notice, Mr. Speaker, that the very accurate special press despatch published in the Globe in June had reference to a case which had been made in the month of May previous. It shows how diligent and well informed the press of Canada is, and how honestly it always presents the facts to its readers.

–stolen, taken and removed the following articles from the dwelling, a summer residence, of Mrs. John Thomas Molson, viz: 25 silver forks, 22 silver spoons, a butter knife with a bone handle, opera glasses and case, 50 pieces of household lingerie, marked "J. T. Molson;" a package of playing cards, a small case containing a pair of scissors and a tooth brush, two playing balls, two linen table-cloths, all being the property and in possession of the said J. T. Molson, and estimated to [be worth] at least fifty dollars.

Eugénie Côté was sentenced on the 18th of March, for the said offence, for internment during five years in the authorized penitentiary in the province of Quebec.

Given under my signature and seal on the day, month and year hereabove first mentioned, at Rimouski, in the above-mentioned district.

(Sgd.) H. R. Fiset

True Copy.

(Sgd.) Arthur Chamberland,
Clerk of the Crown and Peace

Therefore, Venus Coté was not sent to the penitentiary because she had donned male attire and had "done her bit." She had "done her bit," but at the expense of the

summer residents of Little Metis. She was a burglar and was condemned for burglary; she was "doing her bit". Now, perhaps there are persons who may be surprised that Venus Coté should get such a long sentence, but she had been "doing her bit" before. According to a report received by the Attorney General from the Judge, the following may be gathered:

Rimouski, June 12, 1918

The Hon. the Attorney General,
Quebec.

Dear Sir:-

I beg to convey you the information asked for re the prisoner Eugénie Côté, presently detained in Kingston Penitentiary.

Eugénie Côté was sentenced on the 18th of March, 1918, for having stolen goods from Mrs. J. T. Molson's residence, at Little Metis.

The list of goods mentioned in the accusation contains only a portion of the valuable articles taken by the prisoner in that case.

The accused is a repeater: she having been sentenced by me on the 21st November, 1916, to serve five months in jail for house-breaking in the residence of a Mrs. Moise Habib, at Mont Joli.

The question of she being dressed in male attire, when arrested and convicted, has nothing to do with the penalty imposed on her.

Two days after her incarceration in the common jail, at Rimouski, she escaped and would be subject for that offence to a further punishment.

So the dear little lady, the protegée of the Globe, was rather known to the police authorities, and evidently she knew all the tricks of the trade, for on being interned she managed to escape, and then donned male attire. [Continuing the report:]

That girl is completely out of any moral sense. She smokes, chews, curses, blasphemes and runs about the streets and highways like a real vagrant, and her case is still aggravated by the fact that for some months, she had dressed herself with male attire, because under such a disguise she could go round anywhere without being noticed and thus become a real cause of disorder.

Should you request more information about her whereabouts and moral condition, you might communicate with the parish priests of Mont Joli and St. Joseph de Lepage, and they will be able to furnish you with surprising facts.

When arrested, she was wearing masculine garments. She gave her name as being Xavier Coté, 19 years old. She had her hair cut and was so unclean in every way that I could not recognize her at first; and it was only when we arrived at Mont Joli I found out that we had again to deal with Eugénie Côté.

Besides all her other vices, she is an inveterate burglar, for whom no correction would seem possible.

(Signed): H. R. Fiset.

So, Mr. Speaker, the Toronto Globe was well informed indeed by its correspondent. But in the month of June last year it paid that paper better to preach Unionism than Unity and to be particular about the facts of this case. I imagine the Globe will at least make an apology to the magistrate and to the people of that district and also to its readers. And it should not omit to make an apology to the Minister of Justice, because unhappily he was a pretty bitter pill, and from the language used by the Globe we know, of course, that he was persona non grata with a section of the Cabinet. That is the case I wish to bring to your attention, Mr. Speaker. It shows how the press of Canada, subsidized for its news, informed the public as to the real facts in this particular instance.

Motion agreed to, and the House went into Committee of Supply.

Jean or Gene Crandall, *a.k.a.* Sanford Ross

"Gene P. – or, if you prefer, Jean P."[282] (Springfield, ON, 1934)

One glamorous day on top of the news, as the barnyard heiress to fame and fortune, had its unhappy ending last night for Gene P. – or, if you prefer, Jean P. Crandall.

Provincial Officer D. C. Shervill of St. Thomas, today arrested Jean, or Gene, on a charge of vagrancy and he is being brought to St. Thomas for a hearing.

St. Valentine's Day dawned full of promise. It brought a message that Gene – or Jean – had inherited $69,000 in hard cash or something just as good and was to hie herself to Chicago to collect.

Thursday the fairies spread fame's spotlight on her, but with the fairies came pixies to upset the happy applecart. By nightfall wide, blue eyes looking softly out over well-shaved cheeks revealed a picture of Jean or Gene in full retreat.

To The Star, in the presence of a third party, Jean or Gene confessed that she had sent the "telegram" telling of the Chicago legacy from a point two miles away just for fun.

With the utmost candor and the most engaging frankness Gene had told her life story to a succession of newspaper men:

How Simon Peter Charlton, farmer and country butcher had contacted Jean at the government employment bureau in St. Thomas, hired her for a month to do the chores and then began to chafe under jibes of village wits who accused him of having a woman in trousers for a hired man.

At that state this "telegram" was telephoned to the home of Donald Shively, nearest neighbor of the Charltons having a telephone in action:

"Chicago, Ill. Feb. 14, 1934.

"Mrs. Jean P. Crandall, care S. P. Charlton, Springfield, Ont.

"Kindly make arrangements to be in Chicago on or about Feb. 20, as will filed for probate of your late grandmother, Madame Dickinson, who died on or about Jan. 17, 1934. Not knowing your whereabouts, the will named beneficiary of estate $39,000 cash, $30,000 in Victory Bonds and life insurance. Cheque will be sent you for transportation.

"Murr and Murr and Bell,

"Attorneys-at-law, Chicago."

"How came the term, 'Victory Bonds'? The United States issued 'Liberty Bonds'," Crandall was asked by The Star.

"Mme. Dickinson lived for ten years on the Blue Water trail, near Sarnia, operating a chicken farm," she said. "Maybe she had them then."

Leaving it at that, The Star checked at the home of Mrs. Shively who received the message Wednesday afternoon. It did not come in as a long-distance call, but from

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[282] From LEGACY WAS ONLY MYTH ADMITS GENE, NOW JEAN SENT MESSAGE TO SELF. (1934, February 16). *Toronto Star,* p. 1.

a man who said he had carried the message as far as Springfield. At Springfield it was found the message had been telephoned from the local exchange by a "man dressed as a farm worker." Aylmer and St. Thomas branches of the telegraph offices had no message for Crandall, Springfield, from Murr and Murr and Dell, Chicago. Such country messages are telephoned, not sent by messenger. Furthermore, officials said no messenger, after driving seven or eight miles up side roads from Aylmer, would commit delivery to a stranger by telephone when within a couple of miles of the addressee. The roads from Springfield to the Charlton farm were as good as from Aylmer to Springfield.

Jean's enthusiasm was touching bottom as the results of The Star's inquiries sunk in. She paused a long while without comment.

"Just forget about it," she said at length. "It was only intended as a joke."

But Springfield is as busy with the yarn as ever, and around it all swings the most feverish concern over the sex of Gene or Jean.

Jean's genial employer, Simon Peter Charlton alternately knits his brows in real concern or laughs at what he feels is his own predicament. "I'm laughing," he said, "but just the same I'm mad. How would you like to have somebody in your house not knowing whether man or woman?"

"I went to St. Thomas," he said, "and asked for a hired man at the government bureau. They told me there was a young fellow around looking for a job and sent out to his house address. It seems he had a room at a long house with more than one door and they missed him, but left word. I came home and next day the young fellow came. He had started out walking from St. Thomas and thumbing rides and landed here himself. I told him I would pay $10 a month and said he would have to do the chores and help me with the butchering. He said that was fine and helped me for the last month. He's out at the barn now."

Around a corner of the building a youthful figure in blue overalls and white sweater with a rakish cap, was carrying a fork of hay from a stack toward a barn.

"A few days ago," Mr. Charlton continued, "folks began to tease me about hiring a woman and putting her to work in man's clothing. It hit me like a brick. I began to watch him or her, and got bothered about how people had been talking around where we were working on the farm."

Jean's own biography was supplied while that toy balloon of a legacy story was still floating prettily before the neighbors' eyes.

"I was born on Dec. 24, 23 years ago in Florida," she told The Star. "My father was Edward Percy Dickinson. He was born in the Hawaiian Islands of a Mexican mother and Hawaiian father. My mother was Ethel Essie Ross, daughter of Elijah Ross, and was born near St. Marys. While she was working in Port Huron and my father was employed there as a ukelele player in the home of Mrs. Phoebe, a wealthy woman, they met and married. My father was killed by having his legs cut off by a street car in Chicago when I was six weeks old[283] and my mother brought me back to her parents' home in East Missouri. While I was at the farm, and kept pretty much in seclusion, she worked in a biscuit factory in London. She married again seventeen

[283] I found no record of such an accident in the Chicago papers. -CW

years ago to James Stubbs at Grand Bend and she and her husband live now at Thetford, where he is a celery grower.

"I never went to school till we went to Thetford, where I attended S.S. No. 3, with Miss Whitlock as my teacher. Later, in about 1926, I attended Forest High School under Principal Stewart, and afterwards I took a course in the Sarnia commercial school.

"Up till the time I went to Sarnia I lived as a boy and dressed as a boy, but then my mother, after consulting with two physicians there, decided I should dress and attend as a girl. When I finished school I worked as a girl in various places and one time was a woman cook in a hotel in Strathroy."

There was a gap in her story there, but Springfield people said she told of a marriage by which came the name used on the telegram, "Mrs. Jean P. Crandall."

"I tired of walking around and wanted to see the world and started for the west, where I had relatives, and went up into the Peace River district, where we homesteaded for a while."

"Who was the other person in the 'we'?" *The Star* interposed. "A man," came the smiling answer. "I had been operated on in the Mayo clinic when I was nine and several other times after. When I was on the way down from the Peace River country wearing men's clothing I was arrested stealing a ride on a train and charged with vagrancy. Then the police decided I should dress as a woman and I have their written order to that effect.

"I had lived for a time with my grandmother, Mme. Charlotte Dickinson, a Frenchwoman, who was a chiropractor and one of the most prosperous beauty doctors in Chicago.[284] I did not know she had died till this telegram arrived but I suppose the lawyers communicated with my mother in Thetford and discovered my whereabouts that way."

Crandall shaves every day but carries in her trunk woman's apparel as well as man's, resorting to the use of either, she explained, "according to circumstances."

Reports from Chicago indicate there is no such law firm as Murr, Murr and Bell in that city.

"Arrested as Sanford Ross"[285] (London, ON, 1934)

The case of Jean Crandall, who while working disguised as a "hired man" near Springfield, Ont., was reputedly left a fortune of $69,000 by a grandmother in Chicago, is of interest to police of this city, who report that on Jan. 3, a man, calling himself Sanford Ross, the name under which Miss Crandall was known to her employers on the farm near Springfield, was arrested here on a charge of vagrancy. He gave his age as 27, and said he came from the Thedford district. When arrested he was found to be wearing women's underclothing and had a towel wrapped around his chest. His fingernails were long and pointed and tinted pink. His hair was long

[284] I could find no record of this beauty doctor or her death.
[285] From Arrested as Sanford Ross. (1934, February 16). *Toronto Star,* p. 2.

and apparently had been waved. He was also carrying a parcel of women's wearing apparel. He was allowed suspended sentence on the vagrancy charge.

Identification officer Walter Harpur, was busy today checking records of a case in Vancouver some months ago in which a clergyman there was criticized for having allegedly performed a marriage ceremony between two parties, both of whom, it was claimed later, were men. One of the parties at the time gave the name of Sanford Ross.

A provincial officer from St. Thomas has proceeded to the Springfield farm to investigate further.

"Examined by three doctors"[286] (London, ON, 1934)

Delving further into the records Harpur at London discovered that on Oct. 25, 1932 Sanford Ross, alias Eugene Crandall, also known as Jean Priscilla Crandall, was convicted of vagrancy at Dryden, Ont., and sentenced to 30 days in jail under the name of Jean P. Crandall. On April 30, 1931, Jean P. Crandall was convicted of vagrancy at Fort William and sentenced to three months.

On the occasion of the last arrest of Sanford Ross in London the Ottawa Fingerprints Bureau identified the prisoner as a woman but added there was some doubt as to sex.

R. J. Whiting of the provincial police at Sarnia added to the background of the ramifying case by stating he recognized photographs sent from here as those of Sanford Ross, arrested twice in 1927 on theft charges.[287] Sergeant Scott of the London provincial police reported arresting him in 1926 for theft.

Another chapter in the confusing history was written when study of Fort William police records by London officers showed that in 1933 Sanford Ross appeared in police court at Fort William as a woman, on the occasion of the three month sentence for vagrancy in April, 1931.

In the Fort William case the prisoner claimed to be married and the mother of twins. Police were told the prisoner had been born in El Paso, Texas, had been married and divorced, and later had married on James Stubbs with whom the prisoner traveled to Sarnia. Police were further told the prisoner's father, Edward

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[286] From "FEMALE" FARM HAND IS A MAN AFTER ALL; STORY "JUST A JOKE". (1934, February 16). *Owen Sound Daily Sun-Times,* p. 1.

[287] "SARNIA, May 19 – Sanford Ross, aged 19, was remanded in custody for sentence one week hence following his plea of guilty, to a charge of obtaining $74 by fraudulently changing a pay roll at the Township of Bosanquet on April 25th, preferred against him in county police court here yesterday. The defendant had obtained possession of a pay roll prepared by his grandfather as road foreman, for presentation to the county clerk and changed it by taking out certain names and substituting his own. Further, he altered figures and ended up by representing that the pay roll included his name. Later he obtained the envelope containing the checks from the county and secured from it a check for himself which he subsequently cashed. […] In remanding Ross, Magistrate Woodrow recalled that he had suspended sentence on him for theft of a sum of money last December, and remarked that the present offence warranted a long-term sentence." YOUTH GUILTY OF JUGGLING PAY ROLL. (1927, May 19). *St. Catharines Standard,* p. 13.

Percy Dickinson, had died in Chicago in 1927, the mother had died in Pennsylvania, and a stepfather was murdered in Miami, Florida, in 1932.

This tale was refuted by Sarnia police. They declare Ross, or Crandall, had been brought up on a farm near Thedford.[288] From Inspector Ingram of the provincial police at Port Arthur they learned that when this person and a supposed husband were in custody at the Dryden, he discovered that "Jean Christabella Crandall" was convicted at Puce Coupe, B.C., of vagrancy in March 1932, and served 60 days at hard labor in the jail at Prince George. While there the prisoner sent out letters stating "she was about to become a mother," and as one result received 10 or 12 complete baby outfits.

Contrasting with the report of a marriage at Vancouver under the name of Sanford Ross, records showed that "Jean Priscilla Dickson" [sic.] was married in Regina, Sask., on Oct. 1932. The marriage license said "she" was a 24-year-old spinster, occupation teacher, and birthplace Texas.

Police definitely disposed of the woman angle by declaring that during incarceration in various jails the prisoner had been examined by three doctors, all of whom reported him a normal male person.

"Jean is a Ladies' Aid President"[289] (Springfield, ON, 1934)

Loaded with fan mail in which scores of total strangers bid for "her" hand in marriage, seek to set "her" up at the head of a great Canadian movie production company, get her into the trucking business in the "Tennessee Valley Project," in the summer resort business in Wisconsin, or the dirt farmer business in arid Arizona, Jean – or should it be Gene? – C. [sic.] Crandall is back for the nonce in Springfield.

Fresh from Elgin county jail, where he – er, maybe she – had given the crown a legal and physiological jigsaw puzzle problem, the heavily publicized barnyard. Heiress found a stormy reception where the $69,000 Chicago fortune story "broke."

Warned by advance telephone messages, a posse of young men from Springfield and the nearby farms halted the hitch-hiking hoaxer on the village outskirts about midnight. With violent shouts that "You tried to make fools of us," they threatened to ride Gene on a rail.

In the teeth of the dragon, Jean defied the crowds, indignantly disowned such conduct and called upon all to witness the truth of the newest and doubtless the strangest fact of a now famous career. Jean is a Ladies' Aid President and can prove

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[288] According to the 1911 census, Sanford Ross was born in August, 1906 to Mary and Andrew Ross of Bosanquet, Ontario. Andrew Ross was listed as a farmer who earned $500 in 1910. In the 1921 census, Sanford's occupation at age 14 is also listed as 'Farmer'. He may be the "C.P.C. Pte. Sanford Ross" buried at Burlington, ON: "ROSS, Sanford Jeanne Defaila – At his residence 957 Parkhill, Burlington, on Sunday, March 6, 1966, Sanford Ross, in his 60th year. […] Interment Greenwood Cemetery." DEATHS. (1966, March 9) *Hamilton Spectator,* p. 39.

[289] From Carty, A. C. (1934, FEBRUARY 24). 'MAN-BRIDE' HAS PROOF THAT 'HE' IS PRESIDENT OF LADIES' AID SOCIETY. *Toronto Star,* p. 1. By Arthur Chester Carty (1892 – 1974). The original article contains photographs of the subject, and of many of the documents referenced, such as a marriage license and an official letter from a women's prison.

it. The finish came when the crowds dispersed and saw Gene unmolested into the village and back to the Crandall farm to receive his remnant of wages.

From coast to coast Canadians have heard the amazing story of Gene – a well-authenticated male – as the bride of James R. Crandall, now living back at his home in St. Thomas. Crandall has vouched for the story. Gene, with the aid of *The Star* on Friday afternoon in London, recovered possession of the original marriage certificate. It had been held with his effects against a $2 room rent bill, where he and Jim had light housekeeping quarters a few weeks ago on Central Ave.

The certificate supplies full official particulars of the unprecedented nuptials performed by Rev. Harry Joyce, in a Regina parsonage. Affixed is the great seal of the government of the province of Saskatchewan. So well has the knot been tied that, according to the best information Gene has been able to get, all the King's horses and all the King's men can't nullify it.[290]

The wedding is strange. So, too, is the fact that Gene served 50 days in the women's prison in Prince George, B.C., and came out with official certificates that this "married woman" and "housewife" was of the most excellent behavior.

But tie this high spot in Gene's astonishing career: Living up in Cuzbank Valley in the Peace River settlement in northern British Columbia, "Mrs. Jean Crandall" saw ignorance and worse all around her, organized the first Women's Institute, and the first Ladies' Aid in connection with the local church, merged the two in one organization and was elected to the presidency when the eleven charter members, of which she, or he, was one, held their inaugural meeting at "her" home.

Not satisfied with that, President Jean rushed whole-heartedly into the work, visited the homes of the neighborhood, directed young girls to be better housekeepers, acted as the first lady teacher in a school "she" organized, and, to cap it all, staged a series of quilting bees at the homes of the members, to prepare supplies for a bazaar later held to raise funds with which to get work started on the needed log school house. Jean, in the meantime, sang soprano in the village choir and lugged Jim in to be a Sunday school teacher.

Through Gene's own story of the great adventure, as told exclusively to *The Star,* runs a strong insistency that when baby clothes were made for the twins, and layettes were solicited from a welfare organization in Edmonton it was just the trick of a good Samaritan to help an unfortunate girl, and "Jean" took the blame.

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[290] The original article includes a photograph of a certificate from the Vital Statistics Division of the Department of Public Health of the Government of Saskatchewan, dated November 3, 1933, which rads as follows: "THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the following is a true copy of the return containing particulars of the marriage of James Lewis Crandall [and] Jean Percilla Dickinson at Regina, Saskatchewan which is on record in this office, under the provisions of the Vital Statistics Act of the Province of Saskatchewan, and is registered as No. 3375 for the year 1932." A photograph of a certificate with information about the bride is also included, and reads (on lines numbered 12-22): "Full name[:] Jean Percilla Dickinson[;] Occupation[:] Teacher[;] Spinster, Widow or Divorced[:] Spinster[;] Age[:] 24[;] Religious Denomination[:] United Church[;] Residence[:] Watson, Sask.[;] Place of birth[:] Texas, U. S. A.[;] Name of father[:] Edward Percy Dickinson[;] Place of birth of father[:] Hawaian [sic.] Islands[;] Maiden name of mother[:] Essie Ethel Ross[;] Can bride read? Yes[;] Write? Yes[.]"

Gene's first act on being freed from Elgin County jail was to visit a St. Thomas bookstore and collect copies of back newspapers. By this means he caught up with what the world was saying about "him" or her, and started back for Springfield.

Gene admits that insofar as all externalia are concerned, there is no Jean in the world. But somewhere within him Gene feels the welling up of the strange dual personality.

When that "phoney" telegram was sent by Gene to Jean in Springfield last week, announcing the $69,000 Chicago legacy, he says he got 40 dinner invitations that night from marriageable young men in the Springfield area.

As Gene unfolded this strange story, he produced from a woman's underarm bag, a clipping offering congratulations to "Mrs. Jean Crandall" (just home from the west for the first time since her marriage) for having won first prize against 600 ladies in a beauty contest held at the Ross family reunion in Lake Huron park in Sarnia.

"What the heck is next?" Springfield is asking. Prepared for anything, the folks on the farms are sharing with people in all parts of the continent, an avid interest in Gene's unbelievable but fully proved career.

"It has been a wonderful education," said Jean. "That trip through the north was a great adventure."

"Jim's story about how we met in the celery gardens and how I had said they should not sing ribald songs in front of a girl, is incorrect," said Gene. "The real story of our meeting is that I was working in the celery fields on my uncle's farm near Thetford, where Jim and his brother Harold came to work in the fall of 1929.

"During the Parkhill Fall Fair I was not feeling well and did not go to work, though I had seen Jim in the fields. One day I went to the celery sheds with my grandmother and she and an old friend began to talk about something that caused them to laugh. I asked what they were talking about. My grandmother answered that I should not bother; it would not be interesting to me in any event.

"I admit that when I laugh I do laugh rather high. Jim, who was nearby, heard this and was instantly attracted. He noticed, too, that I wear my cap on the side of my head and down over one ear and that my hair on the other side is long. They got talking about me and they found that the story had gone around that I had feminine mannerisms and was perhaps a girl.

"There was no talk about each of us working his own way north when we left Thetford, but on the contrary I left with around $60, partly money I had earned in the celery fields and some my mother had given me, as she had always done and continued to do from time to time throughout our trip through the west. If there was any question of either of us leaning on the other for support, Jim and his brother leaned on me. I was the person who financed most of our needs.

"I will say this for Jim, that he did think a lot of me. There has been something to attract us to each other. Jim was always planning things. He wanted to settle down and quit wandering the country, to build a home. We did have a homestead in northern British Columbia and a house partly built on it. During talk of our family plans together, we had thought of adopting a child.

"Back in Pouce Coupe the neighbor ladies who used to come in got interested and began to talk to themselves about having seen me working on baby clothes. From that grew the story that I did have, or was to have, twins. The real truth of the baby clothes is that I can do fancy work, and that I loved to work on such things as that and I welcomed a chance to work on baby clothes for a young girl whose troubles had come to our knowledge.

"None in Pouce Coupe ever doubted that I was a woman, and in reality what I was represented to be, Mrs. Jean Crandall, the wife of Jim. In a spirit of charity I began to work on the things that this girl would need, and was working little colored designs on the clothes when some of the neighbors came in one day and saw me hiding the articles away.

"Immediately the story went around that they were for my own use and, partly because I didn't mind that thought, and partly to shield the young girl in the case, I said nothing about it. Later the girl lost her position and she stayed for a short time with us. I had seen in the Edmonton newspapers that there was an organization supplying the needs of settlers in that condition and I wrote to a minister interested in the work. I said to him that these articles were required for my own use and signed the name Mrs. Jean Crandall.

"The minister who sent the trunkful of supplies along, telegraphed also to the police of Pouce Coupe to check on the case before delivering the trunk to us. The police came and made some inquiries, found that I was Mrs. Jean Crandall, satisfied themselves that I was the expectant mother, and feeling that their duty was done, handed over the trunk to me and so reported back to the minister and his organization in Edmonton.

"It was a little after that that a neighbor, who had been the girls' employer, came over and said things to me that ended in a dispute and the calling on of the police. I was charged with creating a disturbance and while the investigation was on, someone reported that I had received those baby supplies and that I did not need them.[291]

"I wish everyone to know that never in my life have I taken one penny dishonestly from anybody. I never ran any racket in baby clothes, nor did Jim. It has been suggested that I had used letters and telegrams telling of a coming legacy to

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[291] The original article includes a photograph of a letter from the B.C. Provincial Police dated February 6, 1934, which reads as follows: "This is to certify that Mrs. Jean Christella CRANDALL was sentenced at Pouce Coupe, B.C., on March 8th, 1932, by Stipendiary Magistrate H. D. Vandewater to Sixty Days imprisonment in Prince George Gaol, under Section 238 of the Criminal Code of Canada, for 'Creating a Disturbance in a Public Place.' The actual time served in Prince George Gaol was fifty days (ten days remitted for good behavior) as her conduct during imprisonment was excellent. She was imprisoned and served sentence under the name of JEAN CHRISTELLA CRANDALL. Description on admittance to Gaol: Name (Mrs.) Jean Christella Crandall. Age 25. Height 5'10". Eyes Grey. Hair Dark Brown. Complexion Dark. Nationality American. Religion Protestant. Marital status Married. Occupation Housewife." There is also a photograph of a hand-written letter from Mary L. Taylor, Matron, dated Feb. 5, 1934 from Prince George, which reads as follows: "During the month of March 1932, Mrs. Jean Crandall of Pouce Coupe B.C. commenced a sentence of sixty days in the Prince George gaol. During her incarceration here her conduct was at all times entirely satisfactory. She served her sentence under the name of 'Jean Crandall.'"

obtain groceries or supplies dishonestly from merchants. This is far from the truth and an unfair reflection on my own good name. I did obtain groceries at a store in the west while Jim and I were working in the harvest fields. The bill was $15. I was unable to pay, though I had fully intended to do so. After I came back home to Thetford, I told my mother that this account was bothering me and she, at my request, sent the money to pay the bill. I owe no one anything.

"Some people have falsely suggested, too, that my reason for sending myself the telegram at the farm at Springfield was to prepare the way to cash a cheque said to be coming to pay my expenses to Chicago to claim my grandmother's $69,000 estate.

"Now I may tell my own story. I have a little sense of humor and I love to study human nature. Thursday in St. Thomas jail doctors came to examine me. They were brought by the police to find if there was anything wrong with my brain.

"A man whom I was told was Dr. Snell, came and I was taken from the jail up to the medical office in the courthouse. I felt irritated when they suggested that I was crazy and I guess I showed it when the doctor said to me: 'Do you ever think you hear voices?' 'No, why the heck should I?' I answered.

"He said: 'Have you any enemies?' I said: 'No. I have never had any up [to] now, but I might after all this.'

"The real story behind that telegram is just a little bit funny; a little prompted by the notion to pull the legs of some of the folks who had been saying unkind things about me. I had come to Springfield to work on the farm job and to make my living decently, not bothering other people. Before I had gone to the employment bureau in St. Thomas to see about getting a job, I had gone to the home of Jim's brother, Earl Crandall. Until that time I had continued to keep my long hair, but I had worn men's clothes continuously with one exception, from the time Jim and I had been arrested and photographed together in Fort William in April, 1933.

"During the interval between April and August, I had served three months in the Fort William jail for vagrancy, while Jim had been given sixty days at the industrial farm. The idea of varying the terms was to separate us. I then was kept in the male prisoner's quarters, but I was allowed to keep my long hair and I worked in the kitchen as a cook. I did a good job, too, and they tell me the prisoners got fat on my cooking.

"I was not long at Springfield until I began to hear talk and jibes about my being a woman, walking like a woman and having feminine manners and girlish hands. I decided that I would either shut these people up or make them talk more, so I sat down and wrote a letter to a young man, who was reported to be very talky.

"It was a short, unsigned note, in which I told him that if he was thinking about Gene or Jean Crandall he should not fail to be at a birthday party to be held next night at Mr. S. P. Charlton's home. It seems that he could not read the note very well and took it to another neighbor and pretty soon the story was buzzing up and down the countryside. There were only a few of the neighbors at the party, but the man I had written was there and from that time on I was the object of attention. It became a race between young men of the district, and I was invited out walking.

"It was while that situation was developing that I decided to send myself the telegram. I made an excuse to send some Valentines in Springfield and while in the village bought some, telephoned the supposed telegram to Mrs. Shively, and was back so quickly that no one suspected who had sent the message. All the fellows in the district have been good friends of mine. They hold nothing against me, nor have they any reason to. I was hardly home at the farm before everyone knew about the $69,000 I was to inherit from Chicago. I wanted to see what effect it would have on the countryside.

"By night I had dinner invitations to perhaps 40 places. Some came to invite me. Others sent letters and messengers. I had no designs on anyone in the Springfield district. They are all my friends there, and most of all I was not after anybody's money; as I have told you, I never took a dishonest penny in my life. Stanley Charlton will tell you that when the telegram came ordering me to go to Chicago to collect the legacy, Stanley told me he would give me what money I needed for the trip and I refused to accept any from him."

This was confirmed by Stanley Charlton. "I offered Gene the money and he would not accept any," he said.

"The rest of the story is what you know. When I was arrested I made a mistake in going with Provincial Officer Shervill without a warrant or any charge being laid against me. I had done nothing to injure anyone. On the way he told me he would have to lock me up on a vagrancy charge. The thought came to my mind that it was strange if he could pick me off my hay fork and take me from a job where I was receiving board and wages, and charge me as a vagrant. However, I went along. Finally when I was brought to court on a charge of publishing a false tale, I thought a long while, but finally decided to plead guilty because it was nothing very serious in any event, as has since turned out to be the case.

"Jim's story of the hardships and adventures we went through on our trip through Northern Ontario and across the West before we were married, is mostly correct, except when he says I received telegrams and letters from time to time about the legacy coming to me from Chicago. Such letters did come, but not nearly so often as he says. Moreover, some of them were perfectly genuine. My father died when I was in infancy, but I have always been told, and have believed in good faith, that a large sum of money is waiting for me there.

"A message came from Chicago saying that there is no such firm there as Muir, Muir and Bell, but that mistake was based on the fact that at Springfield the name had been written down by someone inaccurately as Murr, Murr and Dell.[292]

"I have had inquiries made there, but have never had enough money to follow them through. In all these matters I have had the best of reason to believe that the money is there and that it will eventually be paid to me.

"It was an exciting trip north from Severn Bridge, through Cochrane and on to the west. Between North Bay and Englehart we were locked in a box car by a brakeman who did not suspect there was anyone in the car. We had been terrified by wolves, storms and blizzards and had taken shelter in the spruce covers in the woods

[292] I have found no record of this law firm, under either name. -CW

at night, but one of the most terrifying experiences was when we awakened from a doze to find we were locked in the box car and could not make ourselves heard.

"As the train was ready to move on and we were helpless and in danger of freezing to death, we heard a trainman pull the airline under the car preparing to move off. We hammered on the car and shouted. We succeeded in attracting his attention. He was very angry when he saw our condition and demanded to know who had locked us in. The truth was that we were locked up accidentally. It had occurred before. We were afraid to say anything when the door rolled closed, for fear it might be the police. The trainman sent us over to some passenger cars which were standing with the heat on, and a little while later he came back to us with generous hot lunches he had brought from the railroad men's bunkhouse.

"Again between Sioux Lookout and Winnipeg we rode, wrapped in coats and blankets, on top of a cargo of cold steel on an open flat car. When we reached Winnipeg we were almost stiff, and covered in a foot of snow. It must have been the snow that saved our lives.

"At Cutbank Valley, B.C., I found the settlers in a sad state with no school in the settlement. The people had been disputing about the school. They came to me and asked our opinion about getting started. Jim told the deputation he was prepared to cut logs. We said we did not have such money but we would finance what we would as there were children there thirteen and fourteen years old that had never gone to school. I said to those children: 'You will never get anywhere in the world without education,' and I asked them to get in touch with the inspector and call a meeting of the settlers.

"The children were like Tarzan of the Apes. They could neither read nor write till I taught them, though they were bright enough. All they could do was climb on barns, crow like roosters and make weird noises. I was living in women's clothes and worked with a young lady, Hazel McDonald, who was the United Church missionary and relief organizer at Pouce Coupe.

"Both Jim and I won hosts of friends at Cutbank Valley. When I visited one of the neighbors, I found the people living like wild animals. One woman pushed over her table in her embarrassment when I came in. She had two young girls, thirteen and fifteen years old. I told them the next time I came to visit them I wanted to see the house cleaned up and in order, and they did as I suggested before I came back. Jim in the meanwhile went out and worked on the road for two weeks without a sock on his feet. I give him credit that he was the only man who stuck it out under such hardships, and I was proud of him for it.

"Then Jim and I joined the United Church choir. I sang soprano and alto and he had a very good tenor voice. We were leaders in church work. We had no piano or organ in the church, and Jim and I were relied on as leaders in the absence of any instrument. We sang the hymns we had been taught at home, and worked hard to help in Sunday school work. Then I decided that the district needed a Women's Institute and I got the ladies together. I walked miles through the scattered cabins, getting them to sign petitions for the institute and finally had the satisfaction of having the first meeting held at my home.

"We combined the Ladies' Aid and the instate in one organization and started with eleven ladies as members. I was one of them. We had good success and every lady joined the branch and started into the work. The ladies elected me their first president and Mrs. Magnussen was the first secretary. No one ever doubted my right to be a member.

"I worked hard, and got along there and enjoyed myself more than I am doing today, because I was doing what was naturally my work, and what I was interested in. The first meeting after organization was held at the home of Mrs. William Cowdrey, whose husband was one of the prominent settlers in the district for a long while.[293]

"We held a quilting bee at that meeting and laid plans to work that winter at such things as that and in the spring to hold a bazaar and sell off what we had made, and use the money for preparations to build a school. Since they could not afford a teacher and I was regarded as the best educated person available among the members I would take the work for a while. Several applications came from teachers who were ready to start when the school was built.

"In the meanwhile I went out among the homes of the settlement and taught many of the little children to read and write, to sing and recite. Jim was very interested in the work and helped me, putting his own problems in arithmetic, on which the children studied. Women who never knew anything of that sort of life began to dress themselves properly.

"Some of these girls, 12 and 13 years old, had never seen a train. We got them taken 26 miles in a sleigh to Pouce Coupe. The girls nearly went crazy with excitement over the district and ran from store to stor[e], buying a penny's worth at a time. It was a great treat for us all and well worth while. That really was an education. The children were aghast when they saw the houses in town. They had never seen anything but the log cabins of the settlement.

"We had held three meetings when Jim and I found ourselves without money. I had to abandon the presidency and with a good deal of sorrow we parted with our friends in Cutbank. We moved to Pouce Coupe for the winter and on New Year's Eve attended a dance. There I learned for the first time that the members had started disputing among themselves and that all our work in Cutbank had been allowed to fall through."

"It was at Pouce Coupe that you were sentenced to the women's jail in Prince George, B.C.?" Gene was asked.

"Yes," Gene answered. "Nobody ever disputed the propriety of sending me to the women's quarters and to me it was the most natural place to be. I did my work with 1000 percent marks on the weekly inspections of my kitchen. Several times Inspector Spiller and Sergt. McKenzie, the warden, told me they had never seen the kitchen as well kept. Jim came to visit me every day at noon. I was under four women

[293] There is one William Cowdrey in B.C. listed in the 1931 census. He was a farmer in the Cariboo district and was married to Bernice (or Berenice) Cowdrey. She was then a 27-year old who had emigrated to Canada from the U.S. in 1915.

matrons, all but three of them the wives of constables. They were Mrs. Howe, Mrs. McClinchey, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Pinkerham."

"Why did you write back from Springfield recently to get certificates from the prison authorities?"

"Well," said Gene, "they served their purpose and I was glad to have them. They proved that what I have said was true. Since childhood my tendencies have all run toward the feminine side of my makeup, and one of the happiest times I ever had was in vaudeville as a female impersonator. I joined a company in Detroit when I was 19 and did very well as a performer, making good money. But my people objected; they did not like me in that business, and I returned home.

"In vaudeville I was a tap and eccentric dancer, singer and elocutionist. Recently I went to a concert held by the literary society at the schoolhouse at Springfield. I did my act as I had done in vaudeville and got rounds of applause."

Telling about the marriage, Gene said: "Jim bought the ring at a Regina jewelry store while I waited outside. When he brought it out it did not fit me. As we walked down the street, we saw another store where a sign offered a ring and with it, a half-dozen spoons for a wedding present. He took the ring back to turn it in. The jeweller refused, but said he would give a better ring for $10. Jim called me in and the ring was fitted on. They made an exchange and settled to buy it there. Jim bought it and paid $5 for the marriage license at the same place. I bought my clothes and his clothes with my money, but he paid for the ring and license.

"That was Saturday. On Monday morning he went to Rev. Harry Joyce's home at the United Church parsonage. Mrs. Joyce asked if he had any witnesses, and he said now. She said: 'We often fix things up like that ourselves for people.' At 8 o'clock that night we went back to the parsonage and found everything in readiness. Mr. Joyce and his wife and son were waiting for us. The minister heard my deep voice. I had a cold, and his only remark was: 'You have an awfully bad cold.'

"Later, I was told that when Mr. Joyce was questioned on the matter, he had no doubt about my sex. I wore a wide-brimmed hat, brown suit and fox furs, and I do say that I looked good. The minister said, as the ceremony finished: 'As you are hard up, I will not ask any fee, but if when things get better you care to do so, you can send it to me.' Later I sent a couple of dollars to Mr. Joyce myself, because he had been so very decent with us.

"We were both very happy. Jim was tickled to death and so was I. When the ring was on my finger Jim grasped me in his arms and kissed me."

That Jean looked the part in women's clothes is proved by the fact that in a beauty contest, with more than 600 contestants, "she" won first prize. The contest took place in August, 1933, the event being reported in the Parkhill Gazette as follows:

"Mrs. James Lewis Crandall of Thetford, who has recently returned from the west, is visiting her cousin and attended the Ross reunion held at Lake Huron Park, Sarnia, last Wednesday. During the evening dancing was enjoyed at the Casino, in which a prize was won by Mrs. James L. Crandall and her sister for the best and most popular all-round dancers. A beauty contest was also put on and of over 600 ladies

we offer congratulations to Mrs. James L. Crandall, who was picked the winner of the first prize. Congratulations, Jean! Mrs. James Lewis Crandall, formerly Miss Jean P. Dickinson of Thetford, called on old friends and relatives last week after being married in the west. This is her first visit home in four years. She underwent a very serious operation since coming home, but is feeling fine again. Her many friends are glad to see her out and around once more."

Never except in the life of a movie star has anyone had such a batch of mail as has poured in on Gene since news of that $69,000 legacy percolated over North America. From far and near people are writing with offers of marriage. Lonely widowers want a helpmate and have plans for this and that. Some are offering financial advice. Another wants to set him up producing moving pictures.

The story has reached Gene that a bale of seventy letters addressed to him at Springfield and forwarded on to the St. Thomas jail was destroyed by officials.

"I would have been glad to have them," said Gene, smilingly. "They are an education in what people think when they read about rich legacies."

From Fremont, Wisconsin, comes one that may move the reader to tears if he isn't extremely careful.

It is a 1,200 letter signed "Lovingly." The writer calls up all of the resources of the lovelorn in endearing terms to "Jean," and failing to reach the heights to which he aspires encloses a scented Valentine bearing on its cover: "My Love: For my sweet Valentine."

A Bronte man wanted to set "Jean" up in the movie producing business.

"You might be interested," he says, "in investigating the great possibilities of motion picture production in Canada. May I refer you to —— who has a complete organization and a most complete equipment for newsreel and every class of production and contracts waiting for a variety of pictures."

A choice epistle is from a Montray Park, Calif., man, who says:

"If you would be interested in some cheap farm land with watter to eigate would like to here from you. Can furnish some Ai land in Ariz at reasonable price."

"Wedding hoax"[294] (Regina, 1932)

Police are investigating the "marriage" of two males which took place in Regina on Oct. 3. The marriage of two males was performed on the strength of a marriage license issued in the names of James Lewis Crandall of Watson, Sask., and Jean Percilla Dickinson, teacher of Watson.

Details of the hoax came to light with the arrest of the pair in Dryden, Ontario. Investigation by a doctor revealed that, despite the marriage certificate duly signed, the pair were both men.

Although police here are investigating the circumstances of the marriage, no investigation has been asked into the case by the Ontario officials.

[294] From POLICE PROBE WEDDING HOAX. (1932, November 3). *Regina Leader-Post,* p. 1.

Rev. Harry Joyce, upon whom the hoax was perpetrated, stated Thursday that he recalled the couple quite well. He said there was nothing about the appearance of the supposed bride to warrant suspicion, but "the voice did cause me to look around," he added.

He related how the groom had made excuses for his "bride" – that she had a cold, and that she was of Hawaiian descent.

The "bride" had claimed to have lived in London, Ontario, Mr. Joyce said, adding that questioning respecting that city revealed actual knowledge of the people and places there.

He had been advised by a minister of Dryden, Ontario, that the pair had been arrested for breaking and entering the Northern Development sheds near Dryden, but he had no proof that it was the same pair.

The following is the record of the issuer of marriage registration for the city:

James Lewis Crandall, laborer, unemployed, bachelor, aged 24, adherent to United Church, living in Watson, Sask., born at St. Thomas, Ontario; father, James William Crandall, born in England; mother's name Lottie Reynolds.

Jean Percilla Dickinson, teacher, spinster, aged 24, adherent to United Church, living at Watson, born in Texas, U.S.A. Father, Edward Percy Dickinson, born in Hawaiian Islands; mother's maiden name Essie Ethel Ross.

They were married October 3, by license by Rev. Harry Joyce. The return made to the registrar on October 7.

"Married and father of two sons"[295] (Toronto, 1947)

Sanford Ross of Eden, Ont., who once lived as a woman, "married" another man and organized a ladies' auxiliary, was sentenced today to two years and seven months for a $34,000 fraud. He was convicted last week of obtaining that sum from a St. Thomas merchant after telling a false story about being an heir to a $300,000 estate.

Judge James Parker made no comment in passing sentence but Eric Marsden, defence council pointed out that Ross already has served five months in jail.

"He has also suffered the humiliation of this whole thing," Mr. Marsden added.

Ross, 41, married and father of two sons, once was known as "Mrs. Jean Priscilla Crandall," police said after his arrest last May.

More than 13 years ago, they said, "she" told a startling story of a $69,000 legacy and how "she" had masqueraded for years as a man. […] "Jean" had told police at that time that he "married" a man named Crandall in Regina and traveled to Prince George, B.C., where he headed a woman's group.

[295] From Man Who Posed As Woman, And Wed Woman Is Sentenced. (1947, October 6). *Niagara Falls Review,* p. 1.

"Engaged to man at Galt"[296] (Galt, ON, 1950)

Sanford Ross of Tillsonburg who, police claim, did such a good job as a female impersonator that he became engaged to a Galt man, was remanded for trial in a higher court on a charge of false pretenses.

Ross, whose long be-ribboned tresses and painted lips had attracted attention from police, was charged after a deal involving purchases of a diamond ring valued at $165. Witnesses said he arrived in Galt last January, dressed as a woman, and stayed at a Galt home. In time he became engaged to another resident of the house.

In court, the sister of his fiancé said she had bought him a diamond ring after being told that "Jeanne DeFalte" (the name Ross allegedly used while in feminine finery) was heir to a large sum from the estate of a relative.

This week police received a warrant from Woodstock, charging Ross with non-support of his motherless children. He admitted his double life after arrest.

[296] From Impersonator Of Woman Engaged To Man at Galt. (1950, October 6). *Brantford Expositor,* p. 26.

Appendix: Clothing from the 1908 Simpson's Catalog

Women's Dresses

Stock sizes and particulars same as given on page 3

G700. *WHITE LAWN DRESS,* waist is made with back opening, ¾ sleeves, front, back and sleeves trimmed with guipure lace, Valenciennes insertion and tucks, the skirt is made with deep embroidered flounce, trimmed with fine tucks and lace insertion to match waist **$12.50**

G701. *DRESS OF SILK MESSALINE,* black, ivory, sky, pink, and champagne, made over a drop skirt and waist lining of Japanese silk, V yoke back and front of Oriental lace and guipure insertion, front and back of waist finished with fine tucking, Oriental insertion and Chantilly lace, pleated skirt, finished with folds.. **$22.50**

G703. *WHITE JAPANESE SILK DRESS,* yoke made of embroidered panels and fine tucking, front of waist and sleeves finished with rows of tucking and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion, back of waist trimmed to match, pleated skirt finished with fold and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion..... **$10.00**

G704. *HANDSOME DRESS* of Japanese silk, in black, sky and white, the waist is trimmed with pretty embroidered panels, Valenciennes insertion and clusters of tucks, the skirt is made with deep flounce, which is shirred at top, and trimmed to match waist..... **$17.50**

G706. *WHITE POINT D'ESPRIT DRESS* over Japanese silk, broad shoulder effect is formed with Oriental lace and insertion, tucked yoke, trimmed with Oriental insertion, back and front of waist trimmed to match, the skirt is shirred at waist, finished with folds of self and trimmed with Oriental insertion **$20.00**

G708. *FILLET NETT DRESS,* in ecru and white over ecru, sky or white Japanese silk, yoke, front and back of waist and sleeves made with fine tucking and Cluny lace insertion, skirt is shirred at waist and elaborately trimmed with Cluny lace insertion and folds of self..... **$22.00**

Women's and Misses' Suits

Stock sizes and particulars same as on page 3.

G5003. *WOMAN'S SUIT* of fancy herringbone weave worsted, in solid colors of brown, navy and green, semi-fitted coat trimmed with silk braid and lined with mercerized sateen, thirteen-gore pleated skirt trimmed with fold. **$15.00**

G5023. *SUIT OF FRENCH BROADCLOTH*, stripe effect, in solid colors of brown, light blue and navy, fitted back coat, trimmed with tailored strapping, collar and cuffs of velvet and lace, cream silk serge lining, flare skirt trimmed with folds of self..... **$30.00**

G5028. *MISSES' CHECKED WORSTED SUIT*, cream ground with black hairline check and green overcheck, coat made with semi-fitting back and loose front, trimmed with silk ties, fancy vesting, silk braid and velvet, sateen lining, thirteen-gore skirt finished with fold... **$15.00**

G5030. *SUIT OF FRENCH VOILE*, in black or navy, cutaway coat lined with taffeta, edges bound with silk and trimmed with narrow braid, velvet collar and cuffs, overlaid with Oriental lace, thirteen-gore pleated skirt trimmed with folds of self..... **$22.50**

G5035. *MISSES' SUIT* of French Venetian, in brown, green and navy, semi-fitted, double-breasted coat trimmed with solid brass buttons, lined with mercerized sateen, nine-gore pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self.. **$10.00**

Women's and Misses' Suits

Regular Stock Sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Skirts 37 to 43 inches in length, waistbands 22 to 29 inches. Sizes in Misses' Garments are 14 years, 30 inches bust measure; 16 years, 32 inches, and 18 years, 34 inches. Skirts are made from 32 to 37 inches long, with waistbands from 22 to 28 inches. All special sizes may be had for 10 per cent. additional, but are not returnable. In cases where the exact measurements required or shade wanted is not in stock, 6 or 8 days may be required to fill the order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G5029. *WOMAN'S SUIT* of French voile, in black or navy, fitted coat, gathered effect at waist, trimmed with braid and ornaments, edges bound with silk, lined with taffeta, pleated skirt trimmed with silk fold and braid..... **$25.00**

G5032. *WOMEN'S SUIT* of French Panama, cutaway coat, velvet collar, trimmed with velvet buttons and soutache braid, lined with cream rhadamaz serge, skirt made with flare sides, and pleated back and front, trimmed with folds of self, black, navy, light brown and green..... **$20.00**

G5038. *WOMEN'S SUIT* of French Venetian, in black, navy, brown and green, Prince chap coat, trimmed with self-covered buttons, lined with mercerized sateen, flare skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$10.00**

G5039. *MISSES' LINEN WASH SUIT*, in white, pale blue and natural colors, semi-fitted coat, collar and cuffs trimmed with harmonizing colors, thirteen-gore flare skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$6.50**

G5042. *WOMEN'S WASH SUIT* of mercerized linen, pale blue, pale green and white, sleeveless Eton coat with mikado armhole, trimmed with lace and guipure medallions, flare skirt trimmed with stitched strapping..... **$8.50**

Women's Suits

Regular Stock Sizes are made from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Skirts 37 to 43 inches in length, from lower edge of waistband; waistbands 22 to 29 inches. Special sizes may be had for 10 per cent. additional, but are not returnable. In cases where the exact measurements required or shade wanted is not in stock, 6 or 8 days may be required to fill the order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay

G5002. *WOMAN'S VENETIAN CLOTH SUIT*, made in black, navy, Congo, brown, green, purple and Copenhagen blue, the jacket is semi-fitted back, loose fitting front, broad shoulder effect formed by stitched pleats, lined with taffeta, and trimmed with self-covered buttons and braid, side pleated skirt with box pleats back and front, finished with folds of self..... **$22.50**

G5007. *FANCY CHECKED WORSTED SUIT*, cream ground with black, green or brown overcheck, semi-fitted coat, 24 inches long, lined with sateen, trimmed with bone buttons and tailor stitching, full flare skirt, finished with box pleats back and front, and folds of self around bottom. **$17.50**

G5011. *NOVELTY SUIT* of fine quality poplinette, fitted back coat, trimmed with silk braid, fancy vesting and soutache ornaments, lined with taffeta, the skirt is made with inverted pleat back and front, flare sides and finished with folds of self, giving a tunic effect, made in black, navy, brown, green and red..... **$28.00**

G5016. *STRIPED WORSTED SUIT*, cream ground with black and intermediate stripe, the coat is made with semi-fitted back lined with satinette, trimmed with stitched bias strapping, lapels finished with silk, thirteen-gore pleated skirt, panel front, finished with fold of self..... **$20**

Women's Suits

Regular Stock Sizes are made from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Skirts 37 to 43 inches in length, from lower edge of waistband; waistbands 22 to 29 inches. Special sizes may be had for 10 per cent. additional, but are not returnable. In cases where the exact measurements required or shade wanted is not in stock, 6 or 8 days may be required to fill the order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G5010. *WOMEN'S FRENCH WORSTED SUIT*, fancy herringbone weave, in plain colors, navy, Copenhagen blue, and green, lined with satinette, plain semi-fitted coat, with velvet collar, pleated skirt forming panel front and inverted pleat at sides and back, folds of self giving tunic effect **$20.00**

G5014. *SUIT OF WOOL POPLIN*, in black, navy, brown and green, semi-fitted coat, effectively trimmed with silk braid and soutache ornaments, vest of fancy braid, lined with taffeta, pleated skirt, panel front, finished with fold of self..... **$25.00**

G5017. *PANAMA CLOTH SUIT*, in black, navy, brown, and green, cutaway coat style, trimmed with silk braid, edged with silk, collar finished with silk ornaments, lined with satin, flare skirt finished with fold of self..... **$25.00**

G5018. *VENETIAN CLOTH SUIT*, fitted back coat, trimmed with tailor stitched strapping of self, silk lapels, collar trimmed with soutache ornaments, lined with mercerized, pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self, comes in black, navy, brown and green..... **$15.00**

Women's and Misses' Suits

Sizes and particulars same as on page 7.

G616. *TAFFETA SHIRT WAIST SUIT*, in black and navy blue, waist opens in front, trimmed with self strapping, self-covered buttons and tucks, back of waist finished with clusters of small tucks, skirt pleated back and front, ripple sides trimmed with folds and strapping of self **$16.00**

G710. *FRENCH VOILE SUIT*, in black and navy, waist made with front opening, lined with Japanese silk, finished with pleats, tucks on sleeves, and taffeta fold giving mikado effect, trimmed with taffeta covered buttons, side pleated skirt trimmed with folds of taffeta to match..... **$20.00**

G5019. *MISSES' SUIT* of French venetian, in black, navy, brown, and green, semi-fitted coat, edges bound with silk braid, lined with sateen, pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$12.00**

G5024. *WOMAN'S TAILORED SUIT* of fine quality taffeta, in black only, coat made with fitted back, trimmed with silk braid, soutache ornaments, Chantilly lace and silk ties, lined with silk rhadamaz serge, flare skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$30.00**

G5025. *MISSES' SUIT* of navy blue coating serge, 24 inch coat Prince chap model, lined with sateen, detachable collar and cuffs of white embroidered linen, flare skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$14.00**

Women's and Misses' Suits

Regular Stock Sizes are 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Skirts 37 to 43 inches in length; waistbands 22 to 29 inches. Sizes in Misses' Garments are 14 years, 30 inches bust measure; 16 years, 32 inches, and 18 years, 34 inches. Skirts are made from 32 to 37 inches long, with waistbands from 22 to 28 inches. Special sizes may be had for 10 per cent. extra, but are not returnable. In cases where the exact size or shade wanted is not in stock, we ask for 6 or 8 days' time to fill order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G5004. *WOMAN'S SUIT* of French Panama, in black, navy, brown, Congo, and green, semi-fitted coat lined with sateen, tailored seams, collar and cuffs of self, fancy pockets, nine-gore flare skirt trimmed with fold..... **$14.00**

G5006. *SUIT OF GOOD QUALITY VENETIAN,* semi-fitting coat trimmed with tailored strapping, velvet buttons and velvet collar, lined with mercerized sateen, eleven-gore pleated skirt, trimmed with fold, made in black, navy, brown, and green..... **$12.50**

G5036. *WOMAN'S WASH SUIT* of mercerized linen, plain semi-fitted coat, collar and cuffs of harmonizing colors, front and back of skirt pleated alike, flare sides trimmed with folds.. **$10.00**

G5037. *WASH SUIT* of mercerized linen, coat made in the popular semi-fitted style, trimmed with torchon lace insertion, skirt made with inverted pleats back and front, flare sides trimmed with insertion to match coat... **$10.00**

G5040. *MISSES' WASH SUIT* of mercerized linen, pale blue, light tan and white, semi-fitting coat trimmed with colored strappings that harmonize with suit and self-covered buttons, nine-gore flare skirt trimmed with folds of self **$8.50**

Shirt Waist Suits

Regular Stock Sizes are 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Skirt lengths 38 to 43 inches, with waistbands from 22 to 28 inches. Special sizes for 20 per cent. additional, but are not returnable. In case the sizes required are temporarily out of stock, we ask for 6 to 8 days to fill order. Skirts are all made walking length. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G602. *WHITE PERCALE SHIRT WAIST SUIT* with irregular black stripe, waist made with front opening, finished with tucks and hemstitching back and front, flare skirt finished with hemstitched fold of self..... **$2.75**

G604. *CHAMBRAY SHIRT WAIST SUIT*, waist made with front opening, three-quarter sleeves, tucked yoke and sleeves, back finished with tucks, skirt made with flare sides and pleated front, navy, ox blood and pale blue. **$5.00**

G610. *CHAMBRAY SUIT*, in pale blue and ox blood, yoke made with fine pin tucks, waist made with back opening and trimmed with white Swiss insertion and tucks, back of waist finished with tucks, pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self and insertion..... **$6.00**

G611. *SHIRT WAIST SUIT* of dress duck, waist is given broad shoulder effect by pleats, and is trimmed with Swiss embroidered insertion, front opening, back of waist finished with small box pleats and embroidery, skirt made with flare sides, trimmed with two rows of insertion.... **$5.00**

G613. *WHITE LINEN SHIRT WAIST SUIT*, Gibson shoulder pleats, trimmed with embroidered insertion, front opening, back finished with small box pleat and insertion, skirt made with flare sides, trimmed with insertion and fold of self..... **$8.00**

G614. *WHITE MUSLIN SUIT*, waist made with front opening, and trimmed with embroidered shoulder frill, tucks and Swiss embroidered insertion, back of waist is finished with clusters of small tucks, thirteen-gore pleated skirt, with panel front, trimmed with fold of self and insertion..... **$5.50**

"How to Order by Mail." For Full Instructions see page 190. Index to this Catalogue on page 192

Shirt Waist Suits

Regular Stock Sizes are 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Skirt lengths 38 to 43 inches, with waistbands from 22 to 28 inches. Special sizes for 20 per cent. additional, but are not returnable. In case the sizes required are temporarily out of stock, we ask for 6 to 8 days to fill order. Skirts are all made walking length. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G605. *LUSTRE SHIRT WAIST SUIT,* made in black, brown, navy, green, and cream, waist made with front opening, and finished with box pleats, the back is finished with pleats and tucks, full pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self..... **$5.00**

G609. *SHIRT WAIST SUIT* of fine poplinette, in black, navy, brown, and green, waist is made with front opening, fancy yoke trimmed with self-covered buttons, three-quarter sleeves, finished with deep tuck, back finished with pleats, pleated skirt trimmed with two folds of self..... **$10.00**

G617. *PONGEE SILK SHIRT WAIST SUIT,* in navy and natural tan shades, waist made with front opening, extended shoulder pleats, trimmed with self-strapping back and front, eleven-gore pleated skirt trimmed with folds and strapping..... **$18.00**

G618. *WHITE LAWN SUIT,* waist opens at back, front trimmed with Swiss embroidered insertion and tucking, back finished with small tucks and box pleat, eleven-gore pleated skirt trimmed with insertion... **$6.00**

G619. *WHITE INDIA LAWN SHIRT WAIST SUIT,* waist made with back opening, elaborately trimmed with pin tucking, Valenciennes lace insertion, back finished with tucks and lace and insertion, flare skirt trimmed with rows of tucks and insertion..... **$9.50**

G709. *FANCY MUSLIN DRESS,* floral design, in either grey, mauve, pink, blue or green, on white ground, with satin stripe, waist is made with back opening, and trimmed with tucks and Valenciennes lace and insertion, back is finished with pleats and rows of insertion, skirt made with deep flounce and trimmed with rows of tucks..... **$6.50**

Cravenette and Rubber-Lined Raincoats

Stock Sizes are 32 to 42 bust. When ordering, state bust measure and in case of a long coat give length, measuring down the back. Raincoats other than regular stock sizes cost 10 per cent. additional, and are not returnable. If not in stock in measurements wanted, a few days may be required to fill your order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G5101. *CRAVENETTE RAINCOAT*, made 45 inches long of herringbone twill cravenette, in tan, olive and Oxford, loose back, imitation collar, shoulder extension formed with strapping, self-covered buttons..... **$6.00**

G5108. *RUBBER-LINED COAT*, absolutely waterproof, full loose back with centre pleat and cross belt, storm cuff preventing wind or wet from entering sleeve, colors black, navy, and tan..... **$8.00**

G5109. *RUBBER-LINED COVERT COAT*, double breasted, large coat collar, loose back with centre pleat and belt, a thoroughly good coat, perfectly waterproof and one that will give splendid service, comes in tan and Oxford..... **$12.00**

G5110. *RUBBER-LINED COAT* of heavy cashmere serge, in navy, black, and tan, made without sleeves, shoulder capes are 29 inches deep and faced with plaid silk, full draping back, velvet collar..... **$10.00**

Cravenette and Rubber-Lined Raincoats

Stock Sizes are 32 to 42 bust. When ordering, state bust measure and in case of a long coat give length, measuring down the back. Raincoats other than regular stock sizes cost 10 per cent. additional, and are not returnable. If not in stock in measurements wanted, a few days may be required to fill your order. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay.

G5102. *CRAVENETTE RAINCOAT*, good heavy quality, tan, olive, and Oxford, full ripple back, extended shoulder pleats, collar trimmed with stitching, new sleeve and self-covered buttons, supplied in lengths from 52 to 60 inches..... **$10.75**

G5103. *CRAVENETTE RAINCOAT*, extra heavy quality, tan, olive, and Oxford, made 48 and 50 inches long with full ripple back, deep armhole, full sleeve, velvet collar, handsomely trimmed with tailored strapping, shoulders lined..... **$14.00**

G5103. *MISSES' CRAVENETTE COAT*, mid grey, Oxford, tan and olive, made with loose back, deep armhole effect formed with strapping, supplied in lengths—
33 to 42 inches..... **$5.50**
43 to 51 inches..... **$6.50**

G5107. *WOMEN'S CRAVENETTE COAT*, tan, Oxford and olive shades, supplied in lengths from 52 to 60 inches, made with loose back, double box pleats down centre, belt and cuffs..... **$7.50**

'How to Order by Mail." For Full Instructions see page 190. Index to this Catalogue on page 192

Print and Sateen Wrappers

Wrappers illustrated on this page are made with fitted waist linings, and supplied in regular Stock Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measurement and 57 inches long. G2-901 will be made to special or extra measurements for 20 per cent. additional.

G2-901. *BLACK MERCERIZED SATEEN WRAPPER,* fine lustrous quality, trimmed with fancy braid, yoke effect front and back, with frill over shoulder, buttoned cuff, pleated back and full skirt made with deep flounce..... **$2.00**

G2-902. *PRINT WRAPPER,* extra quality, four pretty colorings, black, navy, cardinal, and grey, made with frill of self over shoulder and trimming of fancy braid, full skirt made with deep flounce..... **$1.25**

G2-903. *PRINT WRAPPER,* selected quality, new design, colors, black, navy, and cardinal, made with yoke effect front and back, deep frill over shoulder, back made with double box pleat, full skirt with deep flounce, buttoned cuff, (same as in G2-904)..... **$1.50**

G2-904. *PRINT WRAPPER,* extra quality, colors, black, navy, and cardinal, made with pretty yoke effect front and back, frill over shoulder, back is made with inverted pleats, buttoned cuffs and full skirt finished with 11-inch flounce.. **$1.75**

"How to Order by Mail." For full instructions see page 190. Index to this Catalogue on page 192.

Tea Gowns and Kimonos

Garments illustrated on this page are supplied in regular Stock Sizes only, viz., 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measurement.

G2-800. *KIMONO GOWN* of fancy figured velours flannelette, loose back, yoke lined with self, kimono sleeve, fronts and cuffs trimmed with wide band of wool cashmere in harmonizing colors, finished with two rows of soutache braid, navy, cardinal, pink or sky..... **$2.50**

G2-802. *TEA GOWN* of heavy quality Japanese silk, black, ivory, pink or sky, fitted waist lining, yoke effect of tucking back and front, large fancy collar, sleeves and cuffs trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edging of lace, deep flounce finished with shirring, tucking and rows of fine insertion. Special **$13.50**

G2-803. *TEA GOWN* of all-wool cashmere, black, navy, cardinal or sky, made with handsome bertha collar, daintily edged with rows of shirred ribbon and trimmed with fine guipure insertion, fitted lining to waist, full skirt made with deep flounce, back made with Watteau pleat..... **$7.50**

G2-804. *HOUSE MAIDS' DRESS OR NURSES' COSTUME*, of fine quality pin stripe percale, navy and white, attached collar and cuffs of white muslin, finished with hemstitching, waist and skirt combined, skirt cut full and made with side opening..... **$1.50**

"How to Order by Mail." For Full Instructions see page 190. Index to this Catalogue on page 192.

Women's Aprons

51. *MAIDS' APRONS*, fine lawn, shoulder straps, bib and bretelles of embroidery, frill on bottom of skirt, size 36 x 38 inches, sashes. *SPECIAL VALUE*..... **.35**

52. *MAIDS' APRONS*, fine lawn, bib, bretelles and straps of fine embroidery, flounce skirt, sashes, size 38 x 40 inches..... **.50**

53. *MAIDS' APRONS*, fine lawn, plain lawn bib and shoulder straps, sashes, deep hem on skirt, size 38 x 45 inches..... **.45**

54. *MAIDS' APRON*, fine lawn, bib and bretelles inserted with fine embroidery, sashes, size 38 x 40 inches..... **.50**

55. *MAIDS' APRON*, fine lawn, bib and bretelles of tucking, embroidery insertion and frills, flounce skirt, wide sashes, size 38 x 40 inches..... **.65**

56. *MAIDS' APRONS*, fine lawn, bib and bretelles of fine embroidery insertion, frills and medallions, skirt and flounce tucked..... **.75**

57. *NURSES' OR MAIDS' APRON*, fine lawn, bib, bretelles and skirt hemstitched, 6-inch hem size 43 or 40 inches long by 64 inches wide. *SPECIAL* **.75**

58. *MAIDS' APRON*, fine lawn, bib and bretelles fine tucks and trimmed with frills and insertion of very fine embroidery, wide sashes, flounce skirt, size 39 x 40 inches..... **.85**

59. *AFTERNOON TEA APRON*, fine Persian lawn, small round shape, frill edged with lace all around, wide ties **.50**

60. *AFTERNOON TEA APRON*, fine Persian lawn, dainty lace edged and tucked frill on skirt, lace trimmed bib, wide sashes, silk ribbon bow on pocket. *SPECIAL*..... **.65**

50. *SEWING APRON*, fine lawn, large spool pocket and frill lace trimmed. *SPECIAL*..... **.65**

61. *AFTERNOON APRON*, fine lawn, 2 rows fine embroidery insertion and deep hem, wide sashes, size 39 x 36 inches..... **.55**

62. *AFTERNOON APRON*, embroidery frill on bottom, 2 clusters of hemstitched tucks, wide sashes, size 40 x 36 inches..... **.55**

PLAIN AND KITCHEN APRONS

63. *PLAIN APRON*, fine heavy lawn, deep hem, size 38 x 40 inches. *SPECIAL*..... **.25**

64. *PLAIN APRON*, fine heavy lawn, deep hem, buttoned in back, size 39 x 66 inches. *SPECIAL*..... **.50**

65. *PLAIN APRON*, heavy grey chambray, fancy border on bottom, size 37 x 38 inches. *SPECIAL*..... **.25**

66. *BIB APRON*, heavy grey chambray, fancy border on bottom, bib and sashes, size 37 x 38, style as No. 68. *SPECIAL*..... **.35**

67. *PLAIN APRON*, blue check gingham, size 38 x 39 inches, fancy border on bottom and sashes..... **.25**

68. *APRON*, with bib, blue check gingham, size 38 x 39 inches, fancy border on bottom and sashes..... **.35**

69. *PLAIN APRON*, fine black sateen, deep hem, large pocket, size 38 x 45 inches..... **.45**

70. *APRON* with bib, heavy cream linen, size 38 x 38 inches, style as No. 68. *SPECIAL*..... **.35**

71. *OVERALL APRON*, heavy blue check gingham, frill on shoulders and bottom of skirt, lengths 52, 54, 56 inches, width 60 inches. *SPECIAL* **.55**

72. *GORED OVERALL SKIRT APRON* with large bib and shoulder straps, covers entire skirt, pocket, sizes small, medium, and large, width 85 to 88 inches. *SPECIAL*..... **.75**

73. *OVERALL APRON*, fine navy blue print with small white dot, gathered full on fitted yoke, buttons in back, covers whole dress, sizes 34, 38, 42 bust measure, width 72 inches.. **.65**

74. *OVERALL APRON*, same as No. 73, with full long sleeves, same sizes **.90**

Bridal or Matched Lingerie

In sets of 3 or 4 pieces, or single pieces at prices marked. When ordering give size of each garment and style of Drawers desired. Drawers come in both styles. Sizes, Gowns, 56, 58, 60 inches. Drawers, 23, 25, 27 inches. Corset Covers, 32 to 42 bust measure. Skirts, 38 to 44 inches. Finest materials used, trimmings perfectly matched.

10. *SET OF* 4 *PIECES*, finest nainsook, trimmed with fine embroidery beading silk ribbon and ruffles of embroidery and lace, tucks in skirt, drawers and cover, new Empire style gown; prices, Gown, $2.50; Corset Cover, 95c; Drawers, $1.50; Skirt, $2.75; or complete set for..... **$7.35**

Or set of 3 pieces, omitting skirt... **$4.75**

11. *SET OF* 4 *PIECES*, finest nainsook and lawn, trimmed with fine French Valenciennes lace, lace and embroidery beading and silk ribbons, embroidery medallions in gown, drawers and cover, slip over gown; prices, Gown, $2.50; Corset Cover, $1.50; Drawers, $1.95; Skirt, $3.75; or complete set for. **$9.25**

Or set of 3 pieces, omitting skirt.. **$5.70**

12. *SET OF* 4 *PIECES*, finest nainsook and lawn, trimmed with very fine French Valenciennes lace and dainty embroidery beading, lace beading and silk ribbon in gown and cover, gown slip over neck, butterfly sleeves, corset cover and gown backs trimmed, tucks in skirt, corset cover and drawers, very fine and pretty set; prices, Gown, $3.00; Drawers, $1.25; Corset Cover, $1.75; Skirt, $5.25; or complete set **$10.75**

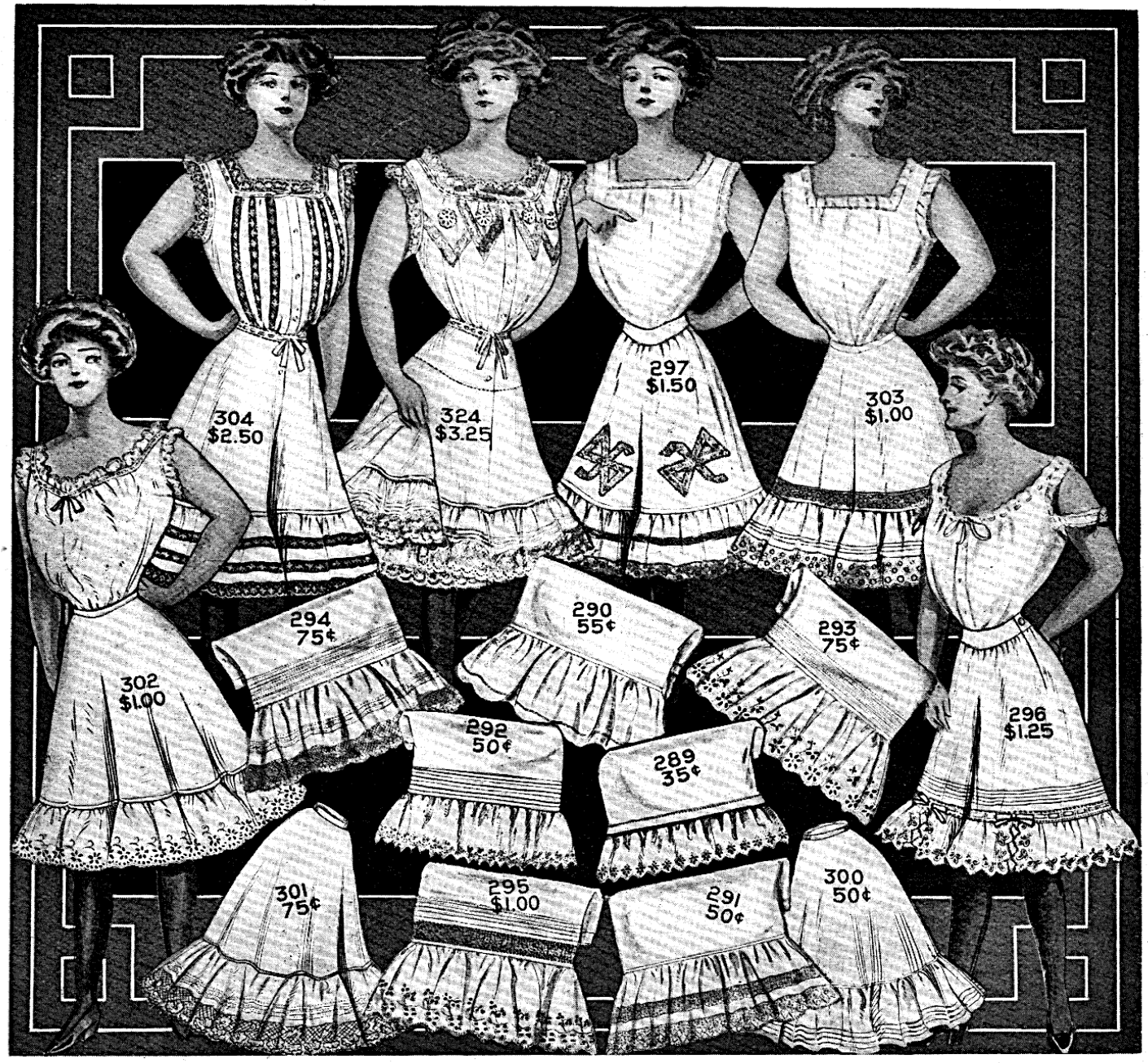
Or set of 3 pieces, omitting skirt. **$5.75**

13. *SET OF* 4 *PIECES*, finest nainsook and lawn, trimmed with very fine embroidery insertions and frills, fine embroidery beading and silk ribbon, Valenciennes lace frill, beading and silk ribbon on cover, gown new Empire style, drawers and back of cover tucked, a magnificent set; prices, Gown, $5.00; Corset Cover, $1.50; Drawers, $1.75; Skirt, $5.50; or complete set for. **$13.25**

Or set of 3 pieces, omitting skirt.. **$7.90**

Special

See page 45 for the new "ISABELLE" Drawers. The "ISABELLE" marks a distinct improvement in ladies' undergarments, and is as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it. Isabelle Drawers are cut in one piece, eliminating the circular yoke and band and bringing the bias on the hip, producing a most desirable rounded effect. The "ISABELLE" has no gathers on the hip or at waist, and hangs very full giving divided skirt effect.



Drawers

Sizes 23, 25, 27 inches, open or closed styles, Nos. 288½, 289½, 293½ come extra large, for women 42, 44, 46 inches bust measure.

288. *HEAVY COTTON*, wide umbrella style, trimmed hemstitched tucks and hem. *SPECIAL*..... .25

288½. Same as 288, in extra large sizes .40

289. *FINE COTTON*, deep hemstitched tuck and ruffle of embroidery. *SPECIAL* .35

289½. Same as 289, in extra large sizes .50

290. *FINEST CAMBRIC*, deep umbrella flounce with wide hemstitched hem. .55

291. *FINE COTTON*, deep umbrella flounce, ruffle and insertion of fine lace..... .50

292. *FINE COTTON*, three ¼-inch tucks and ruffle of fine embroidery..... .50

293. *NAINSOOK*, **five plain** tucks and deep ruffle of fine embroidery..... .75

293½. Same as 293, in extra large sizes .95

294. *NAINSOOK*, 9 hemstitched tucks, deep flounce edged with Valenciennes lace .75

295. *FINE COTTON*, 4 hemstitched tucks, insertion and ruffle of fine embroidery **$1.00**

296. *NAINSOOK*, 5 small tucks, embroidery beading, silk ribbon and ruffle of very fine embroidery..... **$1.25**

297. *NAINSOOK*, hemstitched lover's knots, insertion and ruffle of French Valenciennes lace..... **$1.50**

298. *BLACK MERCERIZED SATEEN*, style as 288..... .60

299. *BLACK MERCERIZED SATEEN*, knicker style, elastic at knee, lengths 28, 30, 32 inches..... .50

Isabelle Drawers and Combinations

Sizes 23, 25, 27 inches, open or closed styles

The *"ISABELLE"* is a bell-shape patent circular cut Drawer. It hangs very full and there are no gathers or fulness at the waist. The "Isabelle" is a wonderful improvement in undergarments.

300. *"ISABELLE" DRAWERS*, fine nainsook, deep ruffle and tucks. *VERY SPECIAL*..... .50

300½. Same as 300, in extra large sizes .65

301. *"ISABELLE" DRAWERS*, nainsook, deep flounce, 3 hemstitched tucks and frill of Valenciennes lace..... .75

302. *"ISABELLE" DRAWERS*, nainsook, ruffle of fine embroidery. *SPECIAL* **$1.00**

302½. Same as 302, in extra large sizes **$1.20**

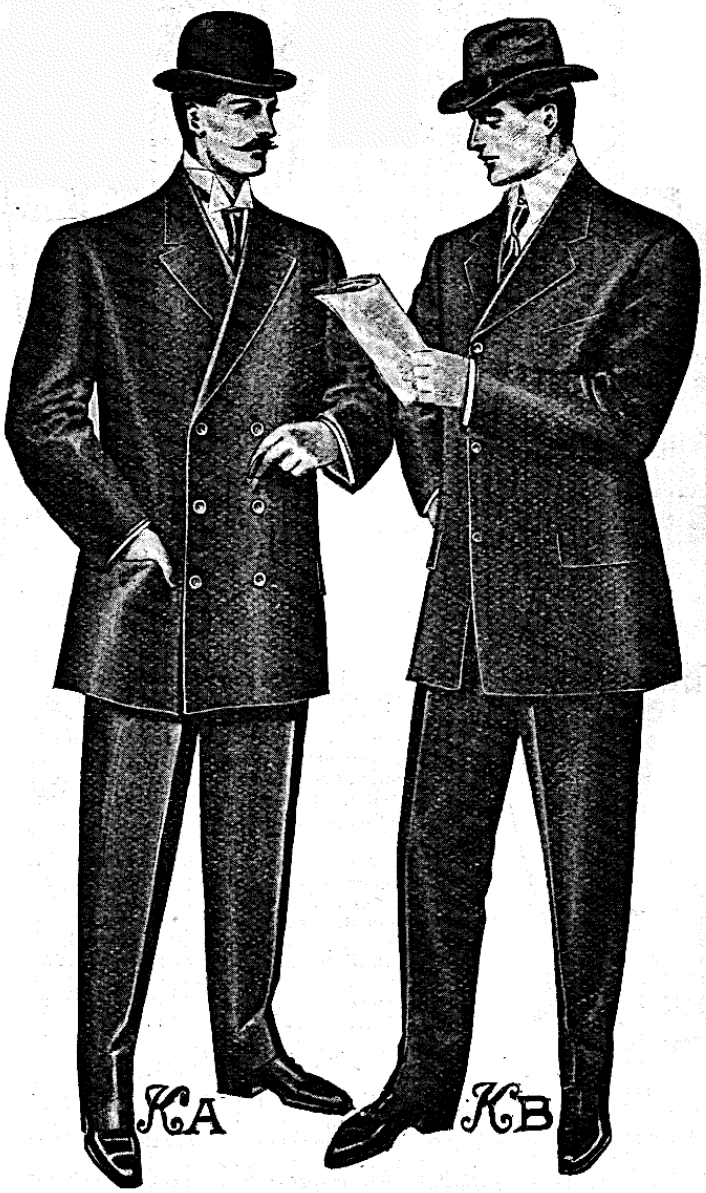
303. *NAINSOOK*, 3 tucks, insertion and frill of fine Valenciennes lace..... **$1.00**

304. *"ISABELLE" COMBINATION*, Corset Cover and Drawer, trimming of fine Valenciennes lace, embroidery beading and silk ribbon in waist, lace beading, silk ribbon on neck and arms, sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. *SPECIAL*..... **$2.50**

324. *"ISABELLE" COMBINATION*, 3 pieces, Corset Cover, Drawer and Short Skirt, a beautiful garment, trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace, embroidery beading, silk ribbon at waist, lace beading with ribbon on neck and arms, embroidery medallions, sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. *SPECIAL* **$3.25**

Men's Clothing Boys'

ON the following pages you will *not* find an inventory of our clothing stock for men and boys. These pages contain only representative lines, and for that reason give but an inadequate idea of the enormous stock we carry. In addition, we continually maintain extensive selections of more exclusive goods, in regard to which, information will be furnished by mail. The foundation of our clothing business is reliable materials and honest workmanship. Any garment that does not prove satisfactory can be returned at our expense and money refunded.



Special Value in a Man's Suit, $10.50

Imported English Clay Worsted in two colors and two styles, Navy Blue and Black, single or double breasted

The material a fine soft-finished Clay Twill, made from pure Botany wool in 18 oz. weight, guaranteed fast color. We have selected this fabric on account of its real worth and its great popularity for men's wear, being suitable for either business or semi-dress. It is always correct. We know of no material that will give equal wear and retain its appearance. Cut in the latest single or double-breasted sack style, tailored with the greatest care in every detail, lined with a fine twill mohair serge; coats are made up with a patented unbreakable front of shrunk linen duck, haircloth and padding stayed with linen, sewn throughout with silk, finished with seams double stitched 1-4 in., all seams are serged and the material and linings have been thoroughly shrunk before making up and are guaranteed to retain their shape, sizes 34 to 44, as cut K-A or K-B. Our Special Mail Order Price **$10.50**

Sizes larger than 44 chest and 35 leg will cost $1.00 extra per inch. Samples upon request

In ordering, be sure and state style, whether single or double breasted

Men's Tweed and Worsted Suits

MEN'S SINGLE-BREASTED SACK SUITS

Sizes 36 to 44

K1. Men's Strong, Durable Domestic Tweed Single-breasted Sack Suits, assorted shades of dark grey and black with lighter stripe effects and faint colored overplaids, Italian cloth linings, as cut K1..... **$5.00**

K1½. New Spring English Tweed Suits, in light and dark mixtures, showing a heather intermixture with subdued colored overplaids, strong durable linings, as cut K1..... **$6.00**

K2. Men's English Tweed Suits, brown and black mixtures in neat small pattern, showing faint colored overplaid, also lighter grey shades showing black broken stripe pattern, good linings, as cut K1..... **$7.00**

K2½. Dark Oxford Grey and Grey and Black Mixed Domestic Tweed Suits, neat double stripe pattern with greenish intermixture, also plain dark grey showing lighter intermixture, good durable cloth, with linings and trimmings in keeping, as cut K1..... **$7.50**

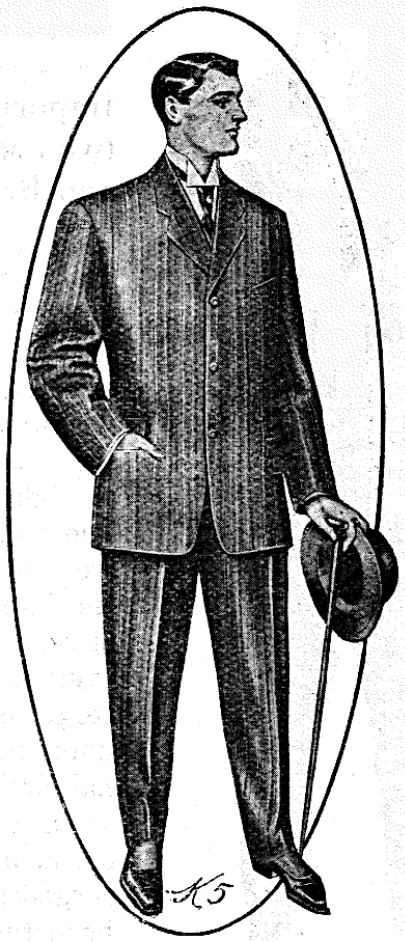
K3. Rich Dark Brown English Tweed Spring Suits, also brown and grey mixed, and Oxford grey with lighter intermixture fancy weaves showing stripe effects and indistinct colored stripes, substantial interlinings and trimmings, as cut K1..... **$8.00**

K4. Fine Saxony Finished English Tweed Suits, also a rich dull finished cloth in brown, subdued darker stripes, also colored double stripe effects with rich dark overplaids, good Italian cloth linings, the latest single-breasted style, as cut K1..... **$9.00**

K5. Men's Suits, Smooth, Closely Shorn Fancy Worsted, a neat grey and black small pattern, showing faint stripe, a material that wears well and is easily kept clean, also nobby imported tweeds in Scotch effects, fancy greys and browns in medium and light shades, twilled linings, and tailored in first-class style, as cut K5. **$10.00**

K6. Fine Quality Fancy Worsted Sack Suits, new spring colorings in greys, neat and stylish patterns in the latest weaves, medium light and dark shades, fine twill linings and shrunk duck interlinings, as cut K5..... **$12.00**

K7. High Grade Suits, in Saxony finished English tweeds, dark brown and mid greys, also rougher Scotch effects in olive greys and Oxford shades, neat and subdued stripe patterns, with good linings and trimmings, as cut K5..... **$12.50**



K8. Rich dark browns, brown and grey mixtures, also lighter greys, in fine quality fancy worsteds, the latest plaids and fancy stripe patterns made up in single-breasted sack style, the newest coat, with linings and trimmings to match, as cut K5..... **$13.50**

K9. Extra Fine Quality Fancy Worsted Suits, high grade imported English materials in the latest shades of grey, olive, brown, and seal browns, the weaves show stripes and cross plaids with very faint coloring, mohair twill body lining and interlining to match, as cut K9..... **$15.00**

K10. Finest Quality English Worsted Single-breasted Suits, large assortment of greys in all this season's latest colorings, olive shades, grey and black, dark Oxfords, light Cambridge shades in fancy club check, new stripe effects and plaid patterns, linings and trimmings to match, and splendidly tailored, as cut K9..... **$18.00**

K11. Men's Hand Tailored Ready-to-Wear Imported High Grade Tweed and Worsted Suits, greys and browns in neat small patterns, also novelty weaves showing stripe and plaid patterns, hand shape and tailored, high grade interlinings, all thoroughly shrunk, every detail carefully completed, and cut in the latest single-breasted sack style, as cut K9..... **$20.00**

CLERGYMEN'S SUITS

K11A. Fine Imported English Worsted Clerical Sack Suits, in a fine, smooth clay twill Oxford, and Cambridge greys and blue and black shades, single-breasted sack style, with single-breasted clerical vest with stand collar, good Italian cloth linings and trimmings..... **$15.00**

K11B. Fine Black English Cheviot Clerical Suits, this cloth has a soft, unfinished surface, very suitable for this style of garment, fast color, and will not gloss or crease easily, made up in the ¾ single-breasted frock style, with stand collar on vest, good durable linings, etc..... **$18.00**

MEN'S NAVY BLUE AND BLACK SUITS

Sizes 36 to 44

K12. Dark Navy Blue and Black Cheviot Finished English Serge Suits, Italian cloth linings, made up in single-breasted style, as cut K12 ..... **$5.00**

K13. Men's Hard-twisted Worsted Finished English Serge Suits, strong, durable material, which will give lots of wear, lined with strong Italian cloth, as cut K12 ..... **$8.50**

K14. Plain Black English Cheviot Suits, a fine soft-finished material that will not gloss, durable Italian cloth linings and trimmings, as cut K12 ..... **$10.50**

K15. Dark Navy Blue and Black English Clay Worsted Suits, single-breasted sack style, fine linings and good interlinings, as cut K12 **$12.00**

K16 High Grade Imported Botany Worsteds, in navy blue and black clay twills, also fine black vicuna, made up in the latest single-breasted sack style, silk stitched, linen shrunk duck and haircloth interlinings, exceptionally well tailored and splendid fitting, as cut K12 ..... **$15.00**

K17. Fine Black English Vicuna Sack Suits, a very rich llama finished cloth that will not gloss, also a fine quality, rich finished blue, soft navy shade, made up throughout with high-class trimmings and best workmanship, made only in the latest single-breasted sack coat style, as cut K12 ..... **$18.00**

MEN'S DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS

Sizes 36 to 44

K18. Men's Soft Cheviot Finished Navy Blue and Black Serge Suits, Italian cloth linings, as cut K18 ..... **$5.00**

K19. Men's Worsted Finished Navy Blue Serge Suits, good weight material, in medium wide twill, plain Italian cloth linings, as cut K18 ..... **$8.50**

K20. Imported English Clay Worsted Suits, navy blue and black, in medium fine twill, good twilled linings and silk sewn, the correct double-breasted style, as cut K18 ..... **$12.50**

K21. Men's High Grade Botany Worsted Suits, fine quality soft clay twill, rich, permanent dark navy and black shades, silk sewn and finished with high grade interlinings and trimmings, as cut K18 ..... **$15.00**

K22. Fine Imported Black English Cheviot Double-Breasted Suits, a rich, soft-finished material that does not crease easily and will not gloss, fine linings and trimmings, and splendidly tailored, as cut K18 ..... **$15.00**

MEN'S FULL DRESS TUXEDO AND FROCK COAT SUITS

Sizes 35 to 44

K25. Men's High Grade Full Dress Suits, made from rich black vicuna cloth, fine quality smooth, closely woven material, with fine soft unfinished surface, that will not crease easily, tailored in the latest style with high-grade interlinings, fine quality mohair serge body lining and silk-faced lapels, the fit and workmanship of these suits are exceptionally good, and no detail is neglected and no pains spared to turn out a first-class article in every respect, as cut K25 ..... **$21.00**
Coat and Vest only **$17.50**

K26. Extra Fine Quality Men's Silk Lined Full Dress Suits, made from imported English unfinished worsted, a deep, permanent black, extra quality shrunk duck and mohair interlinings, coat lined throughout with heavy rich silk, vest back to match, best workmanship and tailoring, as cut K25 ..... **$26.00**
Coat and Vest only **$21.00**

TUXEDO OR DINNER SUITS

K28. Fine Black English Vicuna Cloth Tuxedo or Dinner Suits, a rich, soft-finished material, deep black shade, very fashionable for this style of garment, made up in the latest style, with long shawl collar, faced with fine quality silk and fine twill mohair serge body lining, as cut K28 ..... **$16.50**

K29. Men's Imported English Dress Worsted Tuxedo Suits, high-grade material, in rich unfinished weave, showing a soft surface, fast color, made up in the latest style with long shawl collar, silk lined and fine twilled body lining, as cut K28 ..... **$22.00**
Coat and Vest only **$17.00**

MEN'S PRINCE ALBERT SUITS

K30. Fine Black English Cheviot Frock Coat Suits, the material has a rich, soft, unfinished surface, that will not gloss or crease easily, made up in regulation style, double breasted, with silk-faced lapels, fine twill mohair lining, good interlinings and trimmings, as cut K30 ..... **$20.00**

K31. Men's Fine Unfinished Dress Worsted Frock Coat Suits, fast black, a cloth that will not gloss, made up in the latest cut and splendidly tailored, interlined with haircloth and shrunk duck and lined with fine quality mohair serge and silk-faced lapels, elegantly finished and has all the appearance of a high grade custom tailored suit, as cut K30 ..... **$22.00**
Coat and Vest only **$17.00**

MORNING COAT SUITS

K32. Men's Fine Semi-dress Morning Coat Suits made up from a rich fast black unfinished worsted, the three-button cutaway style, fine quality linings and trimmings, and well finished **$17.00**

Men's Spring Overcoats

If you do not find what you want catalogued here, write for samples. Every garment has our liberal guarantee behind it; if not satisfactory return at our expense and money will be refunded.

MEN'S TOPPER COATS

Sizes 34 to 44

K35. Men's Imported English Covert Cloth Topper Overcoats, dark olive shade, made up in the latest short boxy style, Italian cloth linings, as cut K35 ..... **$8.00**

K36. New Spring Topper Overcoats, a fine fancy worsted in dark grey shade, showing very faint darker stripe, mohair sleeve lining and good body linings, as cut K35 ..... **$9.00**

K37. Fine Quality Imported English Whipcord Topper Coats, handsome light olive, fawn shade, good quality mohair twill body lining and splendidly tailored, as cut K35 ..... **$10.00**

MEN'S CHESTERFIELD OVERCOATS

K38. Plain Dark Oxford Grey Cheviot Spring Overcoats, three-quarter single-breasted Chesterfield style, with Italian cloth linings, as cut K38 ..... **$6.50**

K39. Single-breasted Chesterfield Spring Overcoats, in three-quarter length, made from a soft English cheviot, mohair sleeve lining and good body lining, Oxford grey shade, the pattern shows faint twill, good linings, as cut K38 ..... **$8.00**

K40. Dark Oxford Grey Spring Overcoats, the material is a soft cheviot showing a twill weave, good linings and trimmings, and is finished with silk facings, silk extending to bottom of coat, as cut K40 ..... **$10.00**

K41. Fine Quality Imported English Cheviot Spring Weight Overcoats, Oxford grey and black, single-breasted Chesterfield style, with fly front and deep silk facings, silk to bottom of coat, as cut K40 ..... **$12.50**

K42. Fine Black English Vicuna Spring and Fall Weight Overcoats, rich soft unfinished surface, a material that has a rich appearance, wears well, and will not crease easily, fine mohair twill lining, as cut K38 ..... **$13.00**

K43. High Grade Black English Vicuna Spring and Fall Weight Overcoat, rich mohair twill, body lining and deep silk facings, silk extending to bottom of coat, fine trimmings and best workmanship, as cut K40 ..... **$15.00**

MEN'S RAINCOATS

Sizes 34 to 44

K44. Dark Oxford Grey and Fawn Imported English Covert Cloth Raincoats, made up in regulation style with long full skirt, strong durable body lining and mohair sleeve lining, as cut K44 ..... **$8.50**

K45. Plain Dark Oxford Grey English Covert Cloth Raincoats, the long single-breasted Chesterfield style, with good quality linings and trimmings to match, as cut K44 ... **$10.00**

K46. Fine Imported English Covert Cloth Raincoats, plain Oxford grey and dark olive fawn shades, splendidly tailored in the correct, long, full-skirted single-breasted Chesterfield style, with self collar and good Italian cloth lining, as cut K46 ..... **$12.00**

K47. High Grade Raincoats, made from English covert cloth, in a dark Oxford grey shade, extra well tailored and trimmed, shrunk duck and haircloth interlinings, and fine twilled mohair serge body linings, splendid fitting garment, as cut K46 ..... **$15.00**

K48. Men's Extra Fine Cravenette Cloth Raincoats, high grade imported English materials, in rich dark grey shades, also handsome fawns, made up with best linings and trimmings and lined throughout with fine twilled mohair and elegantly tailored, as cut K46 ..... **$18.00**

K48½. The same Raincoat as described above in No. K48, made up body unlined, with saddle back and sleeves only lined with mohair, all seams neatly piped, as cut K46 ..... **$18.00**

AUTOMOBILE RAINCOATS

Sizes 35 to 44

K49. Extra Fine Quality Feather Weight Rubber Raincoats, very soft and pliable, yet absolutely waterproof, double breasted with wind straps for sleeves and double cuff, tab for throat, buttoned close up around the neck, ventilated at armholes, bottom facings strong and durable, and suitable for driving or automobiling **$15.00**

Men's Clothing

Men's Unlined Summer Suits

Sizes 34 to 44

K57. Men's Light Grey Homespun Two-piece Summer Suits, single-breasted sack style, coat unlined with patch pockets, the pattern shows a shadow stripe and overplaid, as cut K57 **$6.50**

K58. Fine quality light grey and medium grey mixed Homespun Two-piece Unlined Suits, showing fancy overplaid pattern, also fancy brown overcheck, as cut K57..... **$8.50**

K59. Fine Fancy Worsted Unlined Two-piece Suits, in a very neat small pattern, also medium grey striped flannel finished English tweeds, showing faint colored stripe, as cut K57.. **$10.50**

K60. Imported Dark Navy Blue English Worsted Two-piece Suits, a rich shade in a very fine clay twill, single-breasted style, as cut K57.. **$10.50**

K61. Popular grey shades in fancy worsteds, showing darker box plaid and neat stripe patterns, single-breasted, unlined, as cut K57 **$12.00**

K62. Fine Quality Mid Grey English Flannel Two-piece Suits, also Elephant greys and brown worsteds, in neat stripes, unlined, as cut K62..... **$13.00**

K63. High Grade Light Cream Worsted Two-piece Summer Suits, in very rich delicate colorings, single-breasted style, unlined, seams piped with white satin and beautifully tailored, as cut K62..... **$14.00**

K64. New shades of grey in neat and dressy imported worsteds, weaves show faint plaid and stripe effects, also fine soft-finished English flannel, unlined, two-piece styles, as cut K64..... **$15.00**

K65. Men's High Grade Imported Fancy Worsted Two-piece Summer Suits, plain greys in assorted shades, also fancy plaid effects, elegantly tailored and ¼-lined and finished with canvas and haircloth interlining to make retain the shape, as cut K64..... **$15.00**

Men's Double-Breasted Summer Suits

Sizes 34 to 44

K66. Fine Quality Imported English Worsted Two-piece Summer Suits, a very handsome light cream serge showing neat stripe, finished inside with white satin piping and beautifully tailored..... **$15.00**

Men's Yachting Suits

Sizes 35 to 44

K67. This Suit consists of double-breasted navy blue clay worsted coat, unlined, with white duck trousers made in regulation style.. **$6.50**

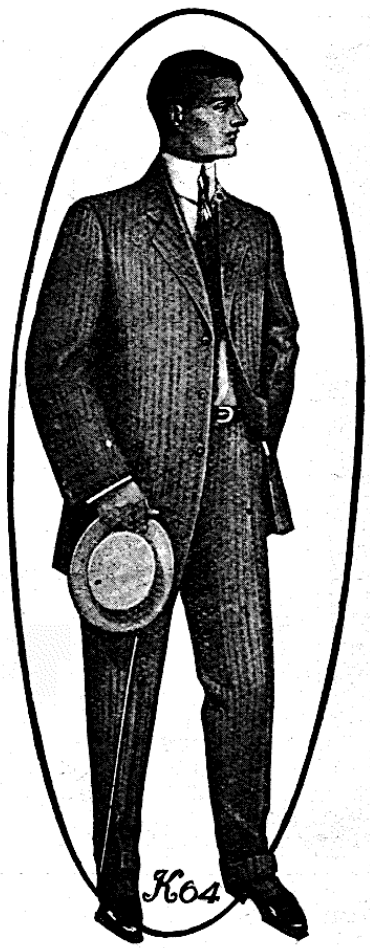
K68. Men's Yachting Suits, with double-breasted navy blue clay worsted coat, lined throughout, and best quality fine white duck trousers..... **$9.00**

Men's Summer Pants

Sizes 31 to 44

K69. Men's White Duck Trousers, made with belt keepers..... **$1.00**

K70. Men's Heavy Weight White Duck Pants, 8 oz. cloth, well made..... **$1.25**



K71. Best Quality Fine White Duck Pants, extra well made..... **$1.50**

K72. Fine Light Grey Homespun Trousers, stripes and overplaid patterns, belt loops and college roll..... **$2.50**

K73. Plain Grey Homespun Outing Trousers, handsome plaid and stripe effects..... **$3.00**

K74. Men's English Flannel Cricketing Trousers, cloth thoroughly shrunk, light cream shades, $2.50 and..... **$3.50**

K75. Men's High Grade Imported Mid Grey English Flannel Trousers, made up in regulation style, in neat stripe pattern..... **$4.00**

Men's Unlined Summer Coats

Sizes 34 to 44

K76. Plain Black Lustre Summer Coats, single-breasted sack style, patch pockets..... **$1.50**

K77. Dark Silver Grey Lustre Coats, unlined with patch pockets..... **$1.75**

K78. Good Weight Lustre Summer Coats, unlined..... **$2.00**

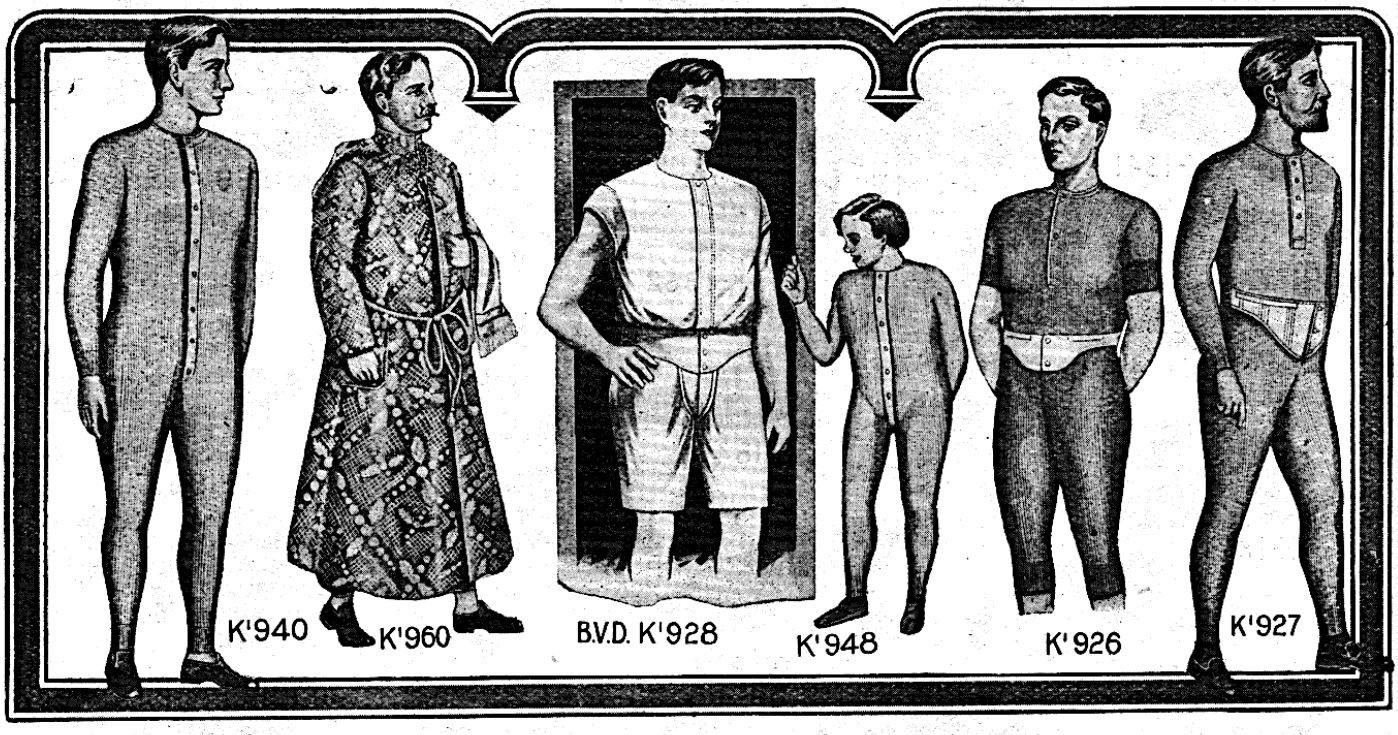
K79. Black Paris Cord Summer Coats, clergymen style..... **$2.50**

K80. Fine Black Russell Cord Unlined Summer Coats, sack style..... **$2.75**

K81. Clergymen's Fine Black Russell Cord Clerical Coats, unlined, ¾ length..... **$3.00**

K82. Dark Navy Blue and Black Serge Unlined Double-breasted Sack Coats, patch pockets..... **$5.00**

Men's and Boys' Underwear



K1-923. Men's Ribbed Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, fawn shade, sizes 34 to 42, per garment..... .25

K1-924. Men's White Cotton Shirts and Drawers, men's sizes only, per garment..... .25

K1-925. Men's Fawn Balbriggan Underwear, long and short sleeves, lined seats, sateen trimmed, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927, per garment .35

K1-926. Men's Imported Balbriggan Underwear, short sleeves, short knee drawers, extension back, lined seats, elastic ribbed cuffs and ankles, sateen trimmed, sizes 34 to 50, as cut K1-926, per garment..... .50

K1-927. Men's Imported Balbriggan Underwear, shirts long sleeves, drawers ankle length, sizes 34 to 50, as cut K1-927, per garment..... .50

K1-928. B.V.D. Underwear, white nainsook, the Ideal garments for summer, shirts short sleeves or sleeveless, drawers to the knee only, sizes 30 to 44, as cut K1-928, per garment..... .65

K1-929. Men's White Mesh Underwear, shirts long or short sleeves, drawers long or knee length, sizes 32 to 44, as cut K1-928, per garment..... .50

K1-930. Men's Imported Balbriggan Underwear, very fine and soft, extension waistbands, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927, per garment... .75

K1-931. Men's French Lisle Thread Underwear, pure white, beautifully finished, sizes 34 to 46, per garment, 75c and..... $1.00

K1-932. Men's French Fancy-colored Silkette Underwear, stripes and check effects, sizes 34 to 44, per garment, $1.25 and..... $1.50

K1-933. Men's Hot Weather Net Undershirts only, short sleeves, per garment, 25c and .50

Natural Wool

K1-934. "Britannia" Natural Merino Underwear, light weight, outside cashmere trimmed, pearl buttons, lined seats, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927, per garment..... .50

K1-935. English Natural Cashmere Underwear, summer weight, long and short sleeves, drawers outside trimmed, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927, per garment..... .75

K1-936. Men's English Natural Cashmere Wool Underwear, spring and summer weight, unshrinkable, non-irritating, pearl buttons, lined seats, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927. The best that can be bought, per garment..... $1.00

K1-937. "Britannia" English Natural Wool Underwear, spring weight, absolutely unshrinkable, elastic ribbed cuffs and ankles, sizes 34 to 46, as cut K1-927, per garment..... $1.25

Better quality, Britannia and Wolsey.... $1.50

K1-938. "Penman's" Natural Wool Underwear, unshrinkable, sizes 34 to 42, per garment $1.00
Sizes 44 to 50, per garment..... $1.25

K1-939. Men's English Silk Underwear, salmon shade, spring or summer weights, sizes 34 to 44, per garment, $2.50, $3.00 and..... $3.50

Combination Suits for Men and Boys

K1-940. Men's Elastic Ribbed Balbriggan Combination or Union Suits, sizes 34 to 44, as cut K1-940, per suit..... $1.00

K1-941. Men's Silkette Combination Suits, white, pink, blue, short sleeves, knee length, long sleeves, ankle length, sizes 34 to 44, as cut K1-940, per suit..... $1.50

K1-942. Men's Imported Mesh Combinations, plain white, perfect fitting, sizes 34 to 44, per suit..... $2.50

K1-948. Boys' Elastic Ribbed Balbriggan Combination Suits, sizes 22 to 32, as cut K1-948, per suit..... .65

Boys' Underwear

K1-949. Boys' Imported Balbriggan Underwear, double thread, shirts long sleeves, drawers ankle length, very firm and strong, guaranteed—
Sizes 22 to 26, per garment..... .25
Sizes 28 to 32, per garment..... .30

K1-950. Same quality as above, shirts short sleeves, drawers to the knee only—
Sizes 22 to 26, per garment..... .25
Sizes 28 to 32, per garment..... .30
This garment cannot be equalled under 50c,

K1-951. Boys' Natural Cashmere Underwear, medium spring weight, unshrinkable, fine and soft, long sleeves and ankle length, sizes 22 to 32, per garment..... .50

K1-952. Same quality as K1-951, short sleeve shirts and knee length drawers, sizes 22 to 32, per garment..... .50

K1-953. "Wolsey" Boys' Natural Wool Underwear, unshrinkable, very soft—
Sizes..... 22, 24 26, 28 30, 32
Per garment..... $1.00 $1.25 $1.50

K1-954. Boys' "Pen Angle" Natural Wool Underwear, unshrinkable—
Sizes..... 22 24 26 28 30 32
Per garment.. 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, .90

Bath Robes

K1-960. Men's Fine Imported Turkish Bath Robes, hood and girdle, in scroll and striped designs, all sizes, as cut K1-960, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and..... $8.00

K1-961. Men's Imported Eiderdown Robes, in stripes, scroll and checks, each $5.00, $7.00, $9.00 and..... $10.00

"How to Order by Mail." For Full Instructions see page 190. Index to this Catalogue on page 192